

The New
SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

July 1920

25



Do You Know Why Some Men Are Rich And Others Are Poor?

*You Can Learn the Secret of Making Money And Apply
It to Your Affairs so as to Escape Poverty and Attract Affluence*

FOR there is a law of life that controls your financial affairs just as surely, just as positively, as the law of Gravitation holds the world steadfast in its course through the heavens.

Grasp the secret of this law and apply it intelligently to a definite plan of action and all good things of life are opened to you. It is no longer necessary for you to put up with poverty and uncongenial surroundings, when by the application of this law you can enjoy abundance, plenty, affluence.

Rich Man? Poor Man?

The only difference between the poor man and the rich man, between the pauper and the well-to-do, between the miserable failure and the

man who is financially independent, is an understanding of this fundamental law of life; and, the degree of your understanding of it determines the degree of your possession.

Few successful men, few men who have attained position and wealth and power, are conscious of the workings of this law, although their actions are in complete harmony with it. This explains the cause of sudden failure. Not knowing the real reasons for previous success, many a man by some action out of harmony with the Law of Financial Independence has experienced a speedy downfall, sudden ruin and disgrace. Others stumble upon good fortune unconsciously by following a line of action in complete harmony with this law of life, although they do not know definitely the reason for their success.

No Chance—No Luck

But, when you know the basic principles of this law, when you understand exactly how to place yourself in complete harmony with it, there will be no longer any luck, chance or circumstance about your undertakings. You will be able to plan your actions intelligently so that you may reach a definite goal—a goal that may be as modest or as pretentious as your own desires and wishes. There is nothing difficult or mysterious about placing yourself in complete harmony with the Law of Financial Independence. All you need is a firm resolve to follow a definite line of action that will cost you no self-denial, no unpleasantness, no inconvenience.

The way has been made easy for you as Dr. Orison Swett Marden has written a booklet called "THE LAW OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE," in which he tells how you may apply to your daily life the basic principles of financial success so as to realize an abundance of all good things. Thousands of men and women all over the

world have been assisted in their struggles against adversity, have been helped to realize prosperity, by following his teachings.

How Dr. Marden's Writings Have Helped Others

Read what a few of these people say about what they have been able to accomplish financially after reading Dr. Marden's writings and applying his philosophy to their daily lives:

"Dr. Marden's writings helped me at a time when I was the most discouraged I have ever been in my life and proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position, and after two years to secure an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year."
—Leonard A. Paris, Muncie, Ind.

Twenty years ago, J. C. Penney was a \$12.00 a week clerk in a small western town. Today he is the head of a \$20,000,000 business. He attributes the beginning of his success to Dr. Marden's writings and writes: "Until 17 years ago I had never made a right start. I was working for little better than starvation wages. I was pretty much discouraged over my lack of prospects. Then something happened to me that influenced and dominated my whole career—I came upon the inspirational writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden. So, you see, I owe a great deal of my success and the success of the J. C. Penney Co. to Dr. Marden."

"One copy of your magazine has been the means of my closing a deal amounting to several thousand dollars."—W. A. Rockwood, Binghamton, N. Y.

"Your words started a train of thought in my mind that is still helping me onward and upward. One of the fruits is a \$10,000.00 home, besides other material prosperity."—H. A. Burr, Centralia, Ill.

"When I began reading your writings, I was making an average of \$150.00 a month in a little country village. Your philosophy changed the course of my whole life and enabled me to get away from poverty until today my practice runs about \$2,000.00 per month."—So writes a prominent doctor in a Western city.

Mail Coupon To-day

Surely, you also can profit greatly by this same philosophy and you can secure Dr. Marden's booklet "The Law of Financial Independence" free of cost by subscribing to THE NEW SUCCESS for a year, either for yourself or for a friend, at the regular price of \$2.50 (Foreign price \$3.50). If you are already a subscriber your subscription will be extended for a year if you mention that your order is a renewal. This booklet cannot be secured at any price except in combination with a subscription to this magazine. You may secure two copies by sending \$5.00 for 2 years' subscription, or three copies by sending \$7.50 for 3 years' subscription to THE NEW SUCCESS. Therefore, fill out and mail the coupon opposite before this special offer is withdrawn, or write a letter if you do not wish to cut your copy of the magazine.



THE NEW SUCCESS

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN—EDITOR



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ROBERT MACKAY—MANAGING EDITOR

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AT HOME TO THE "BLUES"

How to Overcome the Great Poisoner, Discouragement

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHAT a strange contradiction in human nature that we should eagerly welcome into our homes, so much of the time, the enemies of our comfort, our happiness, and our efficiency, that we should voluntarily entertain mental enemies that can wreck our lives!

How many people are always at home to the "blues!" Verily, with outstretched arms they welcome this mournful visitor to their midst.

Carlyle says that some people are rich in the power to be miserable. I know a woman whose mind is so sensitively adjusted to discouragement that a very little thing will throw her under the spell of its influence. She seems to be ready always to receive the whole blue family, and the first one that gets admission into her mind drags in all of his relatives. Discouragement, despondency, despair, all revel in her mind for days, driving out everything else.

IS it not strange that when we are so anxious to be happy, want so to get peace of mind and comfort, we should voluntarily take in these depressing guests which have the power to paralyze our good resolutions, kill our aspirations and thwart our ambition? Is it not strange that when we regard health as the greatest boon on earth we should all the time be doing things to destroy it?

Do you know that every time you entertain the "blues," every time you become the victim of discouragement or despondency, you are lowering your physical vitality and poisoning your mind by the mental chemistry which is going on in your brain? Our mind and body are tied together so closely, so intimately that what affects one affects the other. We must keep the mind cheer-

ful, bright, and hopeful. We must keep it free from worry, anxiety, and fear, otherwise our bodily organs will not function normally. There is nothing truer than that we are exactly like our habitual thinking, that we duplicate our thoughts in our bodies. We are exactly what our attitude of mind makes us.

Discouraging, disheartening, doubting thoughts, negative thoughts, fear of failure thoughts, distressing thoughts of any kind, unfortunate moods, are all mental and character weakeners, and health deteriorators. They are all tending to undo what we are trying to do. These things are helping to thwart our ambition, to keep us down, hold us back, trip us up.

I KNOW a man who suffers with fits of the "blues" and despondency which have starved and stunted his whole life. He is a powerful illustration of the destructive power of unhappy thoughts. He gives one the impression of a man with great possibilities who never expresses himself. His forces are shut up within him. He is always full of

fear, worry, and anxiety. His attitude, his manner, all indicate a shrinking and shriveling due to his unfortunate moods. He is not only discontented, restless, and unhappy, suffering from the sense of a thwarted ambition, but, although he has worked very hard, these things have also cut down his efficiency more than fifty per cent.

What a price this man has paid for not being the master of his moods! These mental enemies of his getting on have strangled his success, starved his life, robbed him of the joy and happiness and prosperity which belong to every child of God.

WHEN you are confronted with difficulties that seem insurmountable, when things go wrong, when everything looks black and it does not seem as if you could take another step, just give yourself a little heart-to-heart talk. Say to yourself, "I shall not give up to despair. I am bigger than this mortgage which threatens foreclosure—bigger than this thing which is troubling me."

He works very hard but accomplishes very little, because he is not in a condition much of the time to create. His destructive moods neutralize a large part of his efforts.

Continued discouragement not only undermines the ambition, dulls the aspiration and dims the ideals but it causes an insidious deterioration all through the mental kingdom.

IF people only realized the havoc which vicious thoughts and bad emotions play in their lives, if they could only see the wounds, the smirches, the scars which they leave, they would learn to shut their mind's door to these enemies of their happiness and efficiency. No one can afford to harbor thoughts in his mind which tend to his ruin. There are thousands of lives wrecked by the "blues."

Every child should be trained early to distinguish between thoughts, moods, and emotions which are friendly, which tend to build, to improve, and to make more efficient, and those which are deadly enemies, which tend to tie a man down, to sap his vitality, and ruin his prospects.

Many men and women do not seem to realize that negative, destructive thoughts, will destroy all that they have built up in days and weeks of constructive effort. They allow their moods to spoil their happiness, to mar their ideals, to ruin their lives.

It is a curious fact that many of our greatest men have had very depressing, gloomy, blue traits in their characters, which almost bordered on insanity and which were great impediments to them in their life-work and their larger success.

Courage and hope are always present during the process of mental creation. When a person is blue and utterly discouraged his mind is incapable of creating anything. Despondency, discouragement, are fatal to initiative and efficiency. Thousands of non-producers, to-day, in the failure army would be producers if they could only throw off their depression. These people get "in the dumps," become "blue," discouraged, and cease to make sufficient effort to get on, or to accomplish things.

THERE is one thing that we should resolve upon very early in our careers and that is that under no circumstances shall we allow ourselves to become the victims of discouragement, or the "blues"; that we will close the door of our mind to our thought enemies, and only admit the friends of our success, the friends of our peace of mind and our happiness.

When we can control our minds so that we shall only entertain success thoughts, harmony thoughts, thoughts which bring peace of mind and serenity, we shall begin to do effective work. No machine can do good work when there is friction in the bearings, and the more delicate the bearings the more certain are they to be thrown out of harmony by any friction. Just as a single hair or a little bit of dust may prevent the finest chronometer from keeping good time, so the friction of despondency will throw the delicate and exquisite mechanism of the mind out of harmony. If we attempt to run this human machine without removing the friction, dire results will surely follow.

EVERY little while I receive letters from young men and young women, right on the threshold of their active careers, with marvelous possibilities ahead of them, who tell me how discouraged they are. Some of them say they are absolute victims of discouragement.

Young people, it seems, are very susceptible to the "blues" and despondency. How often we hear of young people committing suicide because discouraged. If such youths could only get a glimpse of the marvelous possibilities ahead of them, if they could only get a glimpse of what they are capable of doing, capable of becoming, of what they were intended to do and intended to be, it is not possible that they would ever again be depressed.

It would seem that if any human being should have a bright and gloriously expectant outlook upon life it is the young man or young woman on the threshold of his career. Just think, my young friend, what lies ahead of you! Superbly equipped for a magnificent future, placed in a veritable paradise, as this earth is everywhere, with hundreds of marvelous possibilities, tremendous resources waiting for the willing hand and stout heart, is it not a crime for you to give way to despondency and despair? Does it never occur to you, that in allowing the "blues" to cloud your mind and control your actions you are casting a shadow on the lives of many others, which may cause untold sorrow and misery?

When you feel the "blues" coming on just refuse to be controlled by anything but your own superior will, your own ideals. Melancholy, "the blues," that depressed, discouraged feeling, cannot possibly exist in your mind when you persistently hold there the opposite thought, which is not a very difficult thing to do. But the man who gives up at the first discouragement cannot expect to conquer.

Many people who complain of ill health discourage themselves by auto-suggestion, dwelling on their diseases, imagining the worst. This encourages the development of disease germs that are fed upon discouragement and gloom, upon mental depression. It poisons the blood, and whatever poisons the blood feeds germs. Remember, that every time you think of your ailments, talk over them, dwell upon them, picture them, you are undoing the very thing you are trying to do, to get well; and your disease-resisting power has so much more to overcome.

As every cell in your body is constantly being made new, why not put new thoughts, new life, into your cells and not drag along with you all the old skeletons of the past?

ONE cannot be perfectly normal physically unless he is normal mentally. It is said that when the mind is full of discouraging, depressing thoughts, the aging processes are very active.

The tissues are hardening and calcareous deposits are in the lining of the arteries, hastening arteriosclerosis, the dreaded condition of old age.

If you would live a long, happy, and efficient life keep out of your mind everything that pains you, everything that is disagreeable, everything which can tend to cause you regret.

Never anticipate trouble, never think of the disagreeable things that have happened to you in time gone by. However unfortunate your past has been you cannot afford to make your future unfortunate by dwelling upon this. Forget everything that has caused you pain, everything that has embarrassed or humiliated you, everything which may have disgraced you. Forget it all, and hold the thought of yourself as you would like to be; keep in mind the new man or woman you are trying to make of yourself.

DON'T dwell on the human side, the frailty side of your nature; dwell upon the divine; this is the element which is going to redeem you.

It is the best in you—not the worst—that is going to bring you to your own.

The Giant Spenders of the United States



Talks with Prominent Purchasing Agents, Who, Every Year, Buy Billions of Dollars Worth of Everything. How they Trained to be Masters of Commodity Values

By THOMAS V. MERLE

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MAJOR-GENERAL H. L. ROGERS, U. S. A.

Quartermaster general and director of purchases and storage of the United States Army. Head of what is practically the biggest business organization in the country. He has 5,600 officers, 40,000 enlisted men, and 65,000 civilian employees under him. He is considered one of the world's greatest authorities on the methods of supplying the necessities for big organizations.

EDITOR'S NOTE

"HE who spends wisely is rewarded well."

That is the basic plot of the ancient legend of the "talent," familiar to all who have followed Biblical history.

It operates to-day. It is the rock-bottom belief of every man who holds the responsible position of purchasing agent in one of the gigantic businesses of the United States—the men who must individually spend millions every year to keep their organizations supplied with working materials.

They comprise a great body of men, these purchasing agents. The editors of THE NEW SUCCESS wish that they had sufficient room in this number to mention every one of the wonderful men in this country who successfully hold these positions of great trust. Those we selected for Mr. Merle to write about, were taken at random. Future numbers will contain other stories of other purchasing agents and will tell of their grip on their positions and why they were able to secure such a grip.

The principal elements of an A-1 purchasing agent are honesty, loyalty, trust, and the ability to learn the values of all purchasable commodities. Such men are those described in this article—and who have talked freely for THE NEW SUCCESS—are not paid extravagant salaries—and they are too jealous of their positions to jeopardize them in the slightest way; they are keenly intelligent of the importance placed in them; they seem to be born to their calling just as an artist is born to his. Nearly every one has risen from a very insignificant position.

The purchasing agents are well organized. Their chief body is the National Purchasing Agents Association. With it are affiliated a number of State organizations.

REAR-ADMIRAL SAMUEL MCGOWAN, U. S. N.

Chief purchasing-officer of the United States Navy. His expenditures have been at the rate of \$500,000,000 a year for the past 2½ years. Before the World War he was the purchasing-officer for several Navy depots. Rear-Admiral McGowan is a self-made man. He worked his way through college by managing a brickyard. He is trusted with millions of dollars.

HOW would you like to spend millions of dollars a year, and receive a large salary for doing so? It is being done—but by very few. And the chosen few are selected for their ability, their honesty and integrity, and, curiously enough, for their economy. These "giant spenders" of the country are the purchasing agents of the largest industrial organizations in the United States.

Their activities and their life histories read like romances, and the figures into which their purchases run sound like a tale from "The Arabian Nights." In fact, Croesus would have shriveled up with envy at the mere thought of passing out as much money a year as do these trusted executives of great business firms.

A purchasing agent, intrusted with the wise expenditure of millions of dollars a year, must be conversant with a multitude of matters. He must know market prices, values, possibilities of turning what he buys into profits for his firm, and, above all—he must be beyond the slightest "suspicion."

Purchasing agents are paid good salaries but not extravagant salaries. Many receive less than \$10,000 a year, others as high as \$20,000 a year. It can readily be imagined that a man purchasing supplies for an organization of international repute might be subjected to great temptation in the matter of "commissions." But large commercial organizations are more far-seeing than the public. They believe in rewarding ability adequately;

therefore, a purchasing agent is first subjected to the acid test and then compensated in accord with the vital results he produces.

In addition to the salary of a really first-class purchasing agent, the maintenance of his department costs probably several times what he receives. Yet the functions and accomplishments of that department constitute money well spent on the part of the firm which maintains it.

Yet, vital as is the task of this group of giant spenders, but few people realize their importance. And in the world's recognition of achievement, too little credit is given the man who buys the essentials of operating the business. While the general tendency of humanity is to take greater interest in the spending of money than in the saving of it. Big Business does not share that view. Therefore, the purchasing agent—like the prophet—is without honor in his own country. The business executive pays more attention to income than to outgo—unless the outgo becomes too large and the income too small. Hence the big boss is more interested in the sales figures, which spell, or should spell, profits than he is in the purchases, which represent the necessary evil of expenditure.



FRANK HOYT

Purchasing agent for the Standard Oil Company of New York. He is perhaps the biggest buyer in the country of transportation equipment and office supplies. He began as an errand boy with the company for which he now spends many millions of dollars.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL and director of purchase and storage, Major-General H. L. Rogers holds down the big job of purchasing what the United States Army needs. Rogers is the head—the active head—of the greatest business organization

in the United States—if not the world. His "working staff" consists of 5,600 commissioned officers and some 40,000 enlisted men. All he has to do is buy supplies for the Army and deliver them wherever they may be needed. And when one remembers that the supplies of the Army include anything from the lumber to build the barracks of a training camp, down through boots, belts, and buckles, to ammunition and candles—it may be realized that the big buyer

requires a rather diversified knowledge.

But it so happens that Major-General Rogers is one of the world's most eminent authorities on the methods of determining the necessities of life, of producing them in sufficient quantity and most economically. And the Army not only wants but requires just what it wants exactly when it wants it.

General Rogers performed the task under almost chaotic conditions of expansion. He is still "putting it over." And when the Armistice came and the tension let up he devised the scheme of supplying retail stores with food bought but not used by the Army during the World War, thus helping to lower the high cost of living, and eliminating enormous waste.



W. L. LONGMORE

Purchasing agent for the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company ever since the original Westinghouse business has been operated on its present scale. His business associates call him the "walking encyclopedia" of commodity values and prices. His expenditures for his company amount to millions of dollars a year.

"An Honor For Any Man."—Rear Admiral McGowan

FROM helper in a brickyard and ticket agent of a "tank town" railway station to the gold-braided post of paymaster general of the United States Navy is a long leap, but Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan made it in the scant span of years between 1894 and 1920. In fact he had his feet well upon the upper rungs of the ladder of success but a few years after he secured his first commission in the Navy.

And if it wasn't for Rear-Admiral McGowan there wouldn't be much happiness in a sailor's life—for he is the man who starts the "ghost" walking every month. And while he is resting from his labors, trying to figure out what each husky seaman should receive, he indulges in the pleasant recreation of spending half a billion dollars a year as chief purchasing officer of the Navy.

For the past two and a half years, Admiral McGowan has been charged with the wise expenditure of some \$3,000,000,000. Through his various subordinate officers, Rear-Admiral McGowan deals with thousands of civilian business men who present their wares to Uncle Sam—and Uncle Sam is the most strict and exacting spender of money, when it comes to his Army and Navy—that a slick salesman ever stacked up against.

Now, Mr. McGowan hadn't much of an idea that the details of his career would be of particular interest to the readers of *THE NEW SUCCESS*. One of the chief elements of many really successful men is a retiring nature.

Circumstances were such that he worked his way through college. He modestly put it that way. The incidents of the brickyard and the railway ticket-office helped to finance him through this period. Then, when he had his nicely sealed, ribboned sheepskin, he budded forth as a promising young journalist on the staff of *The State*, of Columbia, South Carolina.

Somehow or other his newspaper work impressed itself upon the memory of Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, who, in

1894, became Secretary of the Navy, and young McGowan was sent to him with some excellent letters which suggested that the future "striper" might make a good private secretary to Secretary Herbert. Evidently Colonel Herbert didn't think much of McGowan as a secretary, or else he thought too much of him. In any event, he suggested that McGowan should go up for examination for appointment in the supply corps of the Navy. McGowan did and his second sheepskin bearing the seal of the United States and the signature of the President, was handed to him on March 15, 1894.

From that time on, there was no holding him back, and the interesting part of his story is that most of the things he was given to do were allotted to him over and over again because he did them so well. Admiral McGowan is the only officer in the Navy who has twice served as fleet paymaster.

When the United States fleet sailed round the world, in 1908, Mr. McGowan was fleet paymaster on the staff of Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry. In 1913, he was appointed to assume similar duties on the staff of Rear-Admiral Charles J. Badger, commanding the Atlantic Fleet.

Then the war clouds gathered and the Navy went to work in earnest. And the man to take on the added, gigantic duties of paymaster general of the Navy proved to be McGowan. And he is still on the job.

When asked on behalf of *THE NEW SUCCESS*, just why he likes that position, Rear-Admiral McGowan said: "It is difficult for me to state in particular what makes my work attractive. I have been a naval officer for over twenty-six years, and my love for the service has increased each year from the date I was first commissioned. I count it a great honor for any man to be permitted to serve his country as a naval officer. I suppose it is the traditional spirit as well as the invariable team work which makes the service so attractive to those who devote their lives to it."

And, perhaps, this is the reason why one of the biggest spenders of them all is content with his position and gladly gives his ability to the nation for an unattractive salary, rather than enter the more remunerative fields of private business. Probably no man is in a better position to appreciate such devotion to the service than Purchasing Agent Geehr, of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company, who has seen many able brains sacrificed for the government's interests.

"Purchasing My Most Interesting Experience"

—F. H. Hoyt

ANOTHER "giant spender" with a similar modest attitude and a like regard for *THE NEW SUCCESS* said, "I rather, dislike the idea of becoming prominent in magazines, but *THE NEW SUCCESS* is a very good publication and, since it requests it, I will try to give you a short account of a very ordinary life."

This is the statement of F. H. Hoyt, purchasing agent of the Standard Oil Company of New York. And in concluding his first objecting, reluctant statement, he cautioned the interviewer to stick strictly to facts—which was not at all necessary since Mr. Hoyt in the flesh and the performance dazzles the imagination of the most skillful romanticist.

"In 1884," Mr. Hoyt began, "I secured a job as an errand boy in the office of one of the constituent companies



THEODORE HERMAN

Buys all supplies for the United Lead Company which is the largest concern of its kind in the United States, having about twenty-five plants throughout the country. Mr. Herman buys everything from the pins to the machinery.

of the Standard Oil Company—the Acme Oil Company. At that time its president was the late John D. Archbold. By making up my mind to stick to one line of business, I was fortunate enough to advance to the posts of junior clerk and bookkeeper. Then realizing that I would need a practical knowledge of the industry, in order to succeed, I

asked for a transfer to one of the refineries and spent three years there.

"From that time, after a short experience in the offices at 26 Broadway, New York, I was placed in the marketing branch of the business, located in New England. I remained there until 1915, when I was named as purchasing agent of the company. In all, I have been thirty-five years in the service of the Standard Oil Company. There is no doubt that purchasing is the most interesting experience I have ever had, as it is a liberal education in men and matter, and the opportunity is given for the study of



G. H. HIELMAN

One of the youngest purchasing agents in the United States and the buyer for one of the biggest corporations—the Otis Elevator Company. He began as a storekeeper for the company that still employs him.

materials and machinery as well as the study of men."

"Purchasing Is a Broad Subject"

—Edward C. Geehr

LOTS of youths have had ambitions to be street-car conductors or organ grinders, and have relinquished them readily upon reaching the essential age to launch upon another venture. But Edward C. Geehr, purchasing agent of The William Cramp & Sons Ship and Engine Building Company, owes his present important position to a boyhood interest in aquatic sports.

This ambition led him to apply for a position as office boy in the great shipbuilding plant, in 1896. That was two years before the Spanish War, and, during his long association with the famous naval-constructing organization, Mr. Geehr has seen many a man-o'-war as well as countless merchant



E. C. GEEHR

buys millions of dollars worth of supplies every year for the great William Cramp & Sons Ship & Engine Building Company of Philadelphia. He is president of the Philadelphia Purchasing Agents Association.

craft rise from their keels to the proud day when they slipped from the ways into the glistening waters of the Delaware River.

"I gradually worked my way through the office," said Mr. Geehr, "familiarizing myself with its details and finally reaching the position of buyer."

"Purchasing is a broad subject. Buying as I do, almost every commodity one can mention, and making it my life study, one can readily see how intensely interesting the work must be to me."

There is a subtle fascination about the work of the

purchasing agents. All of them seem to be in love with their jobs and to realize, with modest confidence, the tremendous responsibility which rests upon their shoulders. Unheralded and unseen, these men work day by day, dispersing countless millions of dollars, charged with the making of wise purchases that will not only bring profit to their firms but satisfaction to the purchasers of the products which could not be made without their services.

"I Had Charge of the Annual Inventory"—W. J. Longmore

NIGHT work seems to have been the secret of success applied by W. J. Longmore, General Purchasing Agent of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company. He is a walking encyclopedia of commodity values and prices, and he gets the worth of a hundred cents on the dollar on the expenditure of millions entrusted to his care, every twelve months, by the Westinghouse Company.

If you doubt it, go into his offices in Pittsburg and try to sell him something.

But his present achievement is not half so thrilling as the means by which he arrived at the desk from which gigantic orders are signed and issued every working hour of the year. To quote his own retiring statement of his successive steps is inspiring. The record needs no comment.

"I began work in the Garrison Place Works at Pittsburg, in October, 1891," said Mr. Longmore to THE NEW SUCCESS. "While I was not able to perform very strenuous labor, I was compelled to wheel coal to the boilers for a certain period; and as I had some knowledge of painting prior to my employment with the company, I was inducted into that branch of the business shortly afterwards.

"I decided to free lance in a way, and found myself in various departments of the works where I learned that they needed 'skilled labor.' Frequently it was necessary for me to remain at night to aid in the testing of electrical apparatus, and I finally settled my endeavors upon a particular line of manufacture. That is, I helped to design and manufacture the first commercial transformers. I was given the task of organizing the first transformer department and managed it for a long time.

"After working hours, I was given charge of the annual inventory, which I accepted readily, as it gave me splendid opportunity to become acquainted with the various materials used in the manufacture of electrical apparatus."

In due time the knowledge of Longmore's work was recognized by the management and he was requested to organize and manage a store-keeping department on a large scale. Then, in 1902, he was appointed purchasing agent, which position he held for fifteen years. At the end of that time, he was given complete charge of the buying of everything needed by the Westinghouse Company and its subsidiaries, of which there are fifteen.

While "resting" from his duties as Purchasing Agent, Mr. Longmore had charge of the Westinghouse mica

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L. C. KENDALL

The millions of dollars spent for supplies by the Bush Terminal Company, which employs 300,000 people and has offices all over the world, must pass through his hands.



F. W. ROWE

Purchasing agent of the H. W. Johns-Manville Company, the most widely known dealers in asbestos products. He is also president of the Purchasing Agents Association of N. Y.

To the Man Whose Complaint Is—

“Luck Is Against Me!”

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

“**L**UCK is against me!” Is this your cry when you fail to succeed as others do?

My friend, the difference between yourself and those about you whom you envy, who are getting along much faster than you are—the difference between what you are doing and what the man is doing whom you envy so much, and who is booming ahead by leaps and bounds—that little difference is not a difference of luck! If you would analyze yourself you would find that you are falling down, perhaps, on a great many of the things in which he is excelling.

If you are wondering why you do not get on any faster, you are probably worrying about it. Instead of wasting your precious energy in worrying, why not use it in bracing up your own ability all along the line? If you are earning, say, thirty dollars a week, and the man you envy has jumped to a sixty-dollar position, just compare yourself, faculty by faculty, with the other fellow. Rank those faculties on a scale of ten. You will probably find that your enthusiasm is several points below his, also your determination, your real interest. Your heart may not be in your work as much as his is. You may not have registered your vow to make good with the same determination, the same grit, the same grim resolution to win out as he has.

IF you want to get where the man you envy is, try to equal him in every particular. You know very well that you can improve in many respects, even though, in a general way, you may feel that you have been conscientious, and have been doing fairly well. You may have hypnotized yourself into believing you were doing your level best, but you know in your heart that you could do very much better than you have done. You know that you could improve, perhaps, in nearly every respect upon what you have been doing.

WHAT sort of a fellow is he who climbs to the front? You know what his characteristics are, no matter how objectionable they may be to you. You perhaps have thought he was too forward, thought too much of himself, “blew his own horn” too much. But he got there, didn’t he?

Have you ever considered that the very qualities which helped him to get far above you would undoubtedly help you to get ahead also?

When a man is conscious of having a lot of ability which he has never used, and expresses confidence in himself, he may seem to you nervy, an egoist, and yet these egoists are the fellows who usually do things.

YOU will find that the man who is promoted rapidly has the advantage of you in many ways. He may be more progressive, more pushing, more determined, more



energetic. He may look out for his health better than you do; may back up his brain better than you do, with scientific living and habits. He may take better care of himself out of business hours, he may get more refreshing rest and recreation. He may make better use of his evenings than you do, and may come back to his work in the morning more fit, more buoyant, more energetic. He may keep himself in tune with the highest thing in him, he may not allow his ambition to sag, may keep his ideals brighter. He may have more faith in his future, more faith in himself. He may believe in himself more than you do.

In other words, if you study yourself and compare yourself with the man you envy, who you think is getting along so much faster and better than you are, you will very quickly find where the trouble is; and if you resolve with all your might to improve yourself in every particular, every day, you will be surprised to see how soon you will be climbing to the higher places. This success will stimulate you to more determined endeavor to reach greater heights of achievement and excellence.

ARE you sure you have done the last thing you could do? That is, have you done all that you could do without aid from others in the position where you are? Have you done everything possible to make your desire, your dream, come true, with the full use of all your powers?

You should prepare for your success in the same scientific manner as an army prepares to win a war. Leave no weak place through which the enemy can break. Leave no loophole which can be taken advantage of. Don't lay too much stress upon your natural ability, your good education and fine training, and then neutralize all your good qualities by your disagreeable, uncouth,

grasping manner, your lack of tact, and your antagonizing spirit. Everything about you must harmonize with your purpose.

MANY men and women are unconscious of their defects and deficiencies. They never have made a sufficient study of themselves to find where their weakness lies.

It makes a tremendous difference to you, my friend, whether you are using all of yourself, all of your ability, or only a part of yourself. It makes a tremendous difference whether you are 100 per cent efficient or 50 per cent and the percentage of loss is usually from a lack somewhere, a deficiency, not in all of the faculties but in some of them, in some weak point which needs strengthening.

If you find you can improve in a few things you certainly can improve in many others, and, before you realize it, if you keep improving in everything, you will no doubt equal the man you envy so much, and for so long have considered “lucky.”

Head of the Highest Tribunal

Life-Story of **EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE** *Chief Justice of the* *United States Supreme Court*

By **ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN**

(Author of "How Presidents Are Made")

ALMOST any afternoon, between the hours of five and six, pedestrians in the national capital will meet, on Pennsylvania Avenue, Massachusetts Avenue, or Sixteenth Street, a sturdy figure of a man, smartly dressed, wearing a dark fedora, walking with hands clasped behind his back, sometimes alone, but more frequently accompanied by a member of the United States Supreme Court. This man is Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, by many considered the second most important official in the land, ranking next to the President of the United States on account of the office he holds. For more than a quarter of a century he has been a member of the Supreme Court; fifteen years as associate justice and nearly ten years as chief.

"The greatest tribunal on earth," is the designation often applied to the Supreme Court of the United States. It has been in existence for one hundred and thirty years, and, during that time, the most eminent lawyers and jurists have comprised its membership. It ranks higher than other national courts of last resort; higher than the similar court in Great Britain, because it has the power to pass upon the constitutionality and legality of laws enacted by Congress. Further than that, the Supreme Court of the United States deals with questions of international law at times, questions which, in other countries, are settled by the executives of the governments.

A story is told of a newspaper man who came to Washington from a State capital where it was customary for the correspondents to mingle with the lawyers inside the bar of the court. This newspaper man, who was not familiar with the habits of the national capital, visited the Supreme Court and took his seat among the lawyers. An old negro attendant, who had been on duty about the court for nearly half a century, went to him and whispered gently that he could not sit inside the bar.

"Why not?" the newspaper man rather truculently asked.

"Mister, the reason why is that you would be in contempt of this court; and, say, mister, there ain't no appeal from this court 'cept to God Almighty!"

Selected by Grover Cleveland

THE selection of Chief Justice White, not only for his present exalted position but for Associate Justice, was a surprise to the country and to those most vitally interested in the Supreme Court. In 1894, Grover Cleveland was President of the United States, and David B. Hill was one of the senators from New York. There was a bitter political enmity between those two distinguished New York citizens. Hill did not like Cleveland's friends, and Cleveland did not like Hill's. A vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court, and President Cleveland submitted the name of William B. Hornblower, of New York, for the place. Hill immediately began a vigorous fight against the confirmation of Judge Hornblower, and, after a long-drawn-out battle, Hornblower was rejected. President Cleveland then sent in the name of another New York lawyer, Rufus W. Peckham. Again Hill waged war and defeated Mr. Peckham.



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EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE

Chief Justice of the United States, considered by many the second most important official in the land.

Almost immediately following the rejection of Peckham, the President sent in the name of Edward Douglas White, then a senator from Louisiana. That nomination took the capital and the country completely by surprise for several reasons: it upset the precedent of following geographical lines, as the vacancy was from the North; another reason was that Senator White had only been in the Senate about three years and, in that time, had not developed the qualities of a jurist which afterwards became so notable.

Senator White was accorded the honor of being confirmed without his nomination being sent to a committee and, also, on the same day that it was forwarded to the Senate. This distinction was due to the fact that he was held in high esteem by his senatorial colleagues and to a custom that prevails in the Senate—recognizing the merits of its own members. He was a "member of the lodge," so to speak, and it would not have been considered "clubby" to have held his nomination over for a day and referred it to a committee. Hence this distinguished mark of favor.

President Taft Defied Custom

WHILE the selection of Senator White to be Associate Justice was a surprise, it was a small one compared to his selection as Chief Justice. Mr. Taft was a Republican

President and Mr. Justice White was a Democrat. Never before had a President selected a member of the opposition party to be Chief Justice. While it is supposed that the court shall be absolutely nonpartisan, history shows that party has generally had something to do with the selection of the justices. Never before had an Associate Justice been chosen for Chief Justice. There was a tradition, or a precedent, in the selection of men who had never served on that bench as Chief Justice, and when anyone smashes a tradition or precedent he causes a great deal of comment.

At the time the vacancy occurred, it was quite well understood that Charles Evans Hughes, then an Associate Justice of the court, was to receive the appointment of Chief Justice. In the early spring of 1910, when Hughes was selected by President Taft as an Associate Justice, the President wrote to the then governor of New York, saying that if the Chief Justiceship was open, he would offer it to Governor Hughes. Just what happened between May, 1910, and December, 1910, to cause President Taft to change his mind, has never been officially disclosed. It has been asserted that there was some politics in the appointment of Justice White, and that powerful church interests led by Cardinal Gibbons had much to do with bringing about his selection. While the appointment was criticized somewhat from a political standpoint—the Republicans desiring to have a member of their party as Chief Justice—there was no criticism whatever of the ability of Mr. White to fill the exalted position.

Only Nine Presidents Named Chief Justices

WHETHER Mr. Hughes was very much disappointed because he was not made Chief Justice was never disclosed by anything that he may have said, but it is natural to suppose that he was disappointed. Afterwards close personal friends of Mr. Hughes said that had he been appointed Chief Justice he would never have been nominated for President of the United States, as he would have quickly put an end to any discussion of his name in connection with that position.

The selection of Associate Justice White to be Chief Justice no doubt caused bitter disappointment, or at least was somewhat disquieting, to Associate Justice Harlan who was a Republican and a Union soldier while Justice White was a Democrat and a Confederate soldier. The days of 1861-65 had made a deep impression on Harlan who was from Kentucky—and men from Kentucky fought on both sides during the Civil War with a greater degree of intense feeling than ever was manifested by those from the Far North or Far South.

In this matter of politics and the Chief Justiceship it is rather interesting to note that in the sixty years since the Republicans first had control of the government, a Republican President has been in the White House forty-four years, and a Democrat sixteen years; and yet, during that time, a Republican has been Chief Justice only twenty-four years, while a Democrat has held the position thirty-six years. It was on this account that the Republicans felt considerable resentment toward President Taft for not selecting a Republican Chief Justice. Only nine Presidents of the twenty-seven have had the privilege of naming a Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

While the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court ranks very high in official life, it must also be acknowledged that the position is not so very much superior to that of an Associate Justice. Congress, in providing the salaries, recognizes the difference by allowing the Chief Justice \$500 a year more than an Associate Justice, whose salary is \$15,000 a year.

When it comes to a question of votes on a decision to be rendered by the Court, the vote of an associate is equal to that of the chief. But there is a distinction. The Chief Justice has charge of all of the business of the Court and

regulates most of its procedure. No doubt the position has attained a wonderful prominence by the character of the men who have held it. It is a very wonderful thing for a man to be a successor of such men as Jay, Marshall, and Taney. Chief Justice White is the ninth to hold that position in the 130 years of existence of the Supreme Court.

Chief Justice White strictly upholds the dignity of his position and of the court over which he presides; but he is a man of a retiring disposition, never by any action giving prominence to himself or the court outside of its official functions. He never was a seeker of publicity, and as Chief Justice he has studiously avoided doing or saying anything that would give himself or the Supreme Court any undue prominence. He is genial, companionable, and a most charming man personally. In conversation with those men he has learned to know and appreciate, he talks freely and discloses a rare judgment of men and affairs which he has brought to the court and which he has shown in opinions he has rendered.

He Served Through the Civil War

A VERY studious man is the Chief Justice—a very hard-working man. In the days when he was an Associate Justice, there used to be a little joke passed around among the other justices that "Brother White would be an admirable member of this court if he wasn't quite so lazy."

That remark was caused by the fact that Justice White was not only always early at the Supreme Court chambers, delving into law books and digging deep into legal lore, but, also, that he was known to work late into the night on various knotty problems that came before the court. When there was anything before the court that required indefatigable industry, hard work, and close application, there was a saying among the justices that, "We had better give that to Brother White."

Chief Justice White is now seventy-five years old. He was born in Louisiana and educated at the Jesuit College, New Orleans, and Georgetown College, Washington. He was barely sixteen years old when the Civil War occurred, and he enlisted and served through that war as a private soldier. After the Civil War he studied law and began to practice in 1868. He had a taste for politics and was sent to the State senate of Louisiana, in 1874. While serving in the legislature, he gained considerable distinction by making an anti-lottery fight, as Louisiana, in those days, was cursed with a lottery which was afterwards suppressed. At the age of thirty-two, he was made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and there received a training and showed conspicuous ability as a jurist. It was an examination of his decisions as a jurist, by Attorney General Olney, which had much to do with his selection by President Cleveland as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Mr. White was elected United States Senator and began his term of office on March 4, 1891; three years later he was appointed to the Supreme Court. When he entered the Senate, he met Senator Warren of Wyoming. In those days there were quite a number of Union soldiers serving in the Senate, and still more soldiers of the Confederacy from the southern States. It was quite natural that these senators should meet and exchange reminiscences, and, frequently, it was found that they had been in opposing armies which fought fierce battles. It so happened that Senator White and Senator Warren, in exchanging reminiscences, discovered that White was at Port Hudson on the Mississippi River, with the Confederate force which was defending that important point, while Senator Warren was in the Union army and of the attacking force.

It was a fierce struggle, and Senator Warren to this day wears the coveted medal of honor which he earned during the battle to gain possession of Port Hudson. These two

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Shutting Out Success and Prosperity

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WHEN Richard Ingalese, author of "History and Power of Mind," was giving a course of lectures on the same subject, a number of persons said to him: "It is very wrong to teach that you can draw material things to yourself by the use of mental forces; you should teach that people must work for what they get."

This very common misapprehension in regard to the part that mind plays in drawing to us the things that match our ambition is responsible for more dissatisfied, unhappy, discontented lives, more ruined careers than any other one thing. Of course we must work for what we get, but if we don't use our mind to attract the things we are working for, we won't get them. There are millions of round pegs in square holes, and millions living in poverty, or, at best, barely able to make ends meet, who might be in the place for which nature intended them; who might be prosperous, happy, and contented but for their ignorance of the use of their mental forces—the power that slumbers in the great within of them.

DID you ever realize, my friend, that whatever you may have managed to get together in this world you have attracted, consciously or unconsciously, by your mental attitude? You may say that you have earned these things, have bought them with your salary, or that they are the fruit of your endeavor in some direction. That is true, of course, but your thought preceded your endeavor. Your mental plan went before your achievement. Everything begins in the mind. There is where the foundation of your success or your failure is laid. In other words, no matter what your education, or lack of it, no matter whether you work with your hands or with your brain or what your occupation or position, you will build into your environment, into your life—you are building now—according to the model that dwells in your mind.

Daniel Webster said, "Amid all the mysteries by which we are surrounded nothing is more certain than that we are ever in the presence of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed."

When your thoughts go out from you, they don't go into the "empty air," as we so often say, but into this "infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed." There they take shape according to the pattern you give them. The eternal energy or creative intelligence works in harmony with the laws of the universe."

"What I do not receive has met with obstruction somewhere in me." If you are not realizing your ambition; if you are not getting the things you have long been working for, something in yourself is obstructing the way. They cannot get to you because you are not fulfilling all the conditions of the law; you are probably driving away from you the very thing you are pursuing by holding the thought that is directly opposed to it. Multitudes of people are doing this, because they do not realize that the mind goes first, and that, no matter how hard we work, we are headed the way that the mind is headed, not necessarily in the direction of the thing we want and are working for.

IF you are longing to get away from cramped, limited conditions and are working hard for prosperity and success, but keep your mind all the time saturated with the poverty consciousness, listen continually to the spectres of Doubt and Fear ever at your elbow, hold the thought that success and prosperity are not for you, you are shutting them out from your life as effectually as if you made no effort at all to get them. Your discouraged, fear-filled, doubting mind double-locks the door of opportunity to you; it pulls you right about face, so that your back is turned to your goal; you are going away from it instead of to it.

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How Ralston Became a Partner

The Story of a Man Who Had to Swim or Sink

By JOHN WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

GEORGE BEEKMAN was puzzled. His daughter realized his annoyance by the way he rose from the dinner-table. Instead of turning at once to the daily stock-reports, he let the evening paper lie at his feet.

Alice Beekman seldom ventured to disturb her father when he was in one of these rare moods. His temper was uniformly even. A typical example of the successful business man who has built up a thriving enterprise by the fruits of his own labor, he was proud of his attractive home on the hill and devoted to the pretty girl who was the image of the wife he had lost several years before. Since that sorrow, his life was devoted largely to making Alice happy—to giving her everything she might want—and if business troubles entered his head he seldom brought them home.

With a smile, the girl slipped upon the arm of his chair and kissed his forehead.

"Confession's good for the soul, dad," she teased. "Tell me what's the matter. Has the bottom dropped out of the market or has the income tax been raised?"

He smiled. "Neither, my dear—that is, unless I might say that the bottom has dropped out of the market of common sense."

She looked at him strangely—surprised—yet with womanly intuition, sensing the cause of his displeasure. "It's about Fred?" she asked slowly.

"Alice, I don't know whether you can do anything with that boy or not. I don't seem able to—and if he can't make good in business, he won't make good as a husband—at least not as the kind of a husband I want you to have."

"But I thought you said Fred was such a good salesman," Alice protested.

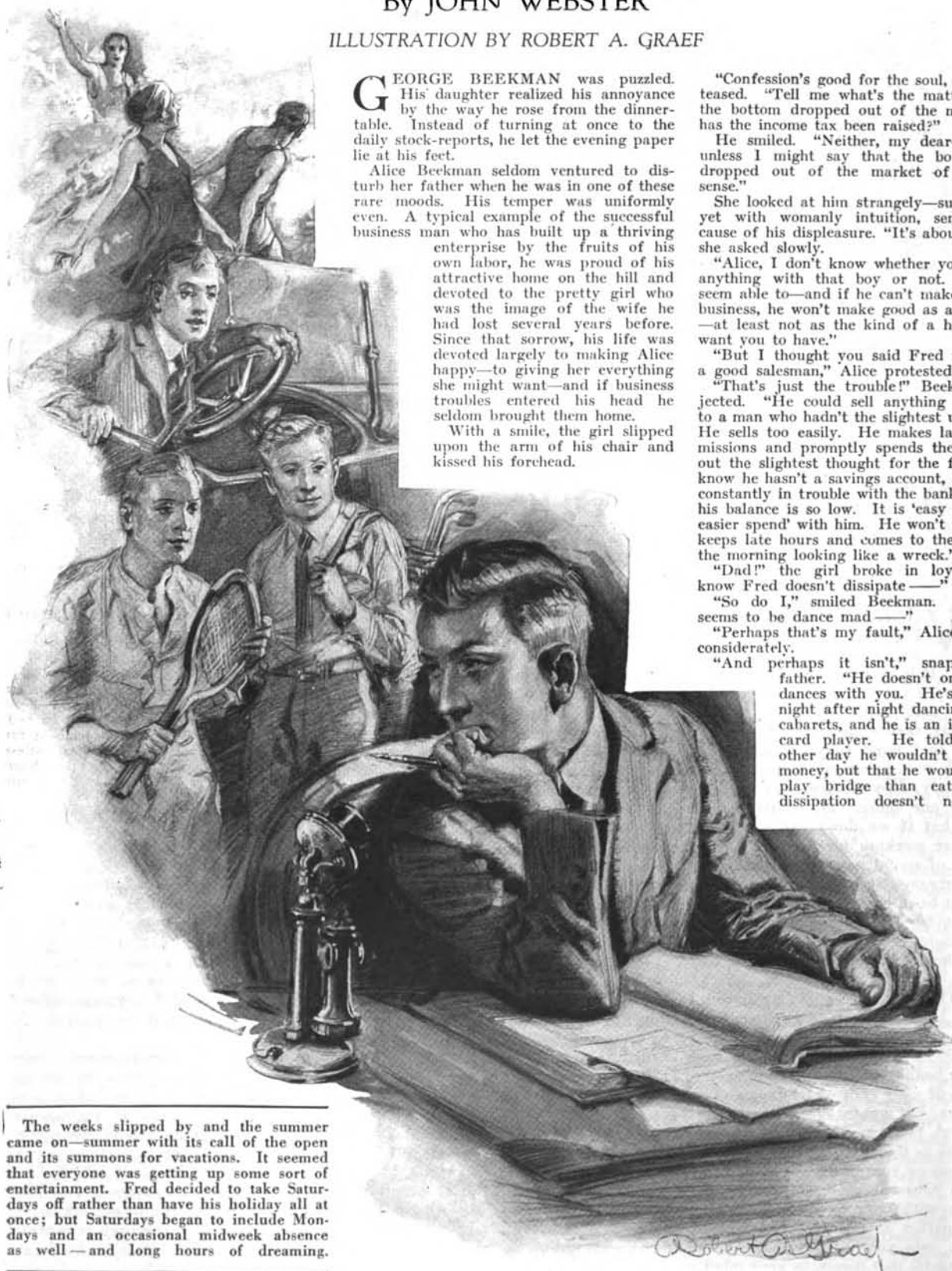
"That's just the trouble!" Beekman objected. "He could sell anything on earth to a man who hadn't the slightest use for it. He sells too easily. He makes large commissions and promptly spends them—without the slightest thought for the future. I know he hasn't a savings account, and he is constantly in trouble with the bank because his balance is so low. It is 'easy earn and easier spend' with him. He won't work—he keeps late hours and comes to the office in the morning looking like a wreck."

"Dad!" the girl broke in loyally. "I know Fred doesn't dissipate—"

"So do I," smiled Beekman. "But he seems to be dance mad—"

"Perhaps that's my fault," Alice offered, considerably.

"And perhaps it isn't," snapped her father. "He doesn't only go to dances with you. He's in town night after night dancing in the cabarets, and he is an inveterate card player. He told me the other day he wouldn't play for money, but that he would rather play bridge than eat. Alice, dissipation doesn't necessarily



The weeks slipped by and the summer came on—summer with its call of the open and its summons for vacations. It seemed that everyone was getting up some sort of entertainment. Fred decided to take Saturdays off rather than have his holiday all at once; but Saturdays began to include Mondays and an occasional midweek absence as well—and long hours of dreaming.

mean vice. A man can dissipate by eating too many peanuts—if doing so interferes with his health and his success in life. Fred isn't honest with himself or with life. He has the greatest opportunity that ever came to a young man of my acquaintance—and he's deliberately letting it slip through his fingers. He doesn't gamble with money, but he is gambling with fate and fortune!"

"But Fred is young," Alice reminded him. "Isn't it natural for a young man to have his fling—and then settle down?"

"Maybe," her father admitted. "I'm not a Puritan. I like good times myself; but a good time is worth no more than you pay for it. If Fred's good times are costing him too much in the way of health and business success, then he's committing a vital sin in pursuing pleasure—no matter how innocent that pleasure may be as measured by ordinary standards."

SHE asked quietly: "Have you spoken to him?"

"Certainly," Beekman told her. "I've talked it over with him several times. I don't believe in lectures and few young men—or old ones for that matter—welcome advice; but I've dropped hints from time to time. They did no good. I tried to laugh him into changing his attitude—tried raising his salary—and then cutting down his commissions. No change in his attitude. If he doesn't feel like coming to the office after being up late at night, he doesn't. If he thinks he needs a rest and wants to go for a day's fishing trip—off he goes, and the office can go hang."

"But I don't think anyone should work all the time," Alice said defensively.

"A man who works too hard is as foolish as a man who doesn't work hard enough—but the sensible man learns the happy medium," Beekman explained. "The business doesn't need Fred—but Fred needs the business. George R. Beekman and Company will run right on and make money for you and for me whether or not Fred ever sells another dollar's worth of goods. But that isn't the idea. I can't make the man—he's got to make himself. I've thrown opportunity in his way—and he's walked all over it. He isn't afraid of work. He eats it up some days. On other days he falls asleep."

"Suppose I speak to him," Alice suggested. "For my sake—"

"Let him alone," her father advised. "If I didn't think he was the right sort of youth, I would never have consented to your engagement. But because he's a clean cut boy of good principles, it doesn't mean that he's going to make the right sort of mate for you. A man who can't run himself isn't worth his salt. Work isn't the only thing in the world, but there's darned little in the world that isn't the result of work."

"Well," said Alice pensively, "you mustn't forget that his early training is probably responsible for it. His family were well off; and everyone said, before they lost their money, that Fred was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"Right," Beekman agreed. "He was born with a silver spoon all right, and now he's too lazy to feed himself with it. Nature endowed him with a sixty horse-power clean-cut brain and a fascinating personality. Everyone likes him—and I don't wonder. If he wasn't so popular he'd probably be more industrious. His friends spoil him without knowing it. They're always inviting him to some party or some weekend affair—and because he always has a good time, he never refuses to go. Result: he spends the first part of the week getting back from a trip, the middle days planning what he'll do the next week end, and the last of the week going there!"

What Are You Doing Now?

By R. RHODES STABLEY

IT matters not if you lost the fight and were badly beaten, too;
It matters not if you failed outright in the thing you tried to do;

It matters not if you toppled down from the azure heights of blue—

But what are you doing Now?

It matters not if your plans were foiled and your hopes have fallen through;

It matters not if your chance was spoiled for the gain almost in view;

It matters not if you missed the goal, though you struggled brave and true—

But what are you doing Now?

It matters not if your fortune's gone and your fame has withered, too;

It matters not if a cruel world's scorn be directed straight at you;

It matters not if the worst has come and your dreams have not come true—

But what are you doing Now?

Alice laughed. "When I marry him I'll change all that."

Beekman's eyes sparkled. "Don't you believe it!" he warned. "A team of angels couldn't change that boy unless something in his make-up turns right around and makes him want to change himself. A man can't get along in life unless he has a burning desire to do it. Ambition isn't a wish-bone. It's get up and go—and get there! A boy doesn't become a business whirlwind just because he knows how it's done and that he can do it if he wants to. He's got to get out and do it—all by himself!"

THE girl sighed as she heard a quick, light-hearted step on the veranda. "Please let me talk to him," she said as the door-bell rang.

"Go ahead," said Beekman. "You can sow the seed—but he's the gardener and the crop depends upon the attention he gives the seed."

Three minutes later, Fred Ralston's laughing eyes were looking adoringly into those of Alice Beekman. "I've great news, dear," he told her. "There's going to be a motor party at the Miller's estate, near Tarryville, Wednesday. It seems that they're opening the new golf course near there, and Jack is getting up a party which his mother's going to chaperone—"

"I'm not going," said Alice quietly but decisively. Ralston looked at her in surprise.

"Because, it doesn't seem fair for me to go running off in the middle of the week and leave father all alone. He'll be at the office, of course, and—"

Fred laughed. "I suppose you think I should be there, too," he said with a chuckle. "I'll admit that. Perhaps I should; but one day can't make any difference, and I'll make up for it with twice as many orders the next day."

"I wonder," said Alice thoughtfully, "if there is any such thing as making up a lost day?"

"How solemn we are this evening!" Fred teased. Sitting at the piano, he played a lively dance tune and began to sing in a rich,

delightful voice. "Let's go down to the club and dance—and forget the melancholy mood!" he suggested, swinging around on the piano-stool.

"Not to-night, Fred," she pleaded. "We were out late last night and the night before. You'll be tired out. Suppose we just have a quiet little evening at home—and plan our future."

"All right," he agreed rather reluctantly, and they made their way to the library.

WISELY, George Beekman kept himself out of the way, but he shook his head dubiously as he walked slowly up to bed. Notwithstanding his sincere attachment for Alice, it was evident that Fred was restless throughout the evening. Half a dozen times he mentioned the dance at the club, and as often referred to the motor party, but Alice remained firm in her refusal to attend either.

So it was with a little feeling of regret and disappointment that, shortly after eleven, she saw him arise to leave. He had refused absolutely to be serious during their conversation, and notwithstanding her annoyance over the fact, Alice was forced to laugh at his witty interruptions. He was incorrigible and, well, he was just Fred—the man she loved and meant to marry.

He waved his hand to her from the corner and was promptly hailed by a passing racing-car. "Oh, Fred!" called Tom Hawkins, "we're all running down to Billy Morris's for a little game of cards. Come along."

"You know I don't play for stakes," Fred reminded him.

"No matter," Hawkins agreed. "We'll put a cigar or something on the game just for the sake of playing for something. When I play bridge, I don't care whether it's for money or not."

Half an hour later they were still at the game. They were at it at two o'clock, and it was after three when Fred turned in. The next morning his head ached and he was tired. His bath revived him a little, but he had scant use for breakfast. When he wandered into the office, a little after ten o'clock, he was in no mood for work.

BECKMAN, from his office, watched him and his depression grew. To Beckman, wasting ability, as Ralston was doing, was little short of criminal. He looked about the office at half a dozen faithful employees who had given him their best for years. "And what has it profited them," Beckman mused, thinking of their meagre salaries. Then a smile came over his face. "It isn't what they are getting; it's what they are doing. They are giving me all that is in them, because they want to do and earn all they can. And if their abilities are limited, it isn't their fault—or mine. But Fred Ralston doesn't give me a tenth of what is in him, and for that very reason I can't give him a tenth of what I might!"

For a time he hesitated. Then as he saw Fred preparing to go out, he called him into his private office. Fred seemed to read his prospective father-in-law like a book. He shrewdly figured that Alice's conversation of the previous evening had been based upon a word from her father, and he felt he was in for a lecture.

"Am I to be spanked?" he asked with a smile that was respectful, yet fearless.

"You should be, I dare say—since you seem to feel that you deserve it; but you're the man to administer the punishment—not I," was Beckman's surprising answer. Then, out of a clear sky, he shot a question at the young man. "How would you like to be a partner in this firm?" he asked.

Fred's eyes sparkled. "That's handsome of you!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "But I don't see why you should take me in just because Alice and I are to marry."

"Neither do I," Beckman agreed promptly. "What's more, that's not the reason I'm doing it. In fact, I'm not going to take you into the firm at all. I'm just going to leave the door open. The rest is up to you. When you think your desk belongs in this room beside mine—bring it in. Don't tell the porter to do it. Push it in here yourself and then phone for the sign painter."

"I don't quite understand," was the bewildered comment.

"I don't see why not," Beckman answered. "I've just told you that I have no objection to having you as a partner. But I don't propose to have a partner who doesn't shoulder responsibilities equally with me and make himself worthy of his interest in this firm. When you feel that you have attained that stage and that your name belongs on that door—put it there—but not before!"

TURNING on his heel, Beckman walked out to the shipping-room. For a few minutes, Fred stood dreading. "Beckman & Ralston" wouldn't look bad on the door and on the stationery, he was thinking to himself. And Beckman was right, of course. He meant to earn his interest and he knew he had the ability to do so. "And I will!" he said with spirit. Then he went out to lunch.

But over the midday meal he met four boon companions. None of them felt very ambitious and someone suggested that a little exercise was what they needed. The result was that they bowled until nearly four o'clock, and Fred, with just a trifle of misgiving, hurried back to sign his mail. Beckman saw him when he came in, but his face was inscrutable. Young Ralston felt his displeasure, however, and mentally reproved himself for having wasted the day. Then the telephone bell rang and Mary Miller's voice came over the wire.

"Oh, Fred," she called. "I've just been talking with Alice and she says she won't go Wednesday—but you simply must come anyway. It'll spoil the party if you don't."

At first Ralston objected. He said he really couldn't go without Alice, and that he was frightfully busy. But one by one,

Mary overcame his excuses and, finally, half reluctantly, half willingly, he let himself be persuaded.

THE weeks slipped by and summer came on—summer with its call of the open and its summons for vacations. It seemed that everyone was getting up some sort of entertainment. Fred decided to take Saturdays off rather than have his holiday all at once; but Saturdays began to include Mondays and an occasional midweek absence as well. His sales kept up at the usual volume and he had plenty of money to spend; in fact, his commissions were heavier than usual. But the strain of the gay life of the season soon wiped out his surplus.

Alice said nothing—nor did her father. But when they were alone together their disappointment was most evident. Especially was this the case on those lonely evenings when Fred was absent on some excursion or other and the two sat on the veranda—

Happy Cues

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

IT'S never too late to be ambitious.

It's a wise failure that admits his own fault.

Of all mad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are: "I never had a chance."

Futility, thy name is Envy!

Be it ever so humble, there's nothing like a good start.

All promotions are ready if our abilities be so.

Never put off till to-morrow, the decisions you should be making to-day.

There's no fool like an idler.

An hour saved is an hour invested.

Too many side issues spoil the main chance.

A library in the house is a well-spring of profit.

To every man upon this earth, the speculation tempter cometh soon or late.

Sweet are the uses of a savings bank.

A big thought a day brings greatness half way.

silent but thinking of the thing dearest to both their hearts.

One night it ended by Alice running upstairs with tears in her eyes and the evasive excuse of not feeling well. Her father understood, and there was something very close to tears in his own eyes. It had been a bitter disappointment. For weeks Fred had seemed to take a grip on himself. He had installed new systems, made new sales records, and generally improved matters at the office. Beckman had taken heart and felt that the tide had turned. But then the swift-running stream of initiative would slacken in its rushing course and wander along in a ripple for a month or more.

"I forget the old boy who said there was no such word as 'Can't,'" Beckman mused. "But in Fred's case that isn't the right word anyway. With him it's just plain won't!" And he savagely threw away his cigar to pace meditatively up and down the veranda.

"Well," he said, at last, "there's more than one way to catch a book-worm, and I think my bait will do it!" And, with a lighter heart, he retired for the night.

At breakfast, Alice was heavy eyed and pale, but Beckman seemed in excellent spirits. However, he said nothing of his plans, and when he was about to go she came to him very slowly. "I've made a decision, dad," she began in a trembling voice. "I feel that I haven't the slightest influence over Fred. We'll never be able to marry and have our own home if this keeps up. I love him, but I could never be happy with a man who is so fond of pleasure that he can think of nothing else. I'm going to break the engagement."

Beckman took the trembling, unhappy girl in his arms. "Don't do anything of the sort," he said tenderly. "It wouldn't change Fred—except to destroy what ambition he can muster now. I'm more inclined to think that the saner course would be for you to marry him right away."

"And try to reform him afterwards!" she said contemptuously.

"No," Beckman replied enigmatically. "You can't reform Fred. He must be rebuilt—from the foundation up—and no one can do it but himself."

"I don't understand," she confessed, puzzled.

"Well, don't try to just yet," admonished Beckman. "Hold on to that solitaire and don't do any more crying just yet."

He left the bewildered girl and hurried off to his offices.

WHEN Fred returned three days later, he stopped on the sidewalk and gasped. On the windows and over the doorway there were brand new signs. "Beckman & Ralston, Dealers in Teas and Coffees," in freshly painted gold letters. Fred rubbed his eyes, felt his heart leap up within him and then stalked inside. On the door of the private office were two neatly lettered names. "George R. Beckman" and beside it "Frederick J. Ralston." In the center of the room were two mahogany desks with bronze electric lamps.

Fred stepped inside and Beckman looked up. "Hello!" was all he said, and went on reading a sheaf of orders.

Like a timid school boy, Ralston stood there, not knowing what to say. At last he blurted it out. "What does all this mean—you know I don't deserve it!" he confessed.

Beckman looked up over his spectacles. "If you don't like it have the name taken down. Anything about here you don't like, including the firm designation, you're as much privileged to change as I am. If you don't think you ought to be a partner—don't be one! Get out!"

Ralston flushed. His pride bubbled up and confidence seemed to whisper in a tone that made inertia retire. "I don't know how to thank you," he began, and Beckman frowned.

"Don't do it. Why should you? It's up to you—and you alone. That name stays there or it will be removed. I won't give instructions to take it down. If I don't like the way you run things, I'll get out myself. I think I know men when I see them. Sometimes they don't know themselves. A man who doesn't know himself and makes himself pay all the dividends he is capable of earning is a sheer idiot. If you think you belong in that class—say so. I don't—but maybe you'll prove I'm wrong!"

Ralston was nonplussed. He didn't know what to say so he didn't say anything. Instead he put on his hat and went out. And he didn't come back until nearly five in the afternoon—but never in his life had he worked so hard as he did that day. And success had crowned his efforts. But he

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Which home do you enter when your day's work is done?

When Father Comes Home

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"**H**ERE he is! Daddy! Daddy! I saw him first!"

"No you didn't; I did!"

Two little tousled heads were leaning far out of the upper window of an East-Side tenement, and two little voices were raised excitedly. Down the street came a big burly working man, weary from his day's labor. As the childish voices reached him, he glanced up and his face brightened. The weary look lifted. Gaily he waved his empty lunchbox and eagerly quickened his steps. A passerby, I pictured the greeting that awaited this father in that sordid environment.

How do your children take your homecoming? Do they look forward to it with joyous anticipation and run to greet you with loving embraces and eager entreaties to join them in their sport? Or, is your arrival at the door a warning to them that their play time has ceased, and they must be quiet and not disturb or annoy father with their noise or questions?

Do they, in childish fear, instinctively hide behind their mother, or run to her for protection as they see you enter the home—a scowl upon your face, haggard and depressed, and bowed with the

business cares of the day which you are carrying into the night?

How many fathers crush all the spontaneity and bubbling spirit out of the lives of their children by their severity in the home! Exhausted by their day's work, they return at night cross and crabbed, and instead of trying to forget their business cares in fun with the children, and wholesome recreation, they air their troubles in the home and cast a gloom over the entire household. Is it surprising that their children do not run to greet them?

Many of these men mean to be good fathers, but their nerves are overwrought from the strain of long hours of continuous work with no rest periods, and this makes them irritable and exacting. Instead of locking their business worries in the office or factory they carry them home.

The home should be a sort of a fun-theater for pleasure and all sorts of sports—a place where the children should take the active parts; and the parents should come in for a share too.

Children should never receive the impression that they live in a hopeless, cheerless, cold world, full of sorrow and disappointments. The household cheerfulness should transform their lives like sun-

NO other word in any language of civilized peoples, except "Mother," has such a grip on the human heart as the word "Home." It is a symbol that should bring to mind a picture of the dearest, sweetest, most sacred spot on earth. At the bottom of all a man's hopes, is his dream of wife and children and home. The ideal home comes nearest of anything else to his idea of heaven, a place where the mind finds peace, serenity, calmness, quiet, joy, recuperation, refreshment, renewal. The ideal home is where ideal living, or that which comes nearest ideal living, is found on the earth. It is a place for renewing our youth, renewing our strength, renewing our courage, renewing our faith, our affections. It is where the Christ spirit dwells—the spirit of the Golden Rule.

light, making their hearts glad with little things, rejoicing over little blessings.

How beautiful would our home life be if every little child at the bedtime hour could look into the faces of father and mother and say: *"We've had such sweet times to-day."*

What are the luxuries of a home, of a palatial house with sumptuous, gorgeous furnishings, of servants, automobiles and all of the things that are classed as luxuries, if love and sweetness and a kindly spirit—a spirit of helpfulness and self-sacrifice and good cheer do not dwell there? Homes without these are as cold and uninviting as the tombs of the Pharaohs.

I HAVE seen in a little shack on the western prairies many miles from a railroad, more sweetness, more happiness, more ideal family conditions—where there was not a picture on the wall nor a rug on the floor—than I have seen in some palatial homes in great cities, because a loving spirit, loving service, a spirit of helpfulness and kindness were there. The members of the family were bound by bonds of sweet affection and mutual helpfulness. The parents, though poor, had high ideals. The canker of over-vaulting ambition was unknown. Jealousy, hatred, envy had no place in their lives. There was a sweetness of service in that little hut which many a millionaire living in a palace would envy. It is this indefinable, indescribable sweetness that makes a palace out of a hovel; the lack of it, a barren hovel out of a palace.

A happy childhood is an imperative preparation for a happy maturity. Every boy, every girl, who has a cheerful happy home is a magnetized unit for the advancement of the general happiness and well being. The children of an unhappy home are apt to look out upon the world beyond with the spirit of discontent, discouragement, and dissatisfaction engendered by their chilling environment and this often leads to an unhappy future.

I know a man who doesn't see any reason why he should not vent his spleen upon those in his own household, especially when things have gone badly in his business and he has been obliged to practise self-control during the day. As soon as he gets home he throws off self-restraint. He is always scolding and nagging and trying to show his authority, and seems to delight in having everybody stand in awe of him. If things displease him, he gives vent to his feelings in terrible outbursts of rage, and does not hesitate to throw things about; or, if at table, to break a piece of china in his wrath.

Those in his employ in the home really despise him, because of his domineering, unreasonable spirit, and his ugliness promotes an evasive, deceitful condition in the family life. The very sound of his latchkey in the lock brings a chill to every child that is playing in the home. All laughter ceases. The children stop playing. There is a shadow on their faces because they do not know "father's mood," and until they do there is no more playing, no more fun. They know that if he is not in a "good mood," if there is a thundercloud on his face, it means trouble. They know that they are going to be bombarded with "Don't," "Mustn't," "Shan't." They know, in other words, that there is an end to their fun.

The children are in constant dread of punishment. Such a father is always in a violent temper when he punishes his children and nearly frightens the life out of them. He thinks fear is the best corrective. He believes in keeping the children afraid of him. He prides himself on the fact that he does not have to speak twice to them, that they mind the

A ONE-TALENT man with an overmastering self-faith often accomplishes infinitely more than a ten-talent man who does not believe in himself.

first time. They do so because they are in dread of the consequences if they do not. They do not love or respect their father, they are mortally afraid of him, for he has sent terror to their hearts so many times when in an ungovernable outburst. They are afraid of his temper, as they are of the whip or strap with which he punishes them.

Children who live in such a fear atmosphere suffer from arrested development; they never unfold naturally.

Many fathers who are really fond of their children, and who are extremely anxious to develop the best in them, do not realize that their stern discipline tends to suppress the very qualities which they are anxious to bring out.

"Constant coddling and constant severity are equally efficacious in spoiling the child," says Dr. Crane.

MODERN teachers are finding that they call out of a child the very qualities which dominate in their own mind at the time. They call out the qualities to which they make an appeal. The best thing comes out of a child voluntarily. It cannot be forced out, it cannot be brought out by stern discipline, by command, by an imperious attitude. The child nature resents all this sort of thing, just as your mature nature would resent such treatment from others. Children have a passion for appreciation, for praise, and they will work harder for it than for anything else.

Don't forget that your child has just as much human nature as you have, and is influenced in the same way as you are influenced. The same things that close up your mind's receptivity will close your child's mind to the thing you are trying to awaken, to instill.

You cannot whip respect into a child. You cannot make a child love you by punishing him, no matter what he has done.

When your child does wrong remember that he has lost his way, he is sidetracked, and it is your business to show him the way back. You have no more right to strike your child than you have to strike your neighbor. No matter what he does there is a better way. There are other ways of punishing, which are infinitely more effective, than flogging.

The only thing that will call out the best qualities from your son, are love, kindness, patience, sympathy. You must make yourself a real companion and a chum to your boy. The things that will bring the best out of him are not repression, scolding and the imperious command, but kind, considerate treatment and sympathetic interest in his affairs.

Play is self-expression. It is the child's schooling. This is how he finds himself. The suppressed child is the undeveloped child; he never develops normally.

THE joys of the home come from giving and taking; they cannot be all one-sided. You cannot expect your wife and children to run with joy to greet you when you return home each night, depressed and dejected, with a scowl on your face. Many a man who complains that his home is not congenial and wonders why his wife and children do not think more of him, is himself at fault. He thwarts all efforts at home making by turning a smiling face to the world and a sour, fault-finding face to his home. He has no time to fondle his children or to romp and play with them. Business comes first, and things have not gone just to his liking during the day. So he enters with a growl for his greeting, pushes the children out of his way and takes refuge as soon as possible behind a cigar, pipe, book, or paper.

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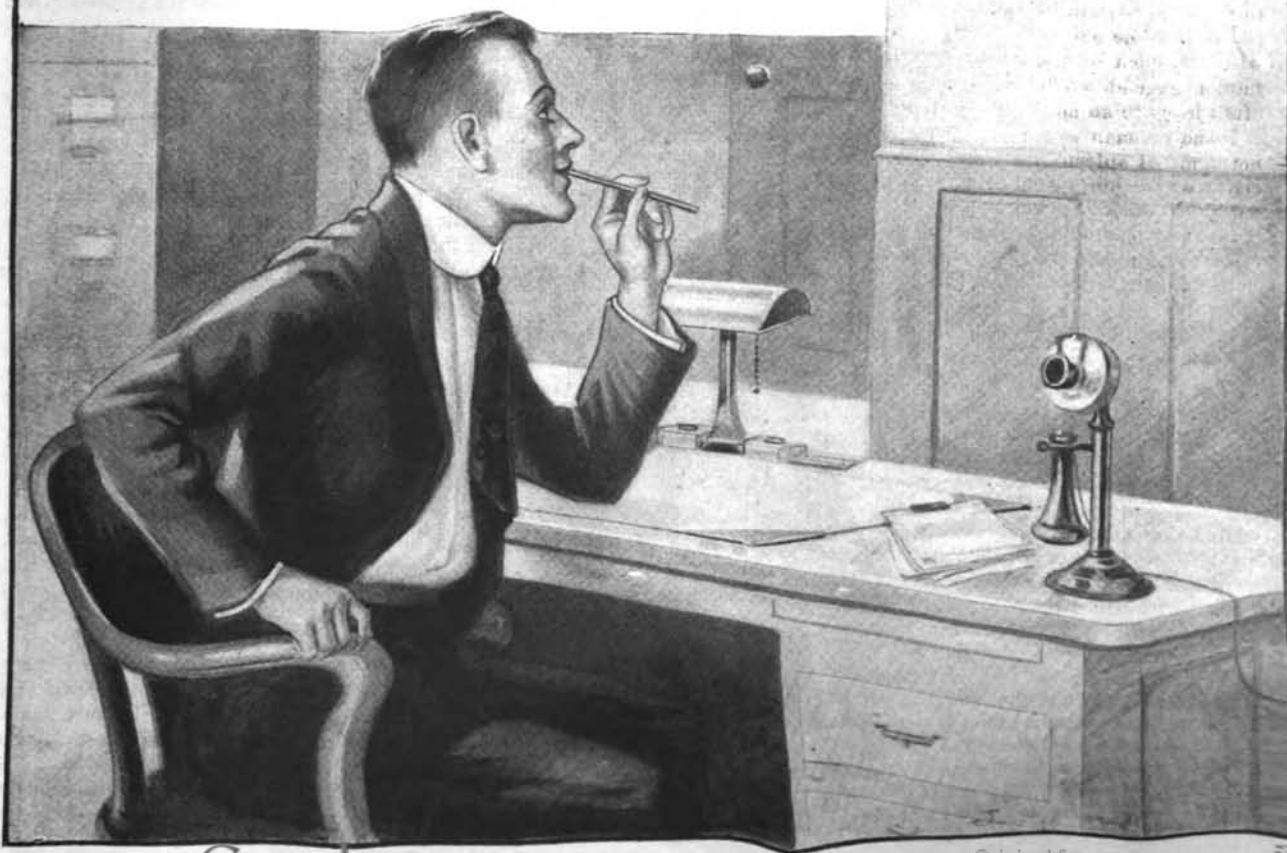
The Clock Watcher

By EARLE HOOKER EATON

Cartoon by Justin Gruelle

"TICK-TOCK; tick-tock! Hurry up, old clock!
What's Time? Why, Time is when you quit,"
He said, and watched the seconds flit.
"Your face, old Clock, looks good to-day,
As I think of 12—and lovely May,
Three minutes more, and then for play.
Tick-tock; tick-tock! Hurry up, old Clock."

"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" Thus spoke the Clock:
"What's Time? Why, Time is money, boy;
'Tis loss or gain, 'tis grief or joy.
Ten seconds? Fortune, good or bad;
Ten seconds counts you out, my lad!
And don't forget what's also true,
As you watch me, I'm watching you!
There's Time for work, and Time for play,
And Time for tryst with lovely May,
But work is FIRST—that's fate's bedrock.
Tick-tock; tick-tock! Don't watch the Clock!"





Royalty Has Gone to Work!

Most Extravagant of European Nobility Now Seeking Work and Having Trouble to Find It

By BARKLEY HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY ALTON E. PORTER

IF you are finding it difficult to obtain a servant girl, would you like to engage a cultured, competent princess or archduchess who is out of a job? There are quite a number of them seeking employment since the World War.

The suggestion is not quite as preposterous as it may seem. It is cold, brutal fact, as many beautiful European women of aristocratic lineage are fully aware. Europe is no longer sending peasant or "middle-class" women here to take up domestic positions. This is one reason for the servant shortage in America. The class of women who formerly sought out the United States as the land of freedom and opportunity are now finding another brand of freedom and opportunity at home. It is the heyday of the peasantry and the bourgeois in the old world, and the day of wrath for the nobility in the Central Empires and in Russia. In fact, the proudest men and women of the old nobility are now—and, frequently in vain—seeking some means of keeping body and soul together.

So, in addition to a real princess to wait upon your table, you may also have a count or a duke to remove the ashes or mow the lawn. Actual evidence of these facts day by day, is reaching America by cable and in letters from men and women of noble birth addressed to friends in this country.

A Crumbling of Values

MANY of the once proud and haughty folks of the European aristocracy are seen actually standing in bread-lines, besieging soup-kitchens and pleading for any form of employment that will enable them to feed and clothe themselves. Perhaps this is modern Europe's way of humbling the aristocracy, rather than leading them to the guillotine as did the French in the revolution that preceded the first Napoleonic era.

But the fact is that the trouble is largely an economic one—a direct result of the chaos and crumbling of values that is an aftermath of the greatest war the world has ever known. From earliest history, princes and

princesses have been wrapped about with an atmosphere of luxury. The robber barons stole their riches from the poor and the defenceless. The good ones were, according to tradition, visited by kind-hearted, large-pursed fairies, who endowed them with gold, jewels, and rich raiment. But the modern status of a prince and his noble sister

or wife, does not work out that way.

European royalty has come down to a most modern and businesslike basis. Even the king of England has abandoned a lot of the panoply that was considered necessary whenever he appeared in public, and his queen now actually appears in public without any military escort whatsoever.

The signing of the Peace Treaty demonstrated the fact that royalty and nobility are not maintained by any magic purse, but out of the revenues of existing monarchical governments. The people found that they were paying the bills, and they decided that their rulers would have to get on the job and earn their salaries or get the "blue envelope." With the collapse of the Russian and Central Empires, hundreds of delicately reared women and luxury-loving men, found that their fortunes had vanished like the famous pumpkin coach and four that took Cinderella to the ball.

Power and Fortunes Vanished Like Mist

IT was not that the people of these countries had any particular objection to paying the bills. For centuries they had regarded it as a matter of course. They liked the idea of an outward display and personification of pomp and power—and some countries still do—but these are countries where the titled ones are "making good" in their "jobs."

Because fabulous incomes have been paid to noblemen and noblewomen, and because their estates have yielded large sums annually, some of the older aristocracies have become fabulously rich—richer than even our American millionaires. There



Yes—titled women of old Austria are hiring out as nursemaids—and are glad to get the work and wages

were others, crazed with wealth and the sense of power, who dissipated their fortunes and were obliged to rent or sell their ancestral castles or marry into rich foreign families. But these cases form the exception rather than the rule.

But both types have suffered alike. When the throne tottered and fell, State pensions ceased, individual estates and possessions were confiscated and the remaining cash on hand had so shrunken in value that it looked as sad as the countenance of the monarch stamped upon its face. Few had been prudent enough to lay aside in foreign banks sufficient money for the "rainy day," as Louis XIV of France once laughingly referred to the "deluge" which closely followed his dissolute regime.

As a result, those titled ones who had acquired the habit of sneering at the jibes concerning the "cost of high living," now find themselves face to face with the specter of old high cost of living. Literally, many of them are, to-day, trying to exist.

Blinded to the Necessity of Being Prudent

PERHAPS it is not easy for Americans—inculcated with the American spirit of doing and achieving, of earning and working—to appreciate the situation in which these idlers find themselves. Their feelings are foreign to our ideas and our ideals; but they are very real nevertheless. Reared to high position, social prestige and financial independence, the crash has sent them into a panic-stricken state of mind.

The very nature of the positions they held, eliminated all thought of learning to do any useful thing and blinded them to the need and wisdom of being prudent in their expenditures. As a result, they are casting about frantically—as a drowning person clutches a straw—hopelessly looking for some way in which they can *earn their living*. And, mind you, these women are delicate creatures used to being pampered and petted, and wearing State ceremonial jewels that would support even an American millionaire for a lifetime.

But the World War has brought about a new example of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Royalty that still remains upon the throne, and those who stand upon the steps thereof, in Allied countries, are personages who have made good on their jobs. They have served their people wisely and well, and still enjoy the confidence of those who "employ" them to wear crowns, provided they do not wear those crowns too rakishly, nor wield their sceptres too vigorously.

On the other side of the fence are two monarchs who, it is said, have taken with them modest fortunes. These sums are the fruits of fearful storing away against the storm which apparently both of them saw gathering on the horizon. These monarchs may have nothing save haunting memories to torture them. But their lesser satellites, for the most part, are reduced to a situation and a condition which is serious.

From poverty to affluence is a very different feeling from that of the man or woman who steps down from a dual throne and casts away a costly coronet, to take up his or her stand in a bread line.

Yet the simile is not in the least exaggerated. And it is pitiful because it is the result of a worn out, condemned system working against individual innocents in many cases. And the fact that these innocents have not been responsible, makes their plight all the more pitiful.

Wouldn't Let Princess Govern Children

THERE was a certain manufacturer of cheese in Switzerland, who very recently declined to employ a destitute Austrian princess who was once the toast of Vienna. A slip of a girl, reared like a hothouse flower, she fled from the storm of revolution in her native land, and made her way into the European republic seeking something that she could do. Her money became exhausted, and she entered the cheese shop in answer to a newspaper advertisement for a nursemaid. The plain, yet honest and reputable appearance of the cheesemonger, set her at her ease and she stated her mission with confidence that she would secure the coveted place.

"Your name?" demanded the storekeeper gruffly. Modestly hanging her aristocratic head, the princess reluctantly admitted to a cognomen which she was once wont to flaunt proudly to a genuflecting world.

The cheesemonger looked askance at her, and held up his hands in horror. The girl, seeing his expression, began to quake. "I would not care to have a princess govern my children. You are a pleasant lady, but you might give them extravagant ideas and wicked thoughts of waste. Lady," the cheesemonger went on, "I like you—you would help my children in many ways; but we are humble people and we work for what we enjoy. We do not want any of the old, forbidden ideas of spending put into our little one's ears. So, I am sorry, but I must say good-bye."

The writer knows a girl who married an Austrian count. She left rather a luxurious American home to wed him and went to live under the wing of his folk in Vienna. She had a voice and was invited to sing in the Imperial Opera Company, Berlin. Her American mother, on a visit to the German capital, said the daughter was a wonder and a surprise to her. The last reports of this girl are to the effect that she was scrubbing floors—because she is a part of the old, too-luxurious regime—and her husband is missing—an international mystery which may never be explained.

Switzerland is flooded with destitute royalty seeking employment. But few of them, especially the women, are fitted to earn any sort of livelihood. They have not

the physical strength to engage in heavy tasks; they know little or nothing of cooking and household affairs, and their business training is absolutely *nil*. Though they are practically all fluent linguists and splendidly educated, they cannot turn these talents into cash. The theaters do not want them. Europe does not regard fallen celebrities as does America, and no fabulous vaudeville contracts are being offered them. Europe, in the past, liked to gaze on these gorgeous creatures, but now that they are stripped of their power and glory, no one cares to stare at them.

Because of this attitude, many blue-blooded women are to-day serving in the most menial capacities, scrubbing, cleaning, washing dishes and acting as waitresses in the cheapest of eating places—the more refined restaurants, naturally, employing male waiters. One cafe in Zurich enjoys a certain reputation because the majority of its servitors are former noblewomen.

Count Elemer Batthyany, was once a noted patron of the horse shows in America and "entered" at such famous expositions as the English Goodwood Cup, the Derby, and St. Ledger. Some of his horses were valued at over \$100,000 each. Recently, before his flight from Vienna, it

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A spendthrift nobody who looked upon work as a curse, before the war, was seen recently driving nails in a packing case



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The famous skyline of Manhattan, photographed from the East River, the most densely populated section of the world from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., every week day.

New York—the World's Wonder City

The Story of Its Greatness Told in Facts and Figures

By PETER GRAY

THE census for 1920, just completed, gives Greater New York, the world's largest city, a population of close to 6,000,000. This means that the metropolis has gained one million inhabitants in ten years. Of the five boroughs comprising the greater city, Manhattan Island has the astounding population of 2,500,000; the Bronx which had 60,000 inhabitants, twenty years ago, now has 800,000; Brooklyn has over 2,000,000; Queens, 500,000 and Richmond 100,000.

In 1820, a century ago, New York had a population of 152,056. Ten years ago it passed London (New York, 4,766,883; London, 4,523,000) and became the largest city on earth.

Its population matches in volume the combined peoples of six western States of the Union. There are more Irish in New York than in Dublin, more Italians than in Rome, more Russians than in Riga and Dvinsk, and more Jews than ever existed within the confines of a single municipality.

It is the most profitable center of the United States Post-Office industry. The annual receipts, \$50,000,000, furnish a large part of the resources for the maintenance of post-offices in small communities. The parcel-post traffic has increased 563 per cent in ten years.

The city boasts of 92 buildings over 250 feet in height. The Woolworth building 792 feet, one inch high is not only the highest building in the world, but the second highest structure on earth. It is topped only by the Eiffel Tower, Paris, which is 1,000 feet high.

Every day 654,200,000 gallons of water are consumed by the populace.

In 1919, \$45,121,163 was appropriated for public schools. There are 505 public-school buildings with 18,000 women and 2,000 men teachers. In the twenty residence blocks between 70th and 90th Streets, Manhattan, there are more schools than in any other one section of the world. The compulsory education law is enforced by 216 officers.

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The first fire engines were imported from England in 1731 and were worked by hand. Then the population was 8,628 and there were 1,200 houses. The chief of the fire department received \$60 a year. The chief of the present fire department receives \$10,000 a year.

Thirteen massive bridges connect Manhattan with adjacent boroughs, which cost to construct, \$135,738,354. Brooklyn Bridge, the oldest, was begun January 3, 1870 and completed May 24, 1883, is 6,016 feet long. The longest, however, is Hell Gate Bridge of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. It is 18,000 feet long.

New York has 46,887 factories. It is the largest manufacturing center on the face of the earth. There are 1,750 factories turning out clothes for men and boys, and 7,800 factories turning out clothes for women and children. Combined, these represent a business amounting to over \$900,000,000.

There are 261 theaters, including three palatial moving-picture houses. The total seating-capacity of New York's theaters for "spoken" plays, is 69,863; but with its moving picture and vaudeville theaters, the seating capacity is 250,000. Its theater patrons paid nearly \$7,000,000 for entertainment in February, and nearly \$8,000,000 in January, according to theater ticket tax figures. For the month of January, the theater taxes amounted to \$783,891.42, and for February, \$695,626.20. As the theater ticket tax is 10 per cent the amount the

people are spending monthly for that form of entertainment is indicated by the Government receipts.

New York's 123 banking institutions have over \$7,000,000,000 in deposits. Clearing house exchanges jumped from \$90,800,000,000 in 1915, to \$214,700,000,000 in 1919. That is a measure of the enormous increase of business transacted here.

Distribute the money spent on the World War among the people of the largest city in the world, and every man, woman and child in New York would get \$32,000. Scatter it over the entire United States and each inhabitant would receive \$1826.

There is \$1,250,000,000 worth of real estate in Manhattan, \$260,000,000 in Brooklyn, \$140,000,000 in Bronx, \$55,000,000 in Queens and \$20,000,000 in Richmond exempt from the payment of taxes. Some of this property is owned by the United States government, and is, therefore, exempt from State tax. Most of it is owned by the city of New York, and the city adopts the safe and simple plan of not taxing itself for its own property.

New York's electric transportation lines carry nearly twice as many passengers in a year as the combined steam railroads of the United States.

There are 982,986 apartment houses, but nearly 100,000 people are looking for homes.

Central Park occupies 843 acres in the very heart of Manhattan. The city paid \$6,000,000 for the land in 1856. To-day it is valued at \$1,000,000,000.

Columbia University is the largest in America and registers more students than any other in the world. The present enrolment is as follows: students, 22,000; faculty 1,200.

There are 198 parks with 8,615 acres, 98 playgrounds, and 13 free beaches within the city limits.

One single idea may have greater weight than the labor of all the men, animals and engines for a century—Emerson.

In 1919, the total number of motor-cars in New York City was 178,441. Of these, 126,750 were pleasure cars. Motorists, chauffeurs, and motor-cyclists paid \$2,481,345.25 into the State treasury last year.

Over 15,000 persons are employed in the Equitable Building. It takes fifteen ten-car trains, daily, to transport these people and but twenty-six minutes to put these fifteen trains through a mile of travel. A sidewalk 218 miles long and four feet wide could be paved with the brick used in the Equitable Building.

New York's hotels now do more business than did the hotels of Paris and Berlin, combined, before the World War. The big city has more first-class hotels than London and Paris together. In the last year 54,600,000 persons paid \$136,500,000 for the privilege of sleeping in its 1,600 hotels.

The Pennsylvania Hotel publishes a daily paper for its guests and visitors. The management points out that there are from 5,000 to 10,000 persons at the hotel every day who are helped by this publication.

Every day some 350,000 strangers must be housed and fed. In 1833, a New York newspaper boasted: "The influx of strangers to the city is unprecedented—averaging 54 a day."

Every year New York City consumes 4,000,000 tons of ice—over 7 tons every minute.

New office buildings and apartment houses are erected at the astounding rate of one every 51 minutes. The average Broadway office building costs about \$15,000,000. About 56,000 people find employment in 10 buildings—the population of a thriving city.

There are 3,280 restaurants, 6,360 doctors, 2,532 dentists, 118 hospitals, and 9,840 lawyers.

From sweepings of the streets, 65 acres of ground, valued at millions of dollars, have been "filled in." In other words, dust collected by the great sweeping-machines, which suck it out of the city's thoroughfares, has been dumped into marshes until 65 acres of new ground actually have been created.

The output of New York factories is greater than the combined production of Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Boston, Milwaukee, and Buffalo. The city manufactures more than half of all the clothing worn in the United States.

The Board of Aldermen voted \$248,025,438.88 for the maintenance of the municipal government last year. This is the largest sum ever voted for the upkeep of a city.

The total number of marriages for the year 1919, was 60,256, an average of 166 a day.

Before the war, ships of a hundred lines docked at 275 New York piers. An average of 30 ocean-going vessels arrived or departed daily. Five thousand ships carrying more than 2,000,000 passengers arrived annually from all parts of the world.

The total foreign commerce of New York exceeds four billions annually. It is 44.68 percent of all the foreign commerce of the United States.

The Biltmore Hotel registered 386,797 guests last year. These guests used, in the year, 5,959,585 towels, 3,904,908 sheets and pillow cases and 207,500 cakes of soap. The persons served in the dining-room numbered 1,320,984 in addition to the 75,000 served at private suppers and dinners and the 876,000 meals served to employees. The number of telephone calls, last year, ingoing and outgoing, was 5,864,640 in addition to the 1,250,000 incoming calls for guests. This averages 13 calls every minute, to and from one hotel alone.

There are 36,000 tons of steel in the Equitable Building, 24,000 tons in the Woolworth Building, and 18,000 tons in the new United States Post Office, at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Bible, carved his achievements on the Obelisk, now in Central Park, when it stood on the banks of the Nile. This 224-ton monolith, built in the sixteenth century B. C. was called Cleopatra's Needle when the Khedive of Egypt presented it to the United States.

New York's water system could supply the whole world with drinking water. Over 170,000,000,000 gallons of water are stored in the reservoirs of the city's water system—sufficient to quench the thirst of civilization for more than a year. The contents of these reservoirs if diverted into Fifth Avenue would be waist deep and flow at the rate of four miles an hour. The drinking water is "gassed" at the outlet reservoir, a chlorination plant, which kills all germs. No bacilli can survive the rigorous treatment there given.

Fifteen babies are born every hour—one every 4 minutes! At this rate the population of New York City is increased about 138,000 a year.

There are more than a hundred relief institutions for children. Many of these have floating hospitals on which children are taken from the heat to the cool breezes of seashore and river when the summers become intense.

The majesty of small things may be appreciated when one considers that the world's loftiest skyscraper, New York's crowning tower of commerce, the Woolworth Building, was built from the profits of a chain of five-and-cent stores established throughout the United States. The Woolworth stores, in 1919, sold merchandise amounting to over \$120,000,000.

From a virgin, rocky wilderness, Manhattan Island and its environs has grown into a thing that causes wonder. The first and thrifty Dutch Governor, Peter Minuit, purchased the entire island of Manhattan from the Indians for \$24 and a bottle of whisky. A century later, lots in the lower sec-



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Wall Street, New York, looking toward Broadway. Trinity Church is at the head of this thoroughfare. To the right is the United States Treasury, and the Washington Monument, which marks the spot where George Washington took the oath of office as first President 131 years ago.

tion of the city, sold for \$1. a front foot. To-day, if fortunate, the purchaser of this same ground might purchase 25 square feet for \$75,000.



The greatest transportation system of the ages, the network of subways and elevated railways which traverse New York City and run under the adjacent rivers, were built by the nickels of prospective passengers. There are over 620 miles of tracks under the city.



Imports coming through New York's customs house, in a year, exceed those passing through all the combined ports of the continents of South America, Africa, and Australia, in the same length of time. New York's exports, in a year, are greater than the annual exports of Asia, Australia, and Africa combined.



A humorous feature of New York is "moving day," which occurs annually about October 1. In October, 1919, with 239 large moving-van concerns in the city, thousands found themselves unable to secure cartage for their household goods.



New York has 114 department stores, of which exactly ten per cent do a business in excess of \$10,000,000 a year.



Churches and synagogues number 231, from the two great cathedrals to the smallest of Bowery missions. The neighborhood of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue alone, boasts of four churches. And this is in the heart of the city's gayest amusement and busiest business center.



The publishing houses turn out 1,176 daily newspapers and weekly and monthly periodicals. This does not include 44 publications in foreign languages.



Forty-second Street is officially recognized as the center of New York activity. In the year ending July, 1919, from the various street-railway stations centering there, 126,000,000 tickets, entitling the bearers to rides of various lengths were purchased.



In the club section of the city, there are 840 different organizations.



To herald forth the greatness of New York and the wares of its local manufacturers and retailers, as well as those of the nation, there are over 1,000 organized advertising agencies.



About 400 trains reach and leave 42nd Street every hour for 365 days a year. Probably 25,000 vehicles of all sorts run through this thoroughfare in the course of a day and night. On this street alone, it is estimated, business amounting to \$50,000,000 is done each year.



With its great buildings of every sort, and with others in course of erection, the Greater New York real-estate improve-



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This photograph was taken from the roof of the St. James Building in which are located the offices of THE NEW SUCCESS. It is a view of Madison Square and the Metropolitan Tower, a forty-four story office building.

ments, scheduled for 1920, stagger the compiler. For 1920, the proposed real-estate assessment of New York City totals \$8,271,157,608.



Between 34th, and 57th Streets, is the choice spot of Fifth Avenue's finest commerce. A thirty-three front footage recently was leased for a period of twenty-one years at an annual rent of \$60,000.



Columbus Circle, at 59th Street, Eighth Avenue and the entrance to Central Park, is the busiest section of the world. Nearly 50,000 vehicles pass daily through this square.

There are over 250,000 telephone stations, not counting pay stations and branch phones, in the greater city.



One statistician estimates that four strangers arrive in the Greater City every second.



The Pennsylvania Hotel has 2200 rooms and 2200 baths, occupying an area of about two acres, with a cubical contents of 18,000,000 feet, and a height of twenty-seven stories, three of them below the street. Among its record-breaking figures are these: A dining room 112 by 58 feet, and five other large dining rooms for guests besides; a plumbing pipe system of 111 miles; twenty-six elevators; ice and refrigeration plant of 125 tons daily capacity; daily use in cooking of more than 50,000 cubic feet of gas; laundry washing and ironing daily more than 20 tons of table and bed linen; the world's largest private telephone-exchange, with about 3000 stations in the house and 70 operators to handle the 24-hour volume of calls.



During the first year of operation the Pennsylvania used 140,000 gallons of milk and cream, and 200,000 dozen eggs. The weekly consumption of meat and poultry averaged 16 tons. The daily consumption of ice cream was more than 300 gallons, with a daily bread ration of 700 loaves (150 of them weighing six pounds each) and 16,000 rolls.



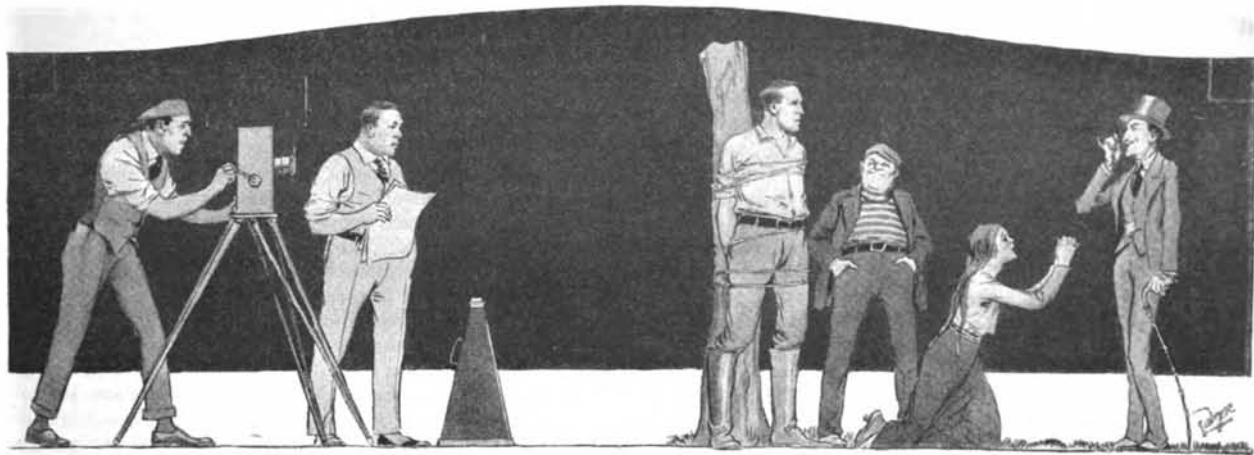
Each guest, on rising, finds a morning newspaper under his door, with the compliments of the house, and a cheery "Good morning" greeting on a printed slip attached.



The most original convenience in the Pennsylvania is the "automatic messenger" or "servidor." The sides of each room door, made slightly convex, bulge out like the small upright section of a huge barrel. Under these polished surfaces, with nothing but extra keyholes to look different from an ordinary door, a mechanical bell boy, in the shape of a concealed cabinet, receives clothing for the laundry, suits to be pressed or repaired, and other items of travel necessity. These articles, returned by the same device, await the guest before night. No bell boy intrudes on privacy, or expects a tip. You phone the office—and the servidor does the rest. Laundry collected before 11 a. m., is returned the same evening. Men's suits are taken, pressed and returned in half an hour.



When the New York elevated railroad was built to supplement the surface cars, the world marveled. The old subway added to this wonder. To-day there are four separate lines of subways in New York—or, rather, under it. Through solid rock, under streets teeming with traffic, under towering sky scrapers with thousands of men at labor beneath the surface, like miners at their toil, these underground railroads were constructed—and are being constructed—without halting the daily life and transit of the city. At least one-third of New York's six million people, ride twice a day.



Making "Movies" for 27,000 Theaters

Now the Third Largest American Industry
The Moving-Picture Drama Is Absorbing the Legitimate Stage

By GEORGE WASHINGTON MacDOUGALL

ELEVEN years ago, a well-known actor, since deceased, was entering an actors' club, in New York, and encountered a prominent editor at the door.

"Well," was the editor's greeting, "what are you doing these warm days when the curtain neither rises nor falls?"

The actor stepped closer to the editor and whispered into his ear. "I confess my shame," was his answer. "I am in need of money. I have become—temporarily—a 'celluloid' actor."

"A 'celluloid' actor?" was the writer's astonished retort. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Please don't tell the boys inside the club," pleaded the actor, "but because I wanted to buy our little ancestral farm, out in Nebraska, for my mother, and get it free of its mortgage, I have consented to join a *moving-picture* company at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week."

This actual incident demonstrates the contempt in which the "screen drama"—as it is popularly known to the folk of the stage—was held by accomplished actors and actresses a decade ago. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett never heard of such a thing as a picture-play. Richard Mansfield would have refused to have anything to do with such a makeshift for spoken, personal, artistic drama.

To-day, with the moving-picture industry only an infant, the greatest living histrionic talent regard it as a solemn duty to "register" their several abilities that their accomplishments may be presented to a vaster audience, and preserved for posterity.

From a thing of contempt, a "vacant-store amusement venture," the moving-picture play

has moved into public opinion and into theaters built upon a scale hitherto not dreamed of, for the most artistic ventures ever essayed in the history of dramatic productions.

It has been some thirty years since the idea of the motion picture first took root in the fertile brains of American inventors. With the marvelous possibilities opened up by the perfection of the Daguerreotype—invented by Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, pioneer of the process of photography—the development of the camera became an obsession with many thinking men. Most every one has treasured specimens of the art of Daguerre—mostly hand colored and bound in plush or leather—the beginning of the "family album." It became obvious, sixty years ago, that the art of photography would prove invaluable as a means of recording the progress of the world.

Our war with Spain furnished, probably, the first interpretation of military events authorized by a government. But they were sadly lacking in realistic and educational value because the motion picture was then a mere experiment and not an established invention.

In the World War the motion picture reached its zenith in the matter of education, propaganda, and the recording of history. Every government involved in the great struggle had a motion-picture corps as an integral part of its army. Germany carefully recorded the sinkings of ships accomplished by submarines. The motion pictures of these sinkings were actually photographed for the screen through the periscopes, and the resulting films would have been distributed throughout the world as propaganda if Germany had won the war.

And, to show that the United

Pertinent Facts of the Moving-Picture Industry of the United States

15,000 regular theaters show moving-pictures.

12,000 legitimate theaters show moving-pictures exclusively.

160 theaters approximately show pictures for a full week.

2,500 change two or three times each week.

75 per cent change their program daily.

This means that these theaters need 365 pictures a year, which will give you an idea as to the output which can be consumed in the industry.

Daily attendance at picture theaters: 13,000,000.

Total income of moving-picture theaters in 1919: \$750,000,000.

There are, approximately, 890 different chains of moving-picture theaters in the country.

States and the allied governments were aware of the possibilities of the motion picture as a means of arousing public interest, countless films were manufactured in this country and abroad to "sell" the war to the public. David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain, sent for David Wark Griffith the well known "movie director" and induced him to direct a great propaganda film which aroused a score or more of nations to the danger which threatened during the dark years between 1914 and 1918. With this event the moving-picture became more than a pleasure-producing business. In a score of years, it had become a recorder of historical events, a great educational medium—it had become the *third* largest industry in the world. Then it set about to dictate to the art that, at first, had treated it with utter scorn—the spoken drama.

Edison Was a Moving-Picture Pioneer

THOMAS A. EDISON was one of the pioneers in developing motion-picture possibilities. The inventor of the electric light and the phonograph naturally scanned the accomplishments of the early developers of photography and sought new fields for the advancement of the interesting and important art. As early as 1889, Edison and his assistants were at work on the idea of a picture made by photography, which would show action.

Progress was slow. Those who can look back thirty years will recall strange, flashy, light-specked pictures and phonograph records, produced by machines which greatly resembled the modern weighing device now frequently seen on railroad platforms. Five cents was the tax asked to witness the inane performance of a galloping horse, a boxer, an Indian war dance, a "rescue" at a fire, or a fight in a Chinese laundry. The "comedy" was ridiculous and the execution and presentation worse.

But even at this stage of its development a number of influential far-seeing individuals realized the tremendous future of the motion-picture idea. They foresaw the possibility of recording history, of selling merchandise, of entertaining the public in a truly artistic and worthy way. They were ready to stake their faith and fortunes on the idea, even though they were considered fit subjects for an insane asylum.

Gradually the production of motion pictures was improved. Ideas began to flow in. No longer was the thing a novelty. Imperfect as were the films shown, they had a semblance of thought behind them. Travel pictures and current events were flashed upon the crude screens of the day in many vaudeville theaters.

Mr. Edison had gone so far as to send camera men abroad to take pictures of everyday life in foreign climes, and instead of the lifeless photograph of many years, the public saw photographs of action.

Thus the earlier experiments of motion pictures, made from the rapid substitution of one lantern slide for another, had been accomplished. The motion picture drama, however, was still a joke.

To-day It Is Absorbing the Theater

THE bombshell in the industry broke in April of this year, when it was announced that one of the greatest motion-picture organizations in the world had absorbed the vast interests of one of America's greatest theatrical syndicates. The moving-picture had absorbed a goodly slice of the ancient drama. I heard an actor of prominence predict this important happening seven years ago, and he was quickly declared a fool.

The name, "Frohman," is indelibly stamped upon the pages of America's stage history. Hence the acquiring of the entire Frohman interests by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation caused a furor. There were still those interested in the spoken drama alone who hooted at the idea and derided its results. There were others, with perhaps a

wider vision, who saw in the move a great emancipation of the moving picture from the rut into which it had fallen from an artistic standpoint after having been put upon an extremely high standard from a technical or production angle. In brief the purchase of the Frohman interests by the Lasky Corporation—a \$12,500,000 organization—results in the attainment by the purchaser of all the interests owned by the late Charles Frohman. The acquisition gives the new owners the Empire and Lyceum Theaters, historic in the history of New York stage productions. It also gives the motion-picture producers the right to "screen" all plays purchased and produced by the late Charles Frohman during the many years of his dramatic success.

The underlying thought behind this innovation is big in its possibilities. The greatest dramatic successes are thus made available to moving-pictures as well as the personal or spoken stage. Plays that are considered classic in the leading New York theaters may be seen in the furthest corners of the United States—and, in fact, of the world—just as they are produced on Broadway by actors in sight of the audience. These masterpieces of production and execution may thus be enjoyed by persons living in localities which the original Broadway companies could never visit because of expense and travelling difficulties. But the faraway population may see the same finished performance the fortunate metropolitan has watched in the flesh-and-blood version of the play.

Perhaps the main idea is best phrased by Mr. Jesse Lasky, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Mr. Lasky's personal success is hardly less meteoric and certainly not less deserved than the unprecedented advancement of the industry of which he is the guiding genius.

In commenting upon his purchase of the Frohman interests and the purpose he had in making the arrangement, he says, "What we have done is to secure for ourselves the best material obtainable for future film productions. Our action is not an attempt to dictate or control the tendencies of the American stage. Personally, I believe that it would be unwise for one individual opinion to control the tendencies of the American dramatist. The plays which will be controlled by the Famous Players-Lasky Syndicate will eventually appear upon the screen, thus giving the entire public opportunity to witness these artistic triumphs of the author and actor. It is not our idea to produce the film version of these plays until they have completed their normal life upon the buskin boards; but, in time, they will be given to the country and to the world as a whole."

One Organization Supplies 14,000 Theaters

UNDoubtedly the motion picture has become an institution—a public benefactor—and only the personality and intelligent direction of those behind it can determine the progress for good or evil in the next decade of its still youthful existence. Unquestionably no force for the dissemination of education and mind swaying has ever gained such impetus in so short a period. The greatest brains in the country, to-day, are concerned with the future of the motion picture and are concerned with the path its progress will take.

Editors and dramatic producers realize that the large sums paid for motion-picture scenarios is influencing writers of current fiction and drama to premise their literary labors on a basis of their being "screened" after they are published in magazines or produced on the stage. This not strange when it is understood that a story is specially written for a moving picture, is paid for in many times the dollars that are laid out for a magazine story or a play. Yet this is not a matter of extravagant management. Magazine stories and plays are paid for upon the basis of the price a publisher or a producer can afford to pay for that portion of his finished product. Each can bring in only so much revenue according to a magazine's circulation, or the seating capacity of a

theater and the number of performances which can be given. The circulation of a film play is almost unlimited. If the moving picture be good and prove popular, the returns are enormous.

Just a hint as to the magnitude of the motion-picture growth is given in the statement of Adolph Zukor, of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, who recently announced that the number of motion-picture theaters supplied with the company's films a few years back was but 3,500, whereas, to-day, his organization releases to 14,000 theaters. And, it must be recalled, that the organization headed by Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky is but one of many. Look about your own community, consider the number of motion-picture houses in every community throughout the United States, and you will realize the magnitude of motion-picture production and consumption throughout the entire world.

Griffith First Worked In a Hall Bedroom

BUT the romance of the industry is even more fascinating than the sudden rise of the original idea of a world factor. The individual romances connected with it are far too numerous to mention, yet some of them are so outstanding and amazing that they deserve the attention of every American who admires the early struggle of a pioneer who has faith in a new conception.

Probably the most prominent figure in the development of the motion picture is D. W. Griffith, who hoped to be an etcher and who was the son of a Confederate general of old Kentucky. Growing to manhood, he was successively a reporter, stock-company actor, elevator boy, retail-store clerk, and mine laborer.

His first aspiration as a scenario writer was accomplished while living in a New York hall-room. He sold it to the Biograph Company in the earliest stages of its existence for fifteen dollars. It was considered a good price at the time; but, to-day, the meanest of film-play writers gets a hundred times as much for his work, and fifteen dollars would not pay for a second of Griffith's time.

Shortly after his advent as a scenario writer, Griffith became a "celluloid" actor, and received five dollars a day for his pains. He didn't like acting and he disliked the director with all the hatred an ambitious employee feels for an employer he considers incompetent. This idea usually works out adversely; in Griffith's case it didn't. He finally was permitted to direct a picture, "The Adventures of Dollie," back in 1908. Like most masters, Griffith would be ashamed to put out that gipsy-adventure story to-day, but he looks upon it with a certain parental fondness. It certainly would not stack up with his recent stupendous productions, but it got him his start and got the world started on the road to better pictures.

The Moving-Picture As a War Record

TO Griffith the present-day audience of the motion picture and, in fact, the whole of posterity owes much. Like Edison with the electric light, Griffith owns no patents on his inventions. He freely gives them to the camera industry in the interest of better pictures.

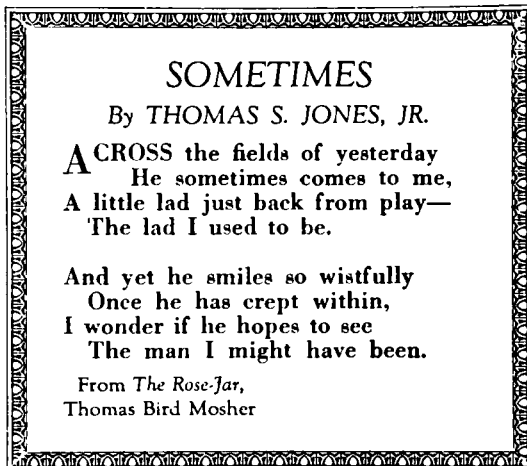
Whether working under shell fire with his faithful aids and actors, or in the peaceful, businesslike surroundings of his California production "lot," Griffith is as picturesque and as efficient as are his pictures. No man was ever given

the freedom of international secrets as was Griffith during the World War.

The parting words of David Lloyd George, as Griffith departed with his staff for the blood-stained fields of Flanders, will go down in history—not only as expressing the British Premier's faith in the man but as an evidence of the effect and importance of the moving picture on the history and progress of the world.

On the occasion of handing Griffith his parting instructions and his passports, Lloyd George said, "You will do this to aid humanity. The idea back of your splendid story is a message to civilization that its fight will not be in vain. Let me be the first to predict that when you have completed our work, you will have produced a masterpiece that will carry a message around the world—a story that will inspire every heart with patriotism, with love of country, with the great cause for which the civilized nations of the world are now fighting in France."

In these words, the British Premier summed up the opinion of one of the world's foremost statesmen of the importance of the mission of the motion picture. He relied on it to help win the war! Not this one film alone, but countless films kept the mind of the struggling nations in order and revealed the truth. Photographs don't lie.



THE United States Army maintains a motion-picture department in times of peace as well as war. Its work is both educational and historical. Educational institutions utilize the motion picture to teach, religious organizations use it to preach, and business houses and great corporations use it to sell goods and to produce that intangible yet intensely valuable asset known as good will.

The salaries of motion-picture actors and actresses have astonished the public and devalued the United States Revenue Collector. And yet the motion-picture industry, like all undertakings of rapid and phenomenal growth, is still in

somewhat chaotic stage. Waste is rampant, artistry is only an embryo, the possibilities of the screen have only been scratched. The shrewdest minds interested in its development admit this. The combination of the spoken with the silent drama will tend toward economy and greater artistry. Business methods of producing and distributing films will lessen expense and cultivate a taste for better pictures.

One great trouble with the motion picture industry, is the manner in which it has been presented to the public. But this trouble is slowly being remedied. The transformation of the original converted vacant store, with its makeshift benches, to the modern palatial theater of the larger cities has added to the comfort and attractiveness of witnessing motion pictures. The admission of real dramatic art, rather than reel dramatizations, into the making of pictures has done as much more for popularizing the photo play.

SO, to hark back to the days when an actor blushed to confess that he was appearing in a "celluloid" drama—so named because of the material on which the action is photographed—we find ourselves in an era when the leading people of the stage act before the camera. The foremost actors and actresses are interpreting the works of modern and bygone writers, so that posterity may see them. As a matter of recording manners and customs, the "movie" is more interpretive than volumes of written description.



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CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"A Man Never Reaches His Level Best" Says CHARLES DANA GIBSON In an Interview with THE NEW SUCCESS

Famous Artist, Whose Purchase of "Life"
Was His Goal, Is a Wide-Visioned,
Optimistic Philosopher

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

"THERE isn't any trouble with the world, to-day—the trouble is with the people in it." This is the opinion of Charles Dana Gibson, the famous cartoonist-illustrator,

on the artistic Colonial lines, and its scheme of interior decoration blends with a charming exterior. It is just such a home as you would expect a man of Gibson's type to select and furnish. His study, on the third floor, is an ideal place for an artist to dream his creations. It is rich in curios—the walls lined with books and pictures and the old fireplace an inspiration! It is a comfortable, homelike, livable home.

creator of the Gibson girl of twenty years ago; and, to-day, at the age of fifty-four years, having attained the highest pinnacle of fame in his chosen profession, just launching into a new field of endeavor with all the enthusiasm of a youth beginning his career.

"The world and the future always looks black to some people—and always will," Mr. Gibson went on. "But the remedy lies in ourselves. If we have faith and work hard, things are bound to come out right. There isn't any menace to-day—no breaking down of our institutions—no overthrowing of all that Americans revere. If such is the case—if civilization is a joke—then we *all* lose. But civilization isn't a joke and the American people are too level-headed to be deceived into thinking that civilization is dead."

Mr. Gibson told me this as we were walking through Central Park, New York. It was a brisk morning and the spring wind was blowing across the lake. But Mr. Gibson, tall and powerful of frame, walked boldly against it; and, at every turn of the winding path, some new expression of his views demonstrated that he is not only a great artist, but a deep thinker, and an intensely human personality.

There are but few people in the United States, if not in the world, who do not know the art creations of Charles Dana Gibson. But far too few people know Gibson the man. It was for that reason that I asked him to grant an interview for THE SUCCESS.

He received me in the study of his home on East Seventy-third Street, just a few steps from Central Park. Though a modern structure, the house is built

The Realization of a Dream

MR. GIBSON arose from an easy chair and towered above me. He is a striking, aristocratic-looking man with graying hair, and a deep, charming voice. He has the trick of putting a visitor at his ease in a twinkling. As he was shaking my hand, he was summoned to the telephone; and he asked me to sit down and look over the newspaper while he answered it. When he returned, he asked if I minded his writing a letter. "I've a friend who's sailing to-day, and I really must get this off," he said.

Then he sat at his quaint old-fashioned writing-desk and penned the note. This finished, he walked restlessly about the room for a moment and suddenly said, "Let's take a walk. I need some exercise."

We slipped on our hats and coats and set out for Central Park, and as we walked I told Mr. Gibson what I believed the readers of THE NEW SUCCESS would be interested in knowing about his work and views.

"Don't make me seem any more foolish than I sound," he answered jocularly, and then, deliberately ignoring all my questions, he began to talk—not about himself, but about things which interest him more.

Gibson is a modest, earnest man, who is intensely concerned with everything that goes on about him. When I tried to get him to discuss himself, he parried by asking me questions about matters which interested him as a newly born publisher. And, finally, I let him have his own way, for what he said was giving me an insight into the man which no questions could have developed.



"THE MOON AND I."

© Life Publishing Co., N. Y.

The first sketch sold to Life by Charles Dana Gibson. He received, in payment, a check for \$4.

But as we entered Central Park, I said to him, "Mr. Gibson, I suppose every cub reporter who ever worked on a newspaper has had an ambition to some day own the paper and fire the managing editor. *Life* bought your first drawing, I am told. And now you've realized the cub reporter's dream."

"But I didn't fire the managing editor," he reminded me.

Was Paid \$4 for First Drawing

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, when Charles Dana Gibson was a youth of nineteen years, he walked with teremity into the office of *Life*—America's well-known humorous weekly. *Life* was only three years old then, but it had already earned a reputation.

Young Gibson placed a drawing on the desk of the art editor. It was a conception in pen-and-ink, entitled "The Moon and I." It represented a pup tied to a kennel, baying at the moon. It tickled the art editor and Gibson was paid spot cash for the picture—four dollars!

This first encounter with success fired Gibson's ambition. The next day he was again at the office of *Life* with a dozen more of his sketches. But they were all declined—with thanks. That didn't discourage Gibson. On the way out he took a good look at Life Building; and the resolution made then and there was fulfilled in April, 1920, when Charles Dana Gibson purchased the magazine and became president of the company.

But, as he said to me, he did not fire the managing editor.

"No," he added in response to my query, as we walked along through Central Park. "I have no intention of ever 'firing the managing editor,' nor of changing the policy of *Life*. I have been associated with the publication ever since the day I sold it my first drawing. It is the product of a little group of men who each contribute something to it—something to make it better. No one man can do it alone. And as for trying to inject more of my own personality into it, I shall not attempt anything of the sort. It seems to me that when a man takes himself into the corner, sums himself up, decides that what he has to offer the world is pretty good, and then resolves to spread that something all over the publication he owns—there must be something wrong with him. It needs many different brains and many different talents to make a magazine—to make anything—and I have no desire to try to do it all."

Inspired by Solo in "The Mikado"

THIS is the attitude of a man of undying ambition, of unbounded faith in his ability to do what he wishes to do. At the age of eight, Charles Dana Gibson was found making crude sketches and cutting silhouettes from paper. Ten years later, he was enrolled in the Art Students' League, New York. It was while working in the League that he took an afternoon off and went to hear "The Mikado," the second act of which opens with a solo sung by the lovelorn Yum Yum, in which runs the couplet:

Ah, pray make no mistake, we are not shy;
We really know our worth—the moon and I.

This is what gave Gibson his inspiration for the drawing of the poor pup that has made him a rich, famous man.

Gibson's early days were full of struggles and discouragements. But he never lost faith—and he never will. He is not that type of man. Gibson is a man of rare vision and foresight. He looks right over the head of trouble and through the blackest clouds. He believes that patience and hard work are panaceas for everything. And his own personal success seems to bear out this theory.

He attributes much of his initiative and determination to win, to the refusal of his second series of submitted drawings, by John A. Mitchell, now deceased, for many years editor of *Life*. Mr. Mitchell, having bought "The Moon and I," saw no possibilities whatever in the next dozen sketches Gibson brought him. But instead of curtly dismissing the young artist, he merely told him that these drawings were not as good as his first, and suggested that he keep on trying.

Gibson did. Ere long *Life* was purchasing a Gibson drawing for each issue, and the name of Charles Dana Gibson was being discussed from one end of the land to the

other. But this success did not make Gibson let up in his industry. It merely proved to him that he could do what he had resolved to do—and that was to one day own *Life*.

"Did you read in the paper, this morning, that an American admiral had committed suicide?" Mr. Gibson asked me as he crossed the road, at his suggestion that we walk where it was sunny. "That is too bad," he went on. "Now, to that man the world was no longer worth while. It isn't worth while to any of us if we get into such a frame of mind. But it's a pretty worthwhile place after all."

"And there is really a lot of good in everything if we look for the good—in the world, the times, and the people. Take this park. It's a Godsend to thousands of New Yorkers—and it's really not badly laid out."

This was the artist's comment. But then came the man's observation: "The man who had most to do with the building of Central Park was Boss Tweed. He went to jail. But if it hadn't been for Tweed we might not have had any park, and that would have been a pity."

World Is Tired of War

HE paused suddenly and stared at an automatic steam-shovel operated by a gang of laborers repairing the roadway. "That thing always fascinates me," he said. "Let's stop and watch it a minute. This is only a little one, of course; but that's the way they built the Panama Canal. Wonderful, isn't it?"

And then he passed on, his thoughts turning to other directions. "You asked me why I entered the publishing field at my age, with what you term the many problems facing the publisher to-day," he remarked, remembering one of my first questions. "I don't see any great problem in the matter. I realize present conditions keenly, of course; but we talk a great deal about a free press in America. Now, what is the sense of the press being free if there isn't going to be any press? Paper shortage and

(Continued on page 71)

Friends

By PERCY W. REYNOLDS

THEY don't care how low you fell;
For oftimes in the mid'st of hell
A soul is born.
It's whether you get up again
And take your proper place with men,
That "counts for corn."

They'll forget you "slipped a trace"
If you possess the heart to face
The crowd who sneer.
They'll admit you'll bear some brunt;
But if you'll grin and do your stunt,
You'll win a cheer.

They have faith you'll make a hit
If you will only do your bit
And make amends.
It's up to you yourself to start;
But, listen! Let this stir your heart:
You sure have friends.

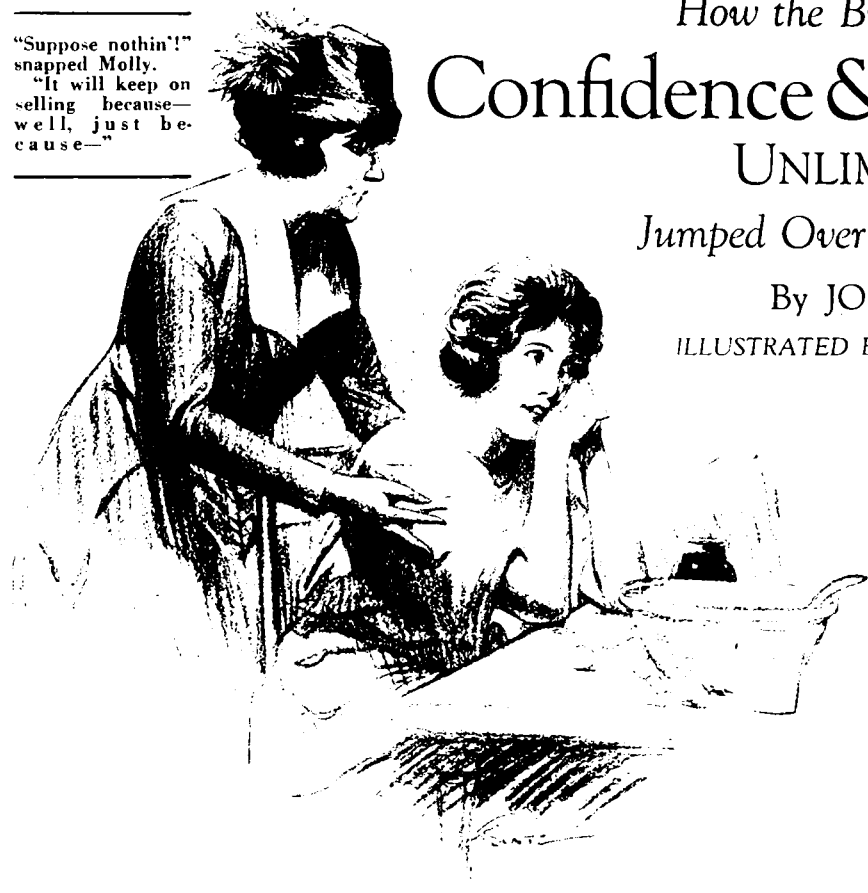
"Suppose nothin'!" snapped Molly. "It will keep on selling because—well, just because—"

How the Busy Firm of Confidence & Enthusiasm UNLIMITED

Jumped Over the River of Doubt

By JOE J. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



WHEN they brought Jarvis home after the motor-car accident, Millicent thought her heart would break—not because of her anxiety and deep affection for her husband, but because she couldn't puzzle out their future. Jarvis had been run down by a man who had a chattel mortgage on his car, and whose debts amounted to more than a year of earnings.

Jarvis hadn't a penny of accident insurance, and his work at the factory was such that he couldn't continue it for many months—if, indeed, he could ever do so. He had not been employed there long, and, as there was but little chance of his returning, the firm could hardly be expected to continue his salary. Both Jarvis and Millicent realized this. It discouraged him even more than it worried her, for he wondered what was to become of Millicent and baby Jean—then but two years old.

Neither voiced their haunting fears, but each was conscious of the fact that their feeling of gloom was mutual. Their common sympathy and understanding was the only thing that made their worry bearable. It was certainly a misfortune, Jarvis, pondering, told himself. They had just started to buy the little house, and, practically, all his savings had gone to make the initial payment. The coming of the baby Jean had eaten the rest of the bank account, and it had been only by the most careful economy that they had met the ever-increasing cost of living.

That night, when the doctor had left and Jarvis was lying open-eyed, staring at the ceiling and suppressing his almost uncontrollable desire to cry out in pain, he heard Millicent putting little Jean to bed. Tears came to his eyes as he heard the mother teaching her a little prayer for his speedy recovery.

THEN, a little later, Millicent came into the room, and, sitting down by his side, took his hand fondly in hers. He seemed

to sense the air of motherly proprietorship she had suddenly assumed over him. Somehow her deep laughing blue eyes had grown more serious, and there was a new expression on her delicately chisled features. The accident that had incapacitated him seemed to have fired Millicent with new vim and vigor.

"There's nothing to worry about, Jimmy boy," she assured him bravely.

"Oh, isn't there?" he asked dubiously. "Old Saw Bones says I'm to be here on my back for weeks! And, after that—"

"Perhaps it won't be half so bad as he imagines," she broke in hopefully.

"But, meanwhile, the job and the pay envelope will be absent from our little family circle—the doctor and my medicine will be costly—and you and baby must live on as usual."

"We'll live on—but not quite as usual," Millicent corrected. "We'll all live on—but I'm going to do something quite unusual. I'm going to become a sort of composite wife, mother, and breadwinner."

He smiled indulgently, despite a sharp twinge in his back. "Don't be silly, little girl," he said. "I know you'd be willing to work for me—for us—but what can you do? In the first place, you've no business training; and, even if you had, since I'm totally helpless, you've *two* babies on your hands."

Millicent stroked his hand. "I don't know yet," she told him. "Just what I'm going to do. I haven't had time to think; but there must be some way out. Discouragement is only an old-fashioned bugaboo. Only a coward or a criminal is afraid of his shadow, and discouragement is nothing but a shadow cast by a faltering heart."

He stared at her with a new love and a new admiration in his weary, heavy eyes.

"You're wonderful!" he breathed. "But I don't see how—"

"Now don't bother trying," Millicent protested. "Just go to sleep and get a good night's rest—if the pain will let you. I've

some things to do in the kitchen before I go to bed. If you want anything, call me."

SHE bent down and kissed his forehead, passing her smooth, cool hand over his fevered brow. Then she went downstairs, humming a little tune, but with a heart as heavy as lead despite the fire with which it burned. Alone in the kitchen she cried, womanlike. Neither she nor Jimmy had any relatives, anyone to whom they might turn. They both had been lonely when they married and the companionship that followed had been supremely happy. When baby Jean was born, and they had started to buy the little house, it seemed as if Heaven were transplanted on earth. And now this thing had happened. She almost forgot her pity for Jim's suffering in her contemplation of the struggle she was to face.

Jim had been right. She didn't know the first thing about business. And if she had, what chance was there for her to engage in it. There was the house to look after, and the baby, and Jim. Quite enough of a task, viewed from every angle, without a daily battle with the cost of living as a side issue.

She set to straightening up, and, as she put the dishes away, she saw the ingredients of some fudge on which she had been working when Jim had been brought in. Somehow she longed for the sweet, and, tired and nervous as she was, she decided to make the candy. The doorbell rang, and Millicent frowned. She knew it was some kindly neighbor whose motives were of the best; but she wanted to be alone with her thoughts.

It proved to be Molly Travis. She had not heard of the accident, but had dropped in while passing. "I'm so sorry, Mil," she said earnestly. "It certainly puts you in a difficult position. But don't give up, my dear. There must be some way out—and you've hosts of friends—"

"You don't think either Jim or I would accept charity?" Millicent snapped.

"No—and you don't need to," Molly assured her. "But you mustn't be too proud. The trouble with most folks is that they think too much about what other people will think—not about their morals or their attitude toward their neighbors, or any of the things that really count in life—but about things that are all wrong, such as a new piano or a bigger motor-car, or finer clothes, or how much more one's husband makes than the man across the way. We've been through it all—Sam and I—and we've learned our lesson. Sam isn't having much success in business. It isn't his fault—conditions are bad—but he knows they will improve and he doesn't want to turn to something else in the meantime. He works like a Trojan, and someday he's going to make good. But, meanwhile, it has been quite a struggle. We both needed all sorts of things, and I felt guilty everytime I bought a pair of gloves. So I finally decided to go to work myself—"

(Continued on page 15)

Positive Proof You Can Become Successful

The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Success

A Subtle Principle of Success and Supremacy



Gave me a million Dollars

This subtle principle in my hands, without education, without capital, without training, without experience, and without study or waste of time, and without health, vitality or will power has given me the power to earn more than a million dollars without selling merchandise, stocks, bonds, books, drugs, appliances or any material thing of any character.

Requires no practice

This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study, and nothing to sell.

Do not confuse

This Subtle Principle must not be confused with memory systems, "will power" systems, Christian Science, psychology, magnetism, thrift or economy, nor should it be confused with health systems, auto-suggestion, concentration, "personality," self-confidence or opportunity, nor should this Subtle Principle be confused with initiative, mental endurance, luck, chance, self-analysis or self-control. Neither should this principle be confused with imagination, enthusiasm, persuasion, force or persistence, nor with the art of science of talking or salesmanship, or advertising.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

I had no education

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I

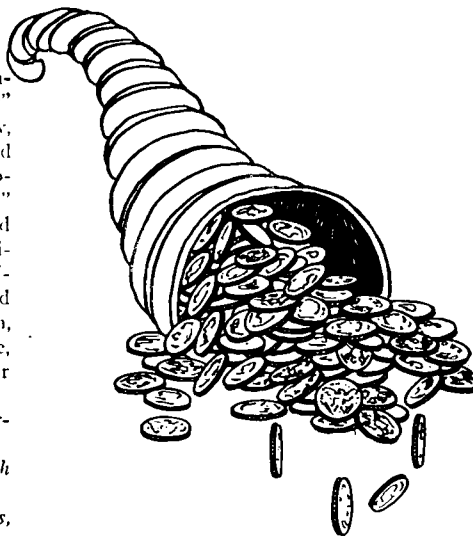
was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

Nothing appealed to me

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I relied on luck

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for



my health as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success if I were to have any. I consciously or unconsciously believed that if I ever were to have health and success, the result would have to come through some element of ease or assistance or through some mysterious or magical source. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar condition.

Intense misery gave me power

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed in-

tolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

A fight for life

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction arose within me, the discovery of the law and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Alas, out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

My life changed immediately

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

All successes use it

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my condition would change, for I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Open your eyes

Just as there is a principle of darkness there is also a principle of failure, ill-health, weakness and negativeness. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus

deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

Requires no education

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it, either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

It was used by

<p>James O. Mason, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Mary Baker Eddy, John D. Rockefeller, Herbert Spencer, Edison, P. Morgan, Carrington, Woodrow Wilson, Charles Schwab, Clyde George, Emerson, Charles E. Hughes, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington,</p>	<p>Marshall Field, Sarah Bernhardt, Gail Curci, Nordica, Melba, Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, Edison, Wanamaker, Phil Armour, Andrew Carnegie, Frick, Elbert Hubbard, Hiram Johnson, Richard Mansfield, Shakespeare,</p>	<p>Mozart, Richard Wagner, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Copernicus, Confucius, Mohammed, Cicero, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Plutarch, Christopher Columbus, Vanderbilt, Marcus Aurelius, Pericles, Lycurgus, Benjamin Franklin,</p>
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and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

We owe each other

Everyone realizes that human beings owe duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree

beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce every one to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

Human nature to doubt

I fully realize that it is human nature for men and women to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies,—at less than the actual cost of mailing, writing, composing and advertising it—but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create, I must fulfill my duty just the same.



I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

It would be a sin

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overmastering in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success, that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

In your own hands

So sure am I of the truth of my statements—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption, and so absolutely certain am I that this principle, in your hands, will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity and success.

Thousands of dollars

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth a thousand dollars of any one's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—for disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

Sent to any one

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to anyone—to any address on approval without a single penny in advance.

You would do as I am doing

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

From every part of the country comes appreciation of my extraordinary discovery—THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS.

"I cannot say too much for your discovery. It is certainly doing wonders for me, even at the advanced age of eighty."

"I thank you for the blessings you have brought to my life through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.'"

"I can never fully repay you for revealing to me the 'Subtle Principle of Success' and how to use it."

"Your elucidation of the 'Subtle Principle of Success' is wonderful. Even today it is worth a hundred dollars to me."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is working wonders for me. I would not part with it for a million dollars."

"I regard your 'Subtle Principle of Success' as worth a thousand dollars of any person's money, regardless of how poor the individual may be."

"It is impossible to place a limit to the monetary value of your discovery."

"I am from Missouri. Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' is the goods."

"I always believed that successful men used a principle which gave them success. I never knew what it was nor how to use it until you explained it to me. It would be just as impossible for me to fail with this principle as it has been impossible for me to succeed without it."

"I thank you for the wonderful results I am gaining through the 'Subtle Principle of Success.' I would not take any amount of money for what this principle has done for me already. You are honestly entitled to millions."

"I am a man of my word and would not take one hundred dollars this first day for the information you have given me."

"I am enthusiastic over your discovery of the 'Subtle Principle of Success,' and at the age of eighty-six am pursuing success as never before."

"Your 'Subtle Principle of Success' has in twenty-four hours given me wonderful results. I am ready to back any statement made in favor of your 'Subtle Principle of Success.' It opens up a new universal opportunity."

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f wishing to profit without helping someone else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost every one, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human



ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
726 Berkeley Building,
West 44th Street, New York City

You may send me the full explanation and elucidation of the "SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS" and how to use it for my personal benefit and supremacy.

I promise to either re-mail it to you, within twenty-four hours of its receipt by me, or to send you Two Dollars.

It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation neither now nor later.

Name.....
(write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTICE:—If you send Two Dollars today, with coupon, it will be refunded to you if you are not completely satisfied. You are to be the sole judge.

If this "SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS" in your own hands is not worth at least a Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00)—it will cost you absolutely nothing.

Notice:—The above statements in the New Success are absolutely guaranteed to be as represented in every way.

(Continued from page 42)

"You!" said Millicent, with a wan little smile. "Why, Molly, you are less of a business girl than I am."

MOLLY nodded acquiescence. "I was," she admitted. "That's what Sam said; and he was furious when I told him of my determination. He wouldn't hear of it—until I pointed out to him that he wasn't fair. I told him that if I had a talent that I could turn into money—and help make ends meet—it would be criminal, a positive sin, for me not to exercise it."

"And what are you going to do?" Millicent asked.

"I'm doing fancy needlework," Molly told her. "You know I always loved it, and I really have considerable skill in making pretty things. Well, I made a tea set and took it down to the Women's Exchange. It sold, the next day, for thirty-five dollars!"

"But it took you a long time to make it, didn't it?" Millicent asked.

"That one did," said Molly with a reminiscent smile. "But I've grown expert since, and I'm not selling through the Exchange any more either. I called on the rich women up on the Hill, and you'd be surprised at the dainty linen and lingerie and other things—all the handiwork of Molly Travis—that are gracing their homes today. Why, Millicent, I've become the fad, and, do you know, I sometimes wonder if it's honest to ask the prices I do!"

Millicent laughed and stirred the fudge. "You wicked profiteer!" she accused.

"But you'd be surprised," Molly went on, "how many women there are who love and appreciate beautiful things, who can't make them themselves. I soon found that I could sell all I could make, and, finally, I asked several other girls to help me with the work so I could have more time for the selling. I've built up a regular business, and, in the fall, I'm going to open a little shop on Main street."

Millicent was staring at her with envious eyes. "I wish I could sew," she said ruefully, "then maybe I could work for you, too."

SHE tasted the fudge and offered some to Molly. "I wouldn't want you to work for me," Molly said, shaking her head. "Not even if you were an expert. Under the circumstances, you want to be the boss—just as I am. That's the only way to make real money. At first, people laughed at me and Sam took my business as a joke. But now I make almost as much as he does, and I notice that several of the women who sneered then are looking with envious eyes on the little luxuries Sam and I can now afford. Because I take care of myself and my needs, he has more to spend on things he needs, and on recreation. Besides, our savings account is growing rapidly."

"But how does a woman with household cares and—a child—"

"Now, see here, Millicent Jarvis!" Molly burst out. "Their isn't a happier, healthier, better-cared-for child in Middleton, than my Fanny. And our house is as well cared for as any of the women who do nothing but eat candy and read novels all day! Give me another piece of that fudge. I like it when it's still warm."

"I was just trying to think what I could do, when you came in," said Millicent.

Molly sat thoughtfully in the kitchen

chair. "I have it in my mouth," she announced at length. Millicent looked at her, waiting for her to speak.

But Molly only continued to eat the fudge and smack her lips over it. "Make candy," she said. "Make lots of it! Take weekly orders for it—and don't eat up all the profits or make yourself sick by sampling too much of each batch."

"Make candy—to sell?" exclaimed Millicent.

"Certainly," said Molly. "People go mad over homemade candy—especially such as you make. They'll pay any price for it, and they'll buy it regularly. All you have to do is to keep it uniformly good and maintain the quality, and you can name your own price."

"You really think so?" Millicent asked wonderingly.

"I know so," Molly told her with emphasis. "You make up a good batch of it and I'll sell it for you—since you won't be able to go out much yourself for the next few days."

"But wouldn't that be a sort of charity business?" Millicent asked dubiously. "They'd buy it because you'd tell them about Jimmy—and—and that the wolf's at the door."

"The wolf will never survive the odor of your fudge, Millicent Jarvis," said Molly. "He'll just stick his tail between his legs and run off howling. People won't know you're poor, and they won't care. They'll only know what is the truth: that you make the finest candy I ever ate. Now just because I'm a business woman, and because you've raised the 'charity' objection, I'll let you pay me a commission on the first orders I bring you. After that you can handle matters yourself."

MILICENT'S face lightened with a smile. "It might be the solution to the whole thing, and, perhaps, I could supply people with pastries, too."

"Of course you could," Molly agreed; "but let's get started first. One thing at a time. You have as much fudge as you can get ready by tomorrow afternoon. I'll stop and get some boxes—a couple o' dollar's worth will be enough for a start—and we'll pack up the candy when I arrive."

"Two dollars," said Millicent hesitatingly, thinking of the slender store at hand and what the prescriptions at the drug store, would cost. "Suppose it doesn't sell and—"

"Suppose nothing!" snapped Molly.

"Didn't I tell you I'd sell your candy. Well, I will! And it will keep on selling—not because your poor, but because it's good candy and people will want it."

Millicent caught something of the other girl's spirit and her heart somehow felt lighter.

"Molly," she said, "You're wonderfully good to me."

"Nonsense," answered Molly. "Life would be a pretty sad institution if we couldn't do something helpful for our friends once in a while. Take your courage by the shoulder, shake it and give it a good sound talking to. Don't take any nonsense from it, and pretty soon it will fight for you like a little amazon."

When she had gone, Millicent, full of the new idea, climbed the stairs and whispered it to Jimmy. She half expected him to laugh, but he didn't. He lay there very quietly staring at the ceiling.

"I believe it might work out," he told her. "There were two girls who opened a candy shop in a little town in New York State, and now they have tea rooms in half a dozen cities. I also heard of another woman who made a fortune out of pickles—despite the competition of the big producers. Molly is right. People never grow tired of 'homemade' things. If you have the right merchandise it can always be sold, and I know you'll make candy that is candy."

So instead of going to bed with a heavy heart and tear-stained eyes, Millicent turned in with her brain in a whirl of anticipation hardly able to await the coming of the morrow. By noon she had twenty pounds of fudge made. She had hesitated to do it, but because she did not have the cash at hand, she had charged the ingredients at the grocers. The high prices of things rather startled her when she saw the slip in the basket, but her mind was made up. She meant to try the plan. If it didn't work she could sell the ring that nestled beside the plain band on her finger, and discharge an

(Continued on page 78)



"But that isn't the point," he went on. "When you found yourself confronted with a problem what did you do?"

"Well," she answered, "You seem to know what I did."

Shutting Out Success and Prosperity

(Continued from page 25)

If you are not doing the thing you were born to do; if you are in an unhappy environment where your powers do not pull to their utmost; if you have a taste for something better, something higher, but still make no headway in your efforts to better yourself; or if you are in a little pieayune business which is away below what you long to have, and have for years been working for, you are probably holding yourself back by your narrow, pinched thought of yourself; by your pessimistic outlook and frequent assertion that you'll never get what you're after because luck is against you or because you never succeed in anything you undertake.

POVERTY, ill health, discord, failure to realize our ideals, discontent, unhappiness, all our ills, spring largely from our ignorance of the working of mental laws, our failure to realize the overwhelming influence thought exercises in our lives. Most of us have no idea that thought has more to do with determining our conditions, with shaping our circumstances and environment, bringing us poverty or wealth, attaining our ideal or driving it from us, than any other thing. Every human being could be living in comfort and happiness, if they only knew the powers locked up in themselves and had learned to use their minds to back up their efforts on the material plane.

other words, the vision, the mind always runs ahead, and working in the invisible creative energy, attracts and shapes the larger things our ambition desires. This was how the Pearys, the Edisons, the Marconis, the Bells, the Schwabs, the Wanamakers, the successful men and women in every field, achieved their ambition. Consciously or unconsciously, they worked with the law—hence their success.

It is working in the right way, with the right spirit, in the right mental attitude, that will push you forward. If these conditions are not fulfilled, if your mind is not set in the right direction, all

NOW, my friend, before you can make any progress, you must realize that the secret of getting on in the world, the great secret of happiness, the great secret of obtaining your heart's desire, is in putting and keeping your mind in positive, constructive, confident attitude towards the thing you are after. Form the habit of picturing yourself in the position you long to fill, in the environment which you learn for. Visualize whatever will match your ambition. Picture that thing which you long to have, which you long to do. Persist in visualizing it, picturing the conditions you desire. Keep out of your visualizing, keep out of your mind, your fears, your doubts, your negative, destructive thoughts. You were not made to express fear, but confidence and assurance. You were made for triumph and not for failure; you were made for conquest, not mediocrity.

Learn to hold always the positive, the creative, the success, the abundant thought. What you don't want to come into your life don't allow into your mind. Don't think of it; don't worry about it; don't fear it. Keep it out of your mind altogether, neutralize it with the confidence, the assurance, the victory thought. Kill your cowardice with the courage thought; your failure with the success thought.

THE history of every successful person, in whatever line, is really a history of perpetual visualizing of the thing he wanted to achieve, something larger, something better, something grander than what he had, at the time. In

your hopes and plans will be frustrated. For, "Unto everyone which hath, shall be given, and from him that hath not even that he hath, shall be taken away from him" Of course, that is the law. To him that hath the positive, creative faith, shall be given, while the man who hath not faith, who is not positive, but negative, will lose even that he has, because a negative mind does not create anything.

See how perfectly the law works in the case of a poor immigrant boy, for example, who unconsciously obeys it. He comes to this country, firmly impressed with the idea that he is going to make a fortune. When he arrives he takes whatever his hands find to do and begins, let us say, by selling newspapers in the street. Then he dreams of the time when he shall have a newsstand of his own; and daily he looks at the stands which other boys have gained by hard work, and pictures himself as the proprietor.

He saves every cent he can. Perhaps someone, attracted by his dead-in-carnestness, takes an interest in him and lends him a little capital, and in a very short time he finds himself in a small newsstand of his own. His ambition enlarges with his success and he pictures himself adding all sorts of things to his little stand to make it a better one, until step by step he rises to the possession of a railroad newsstand, and finally, to the ownership of a city department store, or the leadership of some other great enterprise.

Every great achievement, every big success in the world, has been built up just as this young immigrant built up his fortunes, by constantly enlarging the vision and working in a cheerful, hopeful, confident spirit to make it a reality.

Two Little Words

:: :: ::

By Philip O'Bryen Hoare

YOU say that you are worried—discontented.

And you "reckon" you are going to let things slide;

Just remember, when you seem to be demented

That there are two little words with you allied,

And there is a similarity between them;

In fact, one little letter does the trick,

For luck is what you generally harp on.

While its pluck to which you always ought to stick.

YOU invariably look around outside you,

The prospects just in front seem pale and thin;

Did you ever stop to ask yourself the question,

I wonder if there's anything within.

If you have you've naturally found it

And these lines can bring no benefit to you;

If you didn't—just contrive to get around it

And I think you'll find that what I've said is true.

YOU must remember luck is quite beyond you.

And never to be reckoned with at all,

But just add that little letter I have found you

And worries once so big will seem quite small.

Troubles so dark will quickly disappear then.

Your horizon will grow brighter every day;

To luck you'll say, "I never should have sought you."

To pluck you'll say, "I like you! Come and stay."



SEND ME YOUR NAME

I have shown hundreds of men how to step from small-pay jobs into the big money class in one quick jump. \$10,000 a year—yes, and more—has come to men as a result of writing to me. Just let me send you the whole amazing proof—entirely free of cost or obligation.

63 Men Wanted to Prepare at Once for \$10,000 a year Jobs

ARE you ambitious to step into a job paying \$10,000 a year? Then send me your name quick!

I want to get in touch with 63 men—men who are ready to leave ordinary, routine work behind them and take their place among the big money makers of business. I want these men to earn \$10,000 a year and more.

If \$10,000 a year appeals to you, then here is my proposition! I will do for you exactly what I have done for hundreds of other men who today are earning more money than they had ever dreamed possible.

I have shown these men how to get out of the low pay rut and into the big money class—all in one quick jump! I have shown men how to earn five, ten, and fifteen times as much money as they had ever earned before. The stories of these men read like fiction—their sudden advances to magnificent earnings are so amazing as to be almost unbelievable. But I can show you absolute proof in the words of the men themselves.

Here are just a few instances: J. P. Overstreet, of Dallas, Texas, who was formerly on the Capitol Police Force of Washington, D. C., writes me: "My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356—The N. S. T. A. dug me out of the rut where I was earning less than \$1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success."

C. W. Campbell, of Greensburg, Pa., writes: "My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1562 and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month."

P. T. Balsbaugh, of Pittsburg, Pa., who was formerly a fireman on an Eastern railroad, states: "You have put me in the \$10,000 a year class."

These are extracts from only a few of the letters I have received. I could show you hundreds more—letters from every part of the country, written by men from all walks of life.

What These Men Have Done You Can Do

Now—I am going to tell you the secret of the extraordinary success of these men. Then I am going to offer you the same opportunity that I offered them. I do not ask you to accept this opportunity now. I merely want you to send me your name, so that I can prove without cost or obligation, that I can do for you what I have already done for so many others.

IF you are earning less than \$10,000 a year, I want you to mail me the coupon below. I will tell you how you can take your place in the most fascinating, best paying profession in the world. I am now in a position to make to 63 men the same offer that has enabled other men to rise in one step to greater earnings than they had ever thought possible. All I ask you to do is to mail the coupon at once.

I want to tell you about the wonderful opportunities awaiting you in selling—the most fascinating, best-paying profession in the world. I want to show you how I can help you to quick and brilliant success. I want to prove to you, no matter what you may be doing now, that I can make you a *Star Salesman*—in your spare time at home, without interfering with your present work.

If you are ambitious to earn \$10,000 a year, then find out what Salesmanship offers you—why the pay is many times greater than in other lines of work—why the openings are ten to one as compared to other fields. Do not hesitate a minute because you have never sold goods before. I have made *Star Salesmen* out of men who had never dreamed of becoming salesmen—men who had formerly been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm hands! I explained to them the secrets of selling that opened the way to big selling jobs, to prosperity and financial independence—to lives of fascinating work, travel, contact with big and influential men and to endless opportunities. These men simply followed my advice and wrote to me, as I want you to do now. Do not delay, for you cannot afford to miss this opportunity—it may be the biggest one of your life.

My Great Offer to 63 Men

As President of the National Salesmen's Training Association, I have now 63 memberships open for those who write to me at once. These 63 men will be admitted to this great organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers and will be taught by them the secrets that make *Star Salesmen*. In their spare time at home, under the personal guidance of Master Salesmen, they will be shown

every step in the art and science of selling—they will be made masters of every phase of this wonderful profession. Almost before they realize it, they will be ready to step into the ranks of the *Star Salesmen*, just like the other members of the National Salesmen's Training Association who today are earning \$10,000 a year and better. And as soon as they are ready and qualified, our Free Employment and Service Department will help them select and secure a good selling position.

This Is Your Big Opportunity

Will you be one of the 63 men to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity to become a member of the National Salesmen's Training Association—to be prepared for a splendid selling position? Will you be one of those to accept the same opportunity that has brought others such quick and brilliant success?

It will not cost you a penny to investigate. Surely you owe it to yourself to do this at once. I want you to start immediately to prepare for a big selling job. Every day you delay means just that much time and money lost from your career as a *Star Salesman*.

I Will Send You Free Proof

All I ask you to do is to mail the coupon below. I will send you free of charge, my amazing proof of how I have helped others to \$10,000-a-year jobs in selling. I will show you hundreds of wonderful letters from men all over the country. And I will make you a present of my great book on Salesmanship. Just mail the coupon at once—do not delay a minute. Be sure of being among the 63 to receive my amazing offer. Address

J. E. Greenslade, President

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. 56-H Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. 56-H, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

I am interested in earning \$10,000 a year or more. Send me your Free Proof that you can make me a *Star Salesman* and tell me how you will help me land a selling job. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

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How I Sold My Real Estate

Easily! Quickly! Profitably!

And How You Can Do the Same

HERE is a short tale about a quick sale that will interest every realty owner in search of a buyer:

"Through a business deal I became the owner of a property in an adjoining State.

"The place was so run down that it would have required \$500 or \$600 to make the house habitable.

"As the property was so located that it could not live on it, and, being unoccupied, brought me no income, I was, of course, anxious to dispose of it as quickly as possible.

"Never having tried to sell any real estate, and knowing no better method to pursue, I placed the property in the hands of a local real estate agent.

"This agent, following out the usual methods of the average small-town real estate man, put a 'For Sale' sign on the property and then sat down and waited for some one to come along and inquire about it.

"After several months had elapsed without any word from the agent, I wrote and inquired as to the prospects for a sale. He replied that he had been unable to do anything with the property and had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to sell it in its present run-down condition, and advised me to spend \$500 in repairs.

"Not having any money to spend on the place, and having lost all faith in the agent's ability to find a buyer, I decided that if anything was done I could have to do it myself.

"Fortunately for me, about that time I learned of 'The Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate' that had just been brought out by a New York publishing house. These I secured, and much to my delight, I found they contained *even definite plans* for selling just such a property as mine.

"Selecting from these seven selling plans the one that seemed best suited to my requirements, I immediately put it into operation with the following satisfying results:

"*Within three days I had eighteen people interested in my property, and within two weeks I made a satisfactory sale, having received three cash offers and two offers of exchange.*

"And what is of the utmost importance, it cost but a few dollars to sell my property by the Simplex System, whereas if I had followed the agent's advice I would have been com-

pelled to spend \$500 in repairs, and pay him \$125 commission when he made the sale."

(For other endorsements of the Simplex System of Selling see center of opposite page.)

The Simplex Plans

As the electric light is superior to the tallow candle; as the automobile beats the ox-cart of our forefathers; so THE SIMPLEX PLANS FOR SELLING REAL ESTATE are incomparably better than simply putting

5,000 Sales!
More than five thousand properties of all kinds, throughout the United States and Canada have already been sold by this successful method

a "For Sale" sign on a property and waiting patiently (or impatiently) for a buyer.

They are the *crystallized* and *systematized* results of a clear-brained, practical salesman's *twenty years'* experience in the National real estate field, during which time he dealt with *thousands* of buyers and sellers in all parts of the country, made *thousands* of experiments, and successfully solved *thousands* of selling problems.

These effective Plans contain only *positive, proved-out, time-tested* results.

They give you the *real secrets* of successful real estate selling.

They have been so simplified and condensed that they are complete in only thirty-two pages (8 x 13 inches) in typewritten form with illuminated, descriptive title page, each set being autographed by the originator.

There are many different combinations of the Plans, covering each of the forty-eight states, the District of Columbia and Canada.

No Plans have been prepared for selling properties outside the United States and Canada.

Easy to Use

The Simplex Plans are *easy* to follow. They are set forth in such clear, definite, everyday English that any one who can read and write can use them successfully.

They enable you to handle the sale of your own property without any difficulty, without complications and without depending on any one else for help of any kind.

They give such *clear, concise, straight-away* instructions that you cannot go wrong in following them.

Most instructional works of all kinds are filled with such visionary theories and impractical ideas that the average man finds it impossible to apply them to his own particular case.

The Simplex Plans are entirely different. They propound no theories whatever. They are based altogether on *actual results*. They have been *conclusively* proved in *thousands* of cases. They are *prepared to fit your needs*, and you use them in marketing your property, just as the good housewife selects a recipe from her cook book and follows it in baking a cake.

Who Are Using The Plans

The Simplex Selling Plans are being used by individual property owners who want to sell their properties *promptly* and *economically*.

They are being used by those who want to handle the sale of their own real estate and *save paying big fees and commissions* to agents.

And, although these Plans were not originally intended for real estate agents, they are being used by *wide-awake, get-ahead* agents from Maine to California.

In addition to selling like the proverbial "hot cakes," to individual property owners and progressive agents, these Plans are also being secured by *large corporations and institutions* that have extensive and important real estate deals to handle. The Homestead Commission of The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which is doing comprehensive real estate work throughout that great State, is making use of these effective Plans in their important work.

And so The Simplex Selling Plans are being used by individual property owners, wise agents and large corporations and institutions, throughout this great country.

And they can be used just as well by you in solving your real estate problem, no matter in what part of the United States or Canada your property may be located.

Sell Any Kind of Property

The Simplex Plans have been successfully used for the sale of *all kinds* of real estate, in *all parts* of the country, and at a great variety of prices, and they are also

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being used for selling established businesses of all kinds, securing partners and procuring cash capital.

It makes no difference *what kind* of a property you have, or whether it is located in New York City or in the heart of Wyoming far from any railroad. The Simplex Plans will show you just how to turn your holdings into cash.

They will show you all the little *ins* and *outs*, all the little *wrinkles* you need to know, in order to get the *best* results.

They will enable you to escape the *snags* and *pitfalls* that you are almost sure to run up against if you go ahead without expert advice.

They will show you how to avoid making *costly mistakes*.

They will give you the "*know how*" that brings quick results.

Think what it means to have the *systematized knowledge* of an expert's twenty years' experience to guide you.

Is it wise for you to make a *single* move or spend a *single* dollar in an effort to sell your property until you examine a set of the effective Simplex Plans?

The Value of a Plan

Most people fail in what they undertake because they start to do something before they have a clear idea of just what they want to do and just how they are going to do it.

What you need to make a successful sale of your real estate is a *clear-cut plan* or system that will get the best possible results.

If you go ahead in a *haphazard fashion*--if you work *without a practical plan*--if you follow no *definite* method--you are almost sure to fail.

To undertake any important work without a *positive* plan based on *sound* principles is mighty poor judgment.

Here is what a well-known publication says on this very subject: "*Nowhere* is the goal of him who follows the route of *anywhere*. The man who aims at nothing in particular hits his mark. But the man who sees clear his plan before he takes the first step is the man who will reach the goal. Look ahead! See your way! Have a *plan*!"

Working with a plan means using *foresight* instead of *hindsight*. It means *proving* by experience--information--knowledge. Working *without a plan* means lost action--lost time and consequent loss in the one big thing that counts--*results*.

Make Money Selling for Others

In addition to using the Simplex Plans to sell your own real estate or business, you can also use them for selling property for any relative, friend or acquaintance. In fact they will give you all the information necessary to handle real estate as a side line.

No matter what other business you may be in, or what kind of goods you are now selling, or what salaried position you hold, you can secure a set of The Simplex Plans and sell real estate "on the side."

They contain all the information you need in order to become an expert sales specialist.

In a few evenings, right in your own home, you can learn the Simplex System of Selling and then put it into operation during your spare time.

M. L. Paddock, Lead, South Dakota, says:

"My success achieved by putting into operation the methods set forth in The Simplex Plans is great, and I have succeeded in my

lifelong dream of establishing a real estate business that is highly promising for the future, and very gratifying at present."

J. M. Trammell, Realty Specialist of Brooksville, Florida, says:

"These plans are founded on principles as solid as Gibraltar, and if carried out will produce results without fail whether to sell one property or a thousand."

J. C. Kotzum, Curtis Bay, Maryland, says:

"I sold a property yesterday by your Plans for \$2,500. My commission was \$250.

Is there any reason why you can't do as well?

Is there any reason why you should not get a set of The Simplex Plans and use them in building up a business of your own and earn from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year--or more--during your spare time?

Now Is the Time to Sell

If you have any real estate to dispose of, *now is the time* to sell it.

The past ten or twelve years have been poor real estate years, except in certain sections where local conditions have stimulated the business, but since the ending of the war the business has been booming,

Proof!

"The Simplex Plans sold my house for cash within two weeks."--*F. S. Wauwatosa, Wis.* "Sold my farm for cash."--*Mrs. L. A. C., Glenwood, Minn.* "Sold my country place in three weeks for cash."--*H. M. B., New York City.* "Sold my store and real estate."--*B. L., San Francisco, Cal.* "Simplex Plans sold my house for cash within three weeks."--*M. E. L., Marshalltown, Iowa.* "Sold my hat factory. Endorse your methods."--*H. E. B., Buffalo, N. Y.* "Sold my property. Your plans quickest I ever saw."--*J. S., Waterford, N. J.* "Your plans sold my Colorado ranch."--*P. E. V., Lansing, Mich.* "Sold for cash in 10 days."--*H. C., Wakefield, Mass.* "Sold my Hotel."--*G. S. S., Plano, Ill.* "Sold three lots for cash."--*R. P. M., Ottawa, Canada.* "Sold my Michigan farm."--*E. A. D., Miami, Fla.*

and it is predicted by experts everywhere that the next five years will be banner real estate years for this country.

So, if you have any real estate you have no good use for--real estate that is not paying you a good profit--you should sell it right now, while the demand is good, and prices are high.

Thousands of property owners who have been obliged to carry their real estate holdings for ten or twelve years, unable to make satisfactory sales on account of a

stagnant market, are now disposing of the properties through the Simplex System at prices that, a few years ago, they would have thought impossible to secure.

There are more buyers in the market now for all kinds of property than there have been for many years.

The time to sell is when the market is *active* and *prices* high.

And that time is *now*.

How to Get Your Set

The late Andrew Carnegie used to say that the *big* difference between a good business man and a poor one is that the good business man goes ahead and *does* the thing while the other is still *thinking* about it.

That is to say that the man who succeeds in any undertaking--no matter what it is--is the one who not only *sees* an opportunity but *seizes* it.

Merely *reading, thinking* and *talking* about selling your property will never accomplish anything.

You must *act*.

Therefore, send for a set of the successful Simplex Plans *at once* and let them show you how to make a quick sale of your real estate.

You *know* that what you need before undertaking to market your property is a *definite, proved-out* Plan to guide you.

You *know* that you cannot expect much help from the average real estate agent.

You *know* that to get rid of your property--*promptly* and *profitably*--you will have to give the matter some personal attention.

And you *know* that now--if ever--is the time to do it, while the big real estate boom is on.

So make sure of your set of The Simplex Plans *right now*, and let them show you how to turn your property into cash.

Send No Money

Do not send us any money. Just mail the coupon, or write a letter, and a complete set of the Simplex Plans will be sent to you by return mail, prepaid. If, after examining them you are not entirely satisfied, send them back any time within ten days after you receive them and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you find they are just what you need to make a quick, cash sale of your property send only \$10 in full payment.

That is the *fair, square* way in which the Simplex Plans are sold. We take all the risks. You have *nothing* to lose and *everything* to gain, so mail the coupon today.

Seth Moyle, Mgr., THE SIMPLEX CO.,
1133 Broadway, New York

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Seth Moyle, Mgr. THE SIMPLEX CO.,

1133 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:

You may obtain a set of the Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate in the State of _____

I will remit them within 10 days after I receive them or send \$10 in full payment.
I promise not to show them to any one or make any use of the ideas and information they contain unless I keep them.

Name _____

Address _____

(Be sure to give the name of the State in which your property is located.)

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

An Interview with Irving T. Bush

The Man Who Turned an Old Warehouse into a Business Worth Millions, Now Employs Over 300,000 Persons and Operates All Over the World

This Is the Result of a Young Man's Dream, Twenty-five Years Ago

By DELIA AUSTRIAN

THE small merchant should not be crushed by organization, but should be helped by it," says Irving T. Bush. "There are two economic forces in the business world; organization and coöperation. Neither can be eliminated; they should be amalgamated. Organization without coöperation is cruel. It means the trust, the crowding out of the smaller man and all of the evils of monopoly. Coöperation without organization is foolish. It just won't function. It is usually a flabby association of well-meaning men presided over by somebody's brother-in-law."

These words are the more remarkable because they are the wise words of a man still in the early fifties. A glance at his forehead proves that he is a thinker. His clean-cut, bold features symbolize courage and generosity; the full broad lips indicate the man's love for humanity.

These words are the philosophy of an idealist whose ideals have not run to seed, but have found expression in the Bush Terminal in New York, the great warehouses and docks in Brooklyn and a similar project in London.

In his quiet, thoughtful manner, Mr. Bush continued: "I believe in organization, efficiency, and progress; but, most of all, I believe in opportunity. I believe the small man should not be crushed by organization, but should be helped by it. I like to think the Bush Terminal Company is a success without hurting any one else. I call it an organization for coöperation. It is an organization, for it is built for efficiency and designed to save money by cutting out the lost motion and unnecessary expense, by doing complex things simply, by finding the straight line between effort and result. It helps the smaller man in his competition with big rivals. In this building are companies whose capital run in the millions, and along side of them are the small trades and crafts built up by careful ingenuity and launched with our aid and advice. All are given the same opportunity of finding a wider market for their goods, reaping all the profit, excepting for the floor space they rent. "Buyers come here from all parts of the country, and instead of wandering about aimlessly hunting for their materials, in this one gigantic building they go leisurely from case to case, floor to floor, studying their individual needs."

WHEN the armistice was signed the Bush Terminal Company and McLane Silk Company purchased \$10,000,000 worth of cartridge silk from the government. This cloth was used by the government in the making of cartridges. When the Bush-McLane organization bought this material, they left some in the natural color and some they dyed. This textile is now being used for various kinds of women's gowns, and for many sorts of interior decorating.

As I strolled, with one of Mr. Bush's secretaries, from room to room it seemed that we had been given Aladdin's lamp, that all we had to do was to make a wish. With the making of that wish we saw wonderful displays of fine perfumes, powders and soaps, from Paris and the Riviera; leather goods from London; silverware and jewelry from New England; children's clothes and toys from the West. Even home decoration finds a place in the Bush terminal. The handicraft worker is given an opportunity to enlarge his business. Mr. Bush believes in giving every manufacturer a chance to sell.

But this is only a small part of Mr. Bush's gigantic undertaking. As he says, "At our plant, in Brooklyn, we have three hundred manufacturers grouped at one point. Each has facilities in coöperation with the other two hundred and ninety-nine, which he could not afford if operating alone. He is placed on a manufacturing equality with his big rival. He is in coöperation with others, and has the finest building with the best equipment in the most central location, at a trifling cost. We do not claim to be philanthropists. We just believe in men and opportunity, and we are trying to make a success by working with men, and not against them."

SINCE the Bush Terminal opened, it has been visited by over 23,000 merchants and merchandise buyers from all parts of the globe. Of the domestic buyers, excluding those from greater New York, about 45 per cent have come from points west of the Mississippi River. Buyers have come from the fringes of the Arctic Circles, from distant points in Alaska, and such faraway places as Buenos Aires, Iceland, Bogota, Morocco and Hankow.

From the time these buyers enter the New York Bush Terminal Building they can transact all their busi-



Photograph by Alman & Co., N. Y.

IRVING T. BUSH

Creator of the Bush Terminal

In a frame on his desk, Mr. Bush has this bit of philosophy by Josh Billings:

"Konsider the postage stamp, my son; its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."

"He Deposits \$500 a Month!"



"SEE that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for the Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits \$500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy."



"A few years ago he started at Browning's at \$15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick."

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for \$15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that *you* are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 29 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. More than 110,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why *you* should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 7389 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Boilermaker or Designer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS MANAGEMENT | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Car Running | <input type="checkbox"/> Patternmaker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> Heavy Electric Traction | <input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Foundry Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Machine Designer | <input type="checkbox"/> Blacksmith |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant | <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work | <input type="checkbox"/> STEAM ENGINEER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER | <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> GAS ENGINE OPERATING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Good English | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer | <input type="checkbox"/> Building Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> SHIP DRAFTSMAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Show-Card Writer | <input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> R. R. Constructing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE | <input type="checkbox"/> MARINE ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Bridge Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk | <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBER & STEAM FITTER | <input type="checkbox"/> SHIP DRAFTSMAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mail Carrier | <input type="checkbox"/> Heating & Ventilation | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CARTOONIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing Inspector | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrator | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreman Plumber | <input type="checkbox"/> Municipal Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Perspective Drawing | <input type="checkbox"/> MINING FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Carpet Designer | <input type="checkbox"/> Coal Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wallpaper Designer | <input type="checkbox"/> Metal Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> NAVIGATION |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookcover Designer | <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> Motor Boat Running |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TEACHER | <input type="checkbox"/> FRACTIONAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Fruit Growing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> TEXTILE OVERSEER OR SUPT. | <input type="checkbox"/> Vegetable Growing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects | <input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacturing | <input type="checkbox"/> Live Stock & Dairying |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics | <input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> POULTRY RAISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Roundhouse Foreman | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Repairing | <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auto. Electrical Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | | |

Name _____

Occupation and Employer _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

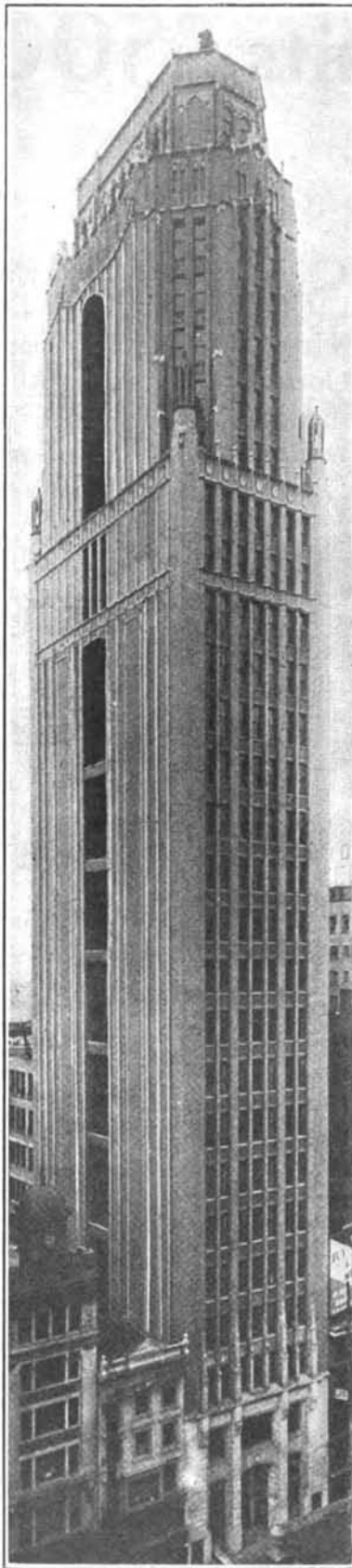
ness without leaving it. Besides having an endless array of samples from which to choose, they have lounging rooms where they can discuss any business they wish with manufacturers, a library where are found books covering all manufacturing subjects, a clubroom where they meet hundreds of other buyers, telephone booths, and a grill where food is served at reasonable prices. A buyer came from Venezuela who ordered a thousand dozen portable bathtubs for babies. A buyer from Panama ordered electric cream-freezers, and another from Paris, who placed his order for electric dishwashers for restaurants said that prior to the introduction of this "Yankee notion"—only a few years ago—all the dishes in Parisian restaurants were washed by hand.

IT is a poor rule that does not work both ways. While the Bush system has saved the buyer and manufacturer both time and money, it has created new industries for both small and large manufacturers.

The experience of a woman who manufactures baby bonnets illustrates this fact. At the opening of the Bush Terminal Sales Building this manufacturer took a small space to exhibit her baby bonnets and take orders. The orders came. They came from places to which she had never been able to send a salesman. She now announces that she will have 500 workers making baby bonnets.

A trifle over twenty-five years ago, Mr. Bush inherited from his father an old warehouse on a piece of untenanted land on the Brooklyn water front. As a boy, in Brooklyn, Irving Bush had seen the windjammers come up the bay, anchor off shore, and, sometimes, send their cargoes ashore by "lighters," because they were unable to find berthing space. He had seen steamers lose valuable days because they could not find a place to dock; and when a wharf was found finally, more precious time was wasted in slow, costly methods of unloading. He saw that much confusion was caused by teams getting into one another's way, by loads left on the dock, and other horrors of inefficient dispatching—all of which added to the cost and increased the time required to get a ship under way so that another could take its place.

The vision of young Irving T. Bush was broad enough to make him realize that his opportunity was to create new and simpler methods for the storage, distribution, and shipment of goods. At the time that most young men were starting on an academic career, Mr. Bush was doing a *man's* work. He perfected his plans by day and his nights were spent delving into all that pertains to the administration of seaports, to the problems of storage, routing and despatching, to the loading of merchant



"The World Tower," the thirty-three story skyscraper built by Irving T. Bush, 42nd St., New York City, a trading center for the world.

marine. He realized that, in the passage of merchandise from producer to consumer, costly and inefficient methods were used.

His problems were not confined to an analysis of the problems of the transportation alone. It would have been impossible for him to have selected a single detail in the chain of transportation, and to have successfully built up the great Brooklyn terminal had he ignored the three great principles involved in distribution, production, and salesmanship. The problems affecting these fundamentals are so closely interrelated and interdependent, that any industry catering to one feature must work in harmony with the others.

MR. BUSH'S plant in Brooklyn is built upon a recognition of the relation between production, transportation, and market. The Terminal gives employment to over 300,000 people—a population sufficient to support a city the size of Washington, D. C. The energy of Bush Terminal in the handling of goods is concentrated on one thing: *cut lost motion*. For years the crews in the different divisions of the huge plants have contested for the distinction of handling the freight most economically, to unload it from vessels, and transport it to and from its destination with the least labor. This not only results in lower handling costs, but helps the worker; it brings the most efficient to the front.

The Terminal is operated by men who started in the ranks of labor. The superintendent began as a day laborer. Ten years ago the assistant superintendent was a checker. Many of the foremen started as stevedores. Practice is the best teacher in the warehouse and terminal game. There is a way of handling a bag or loading a car that you cannot get from a college education.

Cut out useless motion and encourage an uncongested flow of traffic. This is gained by modern appliances handled with skill. During the World War, the Bush Terminal handled 60 per cent of the government's freight. This is the result of Mr. Bush's genius of organization, and his broad vision in seeing the relative value of things including the human one that enters into the problem of port management.

THE physical facilities of the Brooklyn plant include 8 modern steamship piers, 122 warehouses, 15 model loft buildings containing more than five million square feet of space, and an eight-story re-inforced concrete Service Building equipped with every modern convenience to handle merchandise, a cold-storage plant with 1,500,000 cubic feet of cold-storage space, a railroad with thirty miles of tracks, 8 steamship piers.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY

("Organized Common Sense")

Will Increase Your Earnings

ANOTHER MAN started even with you in life, no richer, no more talented, no more ambitious. But in the years that have passed he has somehow managed to move far ahead. What is the secret of it? Why should he, apparently, have the power to get so easily the things he wants while you must work so hard for all that comes to you?

Another woman, madam, no more able than yourself, has the good gifts of life fairly thrust into her hands. You have compared yourself to her and questioned what there is in her character and talents that you somehow lack.

The Scientists Can Tell You the Reason

It is no secret from them. Put in simple terms it is merely this: *Men and women succeed by using their hidden powers to the best advantage and by employing the minds of other men and women in their service.*

Human intelligence acts and reacts according to certain laws known as the laws of Psychology—"organized common sense." Either by instinct or by study some individuals master these laws. To them the minds of their associates become like fine instruments on which they can play at will. They have but to set the train of circumstances moving and await the result. In other words—they *apply Psychology*.

No Longer the Dream of Theorists

To-day we see Psychology studied by the business man and its principles applied to the management of factory and office. We see it adopted by military and naval authorities and used in appraising and developing men. We see it accepted by great universities as a basis for entrance examinations and a means for increasing mental caliber. We see men in every profession, as well as those in many lines of industry and business, applying Psychology to their personal occupations, and from the benefits derived from it greatly increasing their incomes, enlarging the scope of their activities, rising to higher positions of responsibility, influence and power.

The Direct Method to Win Spiritual and Material Success

Recognizing the need for a popular understanding of its priceless truths, an organization was founded by Mr. Warren Hilton some years ago to co-ordinate the principles of Psychology and apply them to every-day life—thus the Society of Applied Psychology came into being. Among the members of the Advisory Board who also contribute to the literature of the Society are such well-known men as Henry A. Buchtel, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor, University of Denver, former Governor of Colorado; Hudson Maxim, D. Sc., Inventor and Mechanical Engineer; George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D., Ph.D., Psychologist and Author; John Clausen, Vice-President Union National Bank, Seattle; Harry S. Tipper, Chairman, National Educational Committee, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and others.

Because of the very great value of the Society's Basic Course of Reading to the average man and woman, The Literary Digest is co-operating to bring it within the means of every earnest seeker for self-betterment.

"\$500 Would Not Tempt Me to Part With These Books!"

"I have always been under the impression that psychology was a 'dry-as-dust' study that required months and years of careful research, and you can imagine my surprise in reading the first three volumes of your course to learn how explicit and concise everything has been made. To me the perusal of these books is as much a pleasure as reading an interesting story, and the principles set forth are so easy to apply in every-day life. \$500 would not tempt me to part with the books."—C. A. Dornburg, Wholesale Furniture, Oakland, Calif.

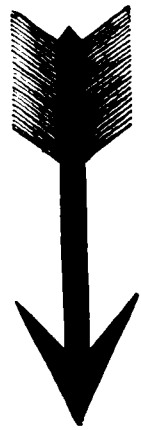
Only Practical Course of Reading in Psychology

W. E. Clarke, Wholesale Merchant, Owensboro, Ky., says: "For some years I have been interested

in the science of Psychology and have read works on that subject by McGosh, James, Munsterberg, Prince, Jastrow and others, and fascinating it was, too. I have also read and am now studying your Basic Course of Reading. It is, in my opinion, the only time that the problem as a practical, workable proposition has been approached from the right direction."

"Should be Introduced in Every Home"

Dr. S. P. Scamler, of Newcastle, Ky.: "These books should be introduced in every home. They explain Psychology in a concentrative form and in such easy language as to be understood by every one who knows how to read. Personally, I would not part with them for any money, as I can apply the scientific suggestions given to the greatest advantage in my every-day practice."



FREE

"HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR POWER OF ACHIEVEMENT"

A Booklet showing how Psychology has been reduced to easy, simple language; no college education necessary to understand and apply it—How you can greatly improve your present occupation or find a better one—Large rewards come from a knowledge of Psychology—The use of Psychology in the Army, the Navy, in civil life—How to apply Psychology in salesmanship; in public speaking; in retail selling; in the professions—Attainment of mind control—Source of will power—How to avoid worry—How ideas are created—Mental concentration—Five exercises for developing observation—How habits are formed and broken—Words that create desire—How to develop financial foresight—The ability to read men, etc. Sign and mail the coupon below, now, it does not obligate you in any way—no agent will call upon you.

THE LITERARY DIGEST,

354-360 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City

Please send me, by mail, the free booklet, "How to Develop Your Power of Achievement."

N. Suc. - 7-20

Name

Street Address

City

State



S. C. DOBBS
President and Advertising
Manager, Coca-Cola



A. C. LANG
Advertising Manager
Gold Dust



W. A. McDERMID
Advertising Manager
Mennen's Talcum
Powder



C. F. OHLIGER
Advertising Manager
Heinz 57 Varieties



J. L. JOHNSON
President and Advertising
Manager
Ivor Johnson & Sons

\$\$\$ GET INTO

Edward T. Page



Advertising Men make the largest salaries known to the business world. Trained men can practically name their own salaries—so important is this most Profitable and Fascinating Profession to the success of every business today. You can easily get into this great business of Advertising, and start soon at a good salary.

The Quickest and Surest Way to Make Money

A knowledge of Advertising will put you in touch with big men in whatever line you choose. Your ideas, your opinions will be asked—and your advice heeded!

Your work will appear before the public—its value is sure to be known! You cannot be held back into obscurity! There is no danger of not receiving the full value of your labors, and while you are making a success of the business, you are also making a reputation for yourself.

No other trade or profession inspires a man to success like this most Profitable and Fascinating Profession of Advertising, because you all the time realize that everybody sees and appreciates your labors.

We teach you in a short time the fundamental principles of Advertising that apply to all lines of business. We train you in their application to any particular business you desire. We prepare you to become an Advertising specialist—and all is done by correspondence.

The time required by you is no more than what you would ordinarily give to reading the daily papers, and you can put yourself into a position to secure from \$65.00 to \$75.00 a week to start with.

We Guarantee to Teach You in a Few Months

The business world is calling for Advertising Men as it never has before, and men who have been trained by the Page-Davis School have more confidence in their ability to make rapid advancement.

You must know the fundamental principles of Advertising to get ahead! You can learn them easily in a few months! Just a common school education is all you need!

Of all subjects, Advertising is possibly the only one which can be learned completely and efficiently by mail. The work is all done by writing, and your tools consist of merely pencil and paper. Your ideas are all put down in writing, and whatever is necessary for you to know, we can tell it to you more clearly in writing, than we could in the spoken word.



This shows an advertisement as the ad man finishes it; at the right as the public sees it.

Page-Davis Instructors are Experts

The Page-Davis School is the oldest institution of its kind in the world, and in twenty-five years of active service, more than 65,000 students, men and women, have profited from our instruction. Our letters of satisfaction from thousands of students refer to the thoroughness of our instruction, and the value of every principle that we have taught them. This kind of instruction can only be given by those who have years of experience and qualified themselves to be masters of the art!

Edward T. Page, who is Director of the School, was the first man who ever taught Advertising, and is a leader in Advertising thought of today. He gives every student his careful and thoughtful attention, necessary to successful instruction. Our staff includes such men as W. A. McDermid, Adv. Mgr. of Mennen's Talcum Powder Co.; P. W. Lennen, Vice-Pres. and Adv. Mgr. of the Royal Tailors; Louis A. Hodges, Leading Authority on Business Management and Industrial Engineering; C. V. Hodges, Authority on Selection of Mediums and an Adv. Lecturer of Reputation; C. H. Stoddard, of Munsey's Magazine; W. C. Powell, Adv. Mgr. of Mandel Bros. Dept. store, Chicago; R. N. McArthur, recognized authority on Typographical Display.

Durham-Duplex Blades

NOTHING like them for a cool, safe, satisfying shave. Made from the finest Swedish steel, untempered, flame-ground and sharpened to an extreme cutting edge. Lovers' long and double-edged to give you the greatest shaving pleasure. And guaranteed to give you absolute protection when shaving.

More than eight million men appreciate the luxury and economy of these wonderful, detachable, two-weight blades. You owe it to yourself to put them in your razor today.

Looked to and I have been using them for years. I have never used any other blades. They are the best I have ever used. I have never used any other blades. They are the best I have ever used.

Additional Blades and Razors for a Package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX

MADE IN SWEDEN

SHARP? Oh Boy!

DURHAM-DUPLEX

The Original PAGE-DAVIS
DEPARTMENT E-7

Advertising!

Advertising is a Most Fascinating Work

Advertising Men are so happy and prosperous that most people speak of Advertising as the "Advertising Game." Those in it never call it drudgery, they are in love with their work, and with all the fun of doing new things each day, comes the pay check that makes men in other lines look on in wonder! What other work offers so broad an opportunity? What other line can you enter that pays you so well? What other career can you take up so easily? Law,

Medicine, Engineering, all require years of preparation and study—a hard struggle before you actually enter the field. Even then you must fight to keep your position! The rewards, even at best, are far less than fairly good Advertising Men get in the beginning.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY GENERAL OFFICES, UNION STOCK YARDS CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Chicago, Ill., April 15, 1920

Four-Davis School
127 1/2 City Hall Square Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I have heard a great many favorable comments about the Page-Davis School and am entirely in accord with your method of teaching.

I know from experience that any young man who enrolls in your school, starts a life-long career, and in his work applies the fundamental advertising principles as taught by you, will have character that recognition of ability and deserved advancement will come very rapidly.

I have employed some writers who gained their advertising knowledge by correspondence -- and the satisfactory results obtained have convinced me that a good school, such as the Page-Davis, can successfully teach any intelligent young man the essential fundamentals of advertising, which form a solid foundation on which to build a successful career.

Very sincerely yours,

W. H. Alder
V.P. Advertising Copy Department
ARMOUR AND COMPANY

250/N

WM. DEMUTH & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
PIPES AND SMOKERS' ARTICLES
230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

NEW YORK April 15th, 1920.
PLEASE REFER TO

Page-Davis Correspondence School
1206 City Hall Square Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Page:

I don't know whether your records will indicate the fact that years ago I completed your course in Advertising, which I am proud to state was an immense benefit to me.

I do feel, however, that it is only fair and proper for me to send to you this expression of satisfaction of my part with I have for the assistance that your course gave me in years gone by -- and I want to say that in my opinion, any young man or young woman who completed the Page-Davis Advertising course in their life's preparation, will do no better than enroll with "The Page-Davis Correspondence School".

Samuel C. Wilson
SALES & ADVERTISING
MANAGER

ONE/CE

Strike While the Iron is Hot

Your opportunity is greatest right now. Never before were so many hundreds of millions of dollars spent in advertising. Never before were trained Page-Davis men in such demand. You want to make more money soon, you want to get into the profession of greatest money making opportunities. Send the coupon and get all the facts before you.

Just the coupon brings our complete book giving every detail of our course, telling of all the opportunities for advertising men today. Also our offer to instruct you in small monthly payments. Send return for our free book, "Increased Salaries and Promotion."

General Sales Promotion
National Publicity
Mail Order Advertising
Retail Advertising
Agricultural Advertising
Advertising Agency Work
Trade Paper Advertising
Circular Advertising

Advertising Art
Layouts and Arrangement
Typography and Printing
Publication Circulation
Merchandising Plans
Space Buying
Dealer Co-Operation

and any special line you may have in mind

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
PAGE BLDG., CHICAGO



WARD M. CANADAY
Advertising Manager
Overland Automobiles



A. C. MACE, JR.
Advertising Manager
National Biscuit Co.



DON FRANCISCO
Advertising Manager
Sunkist Oranges



G. R. WILSON
Advertising Manager
Demuth Pipes

Page-Davis Correspondence School of Advertising Department E-7, Page Building, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Send me your free descriptive book, "Increased Salaries and Promotion," and all about the Page-Davis course and the monthly payment plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

An Interview with the late

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Greatest of American Authors Told SUCCESS
How He Rose from Country Printer
to World Eminence

By JOHN WEBSTER



© Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

William Dean Howells, who passed away last month, at the age of 86 years, was one of the most remarkable figures in the world. For the past forty years, he was the brightest star in the literary firmament of America—a position of the greatest distinction which he had won by his natural abilities, the chiefest elements of which were his very keen knowledge of human nature and his rare gift to describe people as people really are. Permitted to choose between an education and work in his father's printing office, he took the latter and educated himself, at night, by candle light. His fame had spread all over the world and his genius was recognized by the sternest critics of literature. The following interview Mr. Howells granted to Success some time ago, but every word of it is as pertinent to-day as when it was uttered.—THE EDITORS.

I SHOULD like, Mr. Howells," said I, by way of opening my interview with the famous novelist, to learn your opinion concerning what constitutes success in life. You should have the American view?"

"Not necessarily," said the novelist, seating himself.

"Do you share the belief that everything is open to the beginner who has sufficient energy and perseverance?"

"Add brains, and I will agree," said Mr. Howells with a smile. "A young man stands at the 'parting of two ways,' and can take his path this way or that. It is comparatively easy then, with good judgment. Youth is certainly the greatest advantage which life supplies."

"You began to carve out your place in life under conditions very different from those of to-day?"

"Yes. I was born in a little southeastern Ohio village,—Martin's Ferry,—and, of course, I had but little of what people deem advantages in the way of schools, railroads, population, and so on. I am not sure, however, that compensation was not had in other things."

"Do you consider that you were specially talented in the direction of literary composition?"

"I should not say that. I think that I came of a reading race, which had always loved literature in a way. My inclination was to read."

"Would you say that, with a special leaning toward a special study, and good health, a fair start, and perseverance, anyone can attain to distinction?"

"I Began with a Lofty Ideal"

THAT is a probability, only. You may be sure that distinction will not come without those qualities. The only way to succeed, therefore, is to have them; though having them will not necessarily guarantee distinction. I can only say that I began with a lofty ideal, without saying

how closely I have held to it. My own youth was not specially marked by advantages. There were none, unless you can call a small bookcase full of books, which my home contained, an advantage. The printing office was my school from a very early date. My father thoroughly believed in it, and he had his belief as to work, which he illustrated as soon as we were old enough to learn the trade he followed. We could go to school and study, or we could go into the printing office and work, with perhaps an equal chance of learning; but we could not be idle."

"And you chose the printing office?"

"Not wholly. As I recall it, I went to and fro between the schoolhouse and the printing office. When I tired of one, I was promptly given my choice of the other."

"Then you began life in poverty?"

"I suppose that, as the world goes now, we were poor. My father's income was never above twelve hundred a year, and his family was large; but nobody was rich then. We lived in the simple fashion of that time and place."

"You found time to read?"

"My reading, somehow, went on pretty constantly. No doubt my love for it won me a chance to devote time to it."

"Might I ask how much time you devoted each day to your literary object?"

"The length varied with varying times. Sometimes I read but little. There were years of the work, of the over-work, indeed,—which falls to the lot of many, that I should be ashamed to speak of except in accounting for the fact. My father had sold his paper in Hamilton, and had bought an interest in another at Dayton, and at that time we were all straining our utmost to help pay for it."

"And that left you little time?"

"In that period very few hours were given to literature. My daily tasks began so early, and ended so late, that I had little time, even if I had the spirit for reading. Sometimes I had to sit up until midnight, waiting for telegraphic news, and be up again at dawn to deliver the papers, working afterward at the case; but that was only for a few years."

"When did you find time to seriously apply yourself to literature?"

Acquiring a Literary Style

I THINK I did so before I really had the time. Literary aspirations were stirred in me by the great authors whom I successively discovered, and I was perpetually imi-

If you suspect a man don't employ him; if you employ him don't suspect him

WANTED THIS YEAR

A grave dearth of story plots now confronts the motion picture industry. Producers will pay you well for any suitable story-ideas. Literary ability not a prime factor. Learn how you can write for the screen.

5000 New Story-Ideas for Motion Pictures

The above figure does not include material needed for religious, commercial and educational films.

SOMEWHERE in America this year, scores of new motion picture writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new photoplaywrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people with merely good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their plots laid out. Producers will pay them \$100 to \$500 each for clever comedies, and \$250 to \$2,000 each for five-reel dramatic

scripts. They will pay these prices because they must have stories. 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

The above is a statement of fact concerning the motion picture industry. If you have a story-idea as good as some you have seen produced, this opportunity is wide open to you.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are paying these prices constantly to people we have taught to write for the screen—people who never saw a motion picture studio.

In Two Short Years

It was a little over two years ago when the famine in story plots first became acute. Public taste changed. Play-goers began to demand real stories. Plenty of manuscripts were being submitted, but most were unsuitable. For writers did not know how to adapt their stories for the screen. Few could come to Los Angeles to learn. A plan for home study had to be devised.

Frederick Palmer (formerly staff writer of Keystone, Fox, Triangle and Universal), finally assembled a corps of experts who built a plan of study which new writers could master through correspondence.

The Palmer Course and service has now been indorsed in writing by practically every big star and producer. Back of the Palmer Plan, directing this work in developing new writers, is an advisory council composed of the biggest figures in the industry. It includes Cecil B. DeMille, Director-General of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thomas H. Ince, head of the Thomas H. Ince Studios; Lois Weber, America's greatest woman producer and director; Rob Wagner, well known motion picture writer for the Saturday Evening Post.

In two short years we have developed dozens of new writers. We are proud of the records they have made, and we prefer to let them speak for us.

A Co-operative Plan—Not a Tedious Course

Our business is to take people who have ideas for stories and teach them to construct them in a way that meets a motion picture producer's requirements. We furnish you the Palmer Handbook with cross references to three stories already successfully produced. The scenarios come to you exactly as used by the directors. Also a glossary of studio terms and phrases, such as "Iris," "Lap Dissolve," etc. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Our Advisory Service Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for one year. Criticisms come only from men experienced in studio staff writing.

Special Contributors

Twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry have contributed special printed lectures covering every phase of photoplay plot construction. Among these special contributors include: Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanie MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col.

Advisory Council



Cecil B. DeMille
Director-General,
Famous Players-
Lasky Corp.



Thomas H. Ince
of the Studio that
bears his name



Lois Weber
America's greatest
woman producer
and director



Rob Wagner
motion picture
writer, Saturday
Evening Post

Leper-Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, box scenario editor; George Behan, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co.; Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc., etc.

Our Marketing Bureau is headed by Mrs. Kate C. Carey, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dill. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs, so that when our members so desire, we submit their stories in person for them. Thus we not only train you to write, we help you to sell your story-ideas.

\$3,000 for One Story Plot

Our members come from all walks of life—mothers with children to support, school teachers, clerks, newspaper contributors, business men, successful fiction writers. In short, we have proven that anyone with an average imagination and story ideas can write successful photoplays and become rich.

One student, G. Lora Clarke, formerly a university student's first photoplay story for \$3,000. The recent success of "His Fairbanks," "His Majesty the American," and the play "The Sparks," in which J. Warren Kerrigan lately starred, are both written by Palmer students. Many students now hold star positions, four in one studio alone.

We have prepared a book, "The Secret of the Studio Staff Play Writing," which will inform you of the Palmer Course and service in greater detail. If you desire to learn the unusual opportunity in this new field of art, your copy of this book will be mailed to you free.

At Least Investigate

For there is one peculiar thing to consider in the Palmer Plan. One single successful effort immediately repays you for your work. Not all our members begin to sell photoplays at once—naturally. But most of them do begin to show results within a few months. And the big majority are already wealthy folk. They are people who have simply made up their minds to make money out of story-ideas they have in the back of their heads, and incidentally, perhaps, to gain some reputation.

The way is open. Producers are making every effort to encourage new writers. The demand is growing greater every day, and the opportunity is rich in its rewards because it is young. If seriously interested, mail the coupon.

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Department of Education

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tating the writings of these,—modeling some composition of my own after theirs, but never willing to own it."

"Do you attribute your style to the composite influence of these various models?"

"No doubt they had their effect, as a whole, but individually I was freed from the last by each succeeding author, until at length I came to understand that I must be like myself, and no other."

"Had you any conveniences for literary research, beyond the bookcase in your home?"

"If you mean a place to work, I had a narrow, little space, under the stairs at home. There was a desk pushed back against the wall, which the irregular ceiling sloped down to meet, behind it, and at my left was a window, which gave a good light on the writing leaf of my desk. This was my workshop for six or seven years,—and it was not at all a bad one. It seemed, for a while, so very simple and easy to come home in the middle of the afternoon, when my task at the printing office was done, and sit down to my books in my little study, which I did not finally leave until the family were all in bed. My father had a decided bent in the direction of literature; and, when I began to show a liking for literature, he was eager to direct my choice. This finally changed to merely recommending books, and eventually I was left to my own judgment,—a perplexed and sorrowful mistaken judgment at times."

"In what manner did you manage to read the works of all your favorite authors?"

"Well, my hours in the printing office began at seven and ended at six, with an hour at noon for dinner, which I used for putting down such verses as had come to me in the morning. As soon as supper was over, I got out my manuscripts, and sawed, and filed, and hammered away at my blessed poems, which were little less than imitations, until nine, when I went regularly to bed, to rise again at five. Sometimes the foreman gave me an afternoon off on Saturday, which I devoted to literature."

"Might I ask concerning your next advance in your chosen work?"

"Certainly. As I recall it, my father had got one of those legislative clerkships, in 1858, which used to fall sometimes to deserving country editors, and together we managed and carried out a scheme for corresponding with some city papers. Going to Columbus, the state capital, we furnished a daily letter giving an account of the legislative proceedings, which I mainly wrote from the material he helped me to gather. The letters found favor, and my father withdrew from the work wholly."

"How long were you a correspondent?"

His Poems Always Were Rejected

"TWO years. At the end of the first winter, a Cincinnati paper offered me the city editorship, but one night's round with the reporters at the police station satisfied me that I was not meant for that kind of work. I then returned home for the summer, and spent my time in reading, and in sending off poems, which regularly came back. I worked in my father's printing office, of course; but, as soon as my task was done, went home to my books, and worked away at them until supper. Then a German bookbinder, with whom I was endeavoring to read Heine in the original, met me in my father's editorial room, and with a couple of candles on the table between us, and our Heine and the dictionary before us, we read until we were both tired out."

"Did you find it labor?"

"I fancy that reading is not

*THE greatest dividend in
human life is happiness*

merely a pastime, when it is apparently the merest pastime. It fatigues one after the manner of other work, and uses up a certain amount of mind-stuff; and I have found that, if you are using up all the mind-stuff you have, much or little, in some other way, you do

not read, because you have not the mind-stuff for it. You cannot say more of any other form of work."

"Then it might be said that you worked at separate and equally difficult tasks, constantly?"

"Perhaps not equally difficult, but, certainly, constantly."

"Rather a severe schooling to give one's self, don't you think it?"

Mr. Howells smiled. "It was not without its immediate use. I learned how to choose between words, after a study of their fitness; and, though I often employed them decoratively, and with no vital sense of their qualities, still, in mere decoration, they had to be chosen intelligently, and after some thought about their structure and meaning. I would not imitate great writers without imitating their method, which was to the last degree intelligent. They knew what they were doing, and, although I did not always know what I was doing, they made me wish to know, and ashamed of not knowing. The result was beneficial."

"It is very evident that you recovered your health, in spite of your toil?"

His First Editorial Position

"OH, yes. I got back health enough to be of use in the printing office at home, and was quietly at work there, when, to my astonishment, I was asked to come and take a place upon a Republican newspaper at the capital. I was given charge of the news department. This included the literary notices and the book reviews, and I am afraid that I at once gave my prime attention to these."

"When did you begin to contribute to the literature of the day?"

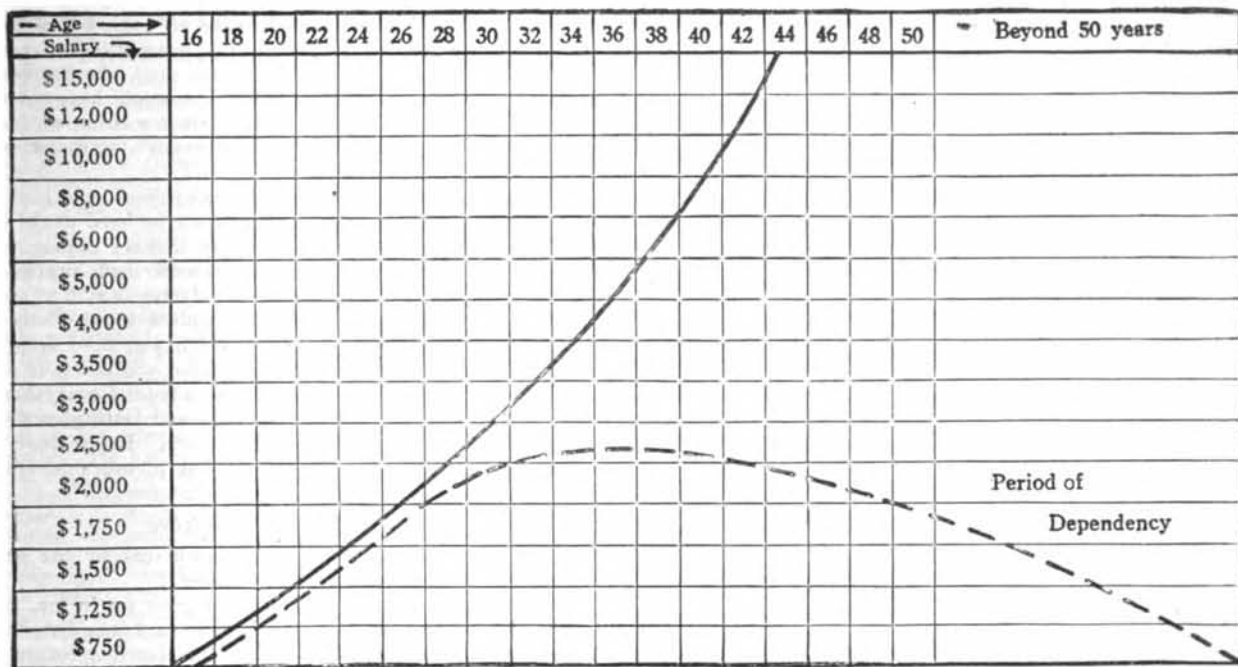
"If you mean, when did I begin to attempt to contribute, I should need to fix an early date, for I early had experience with rejected manuscripts. One of my pieces, which fell so far short of my visions of the immense subjects I should handle as to treat of the lowly and familiar theme of spring, was the first thing I ever had in print. My father offered it to the editor of the paper I worked on in Columbus, where we were then living, and I first knew what he had done when, with mingled shame and pride, I saw it in the journal. In the tumult of my emotions, I promised myself that if ever I got through that experience safely, I would never suffer anything else of mine to be published; but it was not long before I offered the editor a poem myself."

"When did you publish your first story?"

"My next venture was a story in the *Ik Marvel* manner, which it was my misfortune to carry into print. I did not really write it, but composed it, rather, in type, at the case. It was not altogether imitated from *Ik Marvel*, for I drew upon the easier art of Dickens, at times, and helped myself out in places with bald parodies of "*Bleak House*." It was all very well at the beginning, but I had not reckoned with the future sufficiently to start with any clear ending in my mind; and, as I went on, I began to find myself more

and more in doubt about it. My material gave out; my incidents failed me; the characters wavered, and threatened to perish in my hands. To crown my misery, there grew up an impatience with the story among its readers; and this found its way to me one day, when I overheard an old farmer, who

*A MAN is a slave until
he thinks, and then he
is a master*



Which Is Your Curve?

TAKE the chart above—go back to the time when you quit school and took your first job—trace in your line on the chart up to the present time. Compare your progress with your ambition. Have you accomplished as much as you should have accomplished? Are you a broken curve man or a heavy curve man? Have you been in a rut or has your advancement been gradual and steady? Be honest with yourself! Are you headed upward toward the executive class—or—are you headed downward on the broken curve toward dependency?

Of the 110,000,000 people in the United States, there is less than one-half of one percent who can claim the heavy, upward-sweeping curve—who are earning \$5,000 a year or more. Is it any wonder men capable of earning big salaries are sought while others must seek jobs?

This chart, compiled, plotted and graphed from authoritative statistics, shows more vividly than words how hopelessly outdistanced is the untrained man all thru life.

The broken curve represents the progress of a man who quits school early in life, takes the first job offered, and makes no effort to improve his education and training along special lines. Youth and physical energy bring fair progress until he is 25 or 26 years of age—then, he hits an almost straight line that shows no increase in salary for 15 or 20 years. At 40 or 42 he starts to go down—finally he slides off into the area of dependency.

Only four percent of the men who are 45 years of age—in the very prime of life—have accumulated anything at all. The other 96 per cent have never earned enough to enable them to get one dollar ahead in the game of life.

Now—contrast the record of the broken curve man with that of the heavy curve man—the man who realized the value of education and training. At 30 the heavy curve man has reached a salary of \$3,000 a year. By the time he is 35, he has climbed up into the \$5,000 a year class—up among the one-half of one percent, crowd—and is still going up.

Look at the chart again! Note how rapidly the distance increases between the two men after they are 30. What does this rapidly widening gap mean? It means that every year's delay on the part of the broken curve man the distance between the two men doubles, triples, and still increases until, at 40, the broken curve man has many salary squares to climb before he can reach the heavy curve man.

That is just what is happening to thousands of men

every day. They are in a race for promotion, advancement and success. But—they lack courage and tenacity—they sit down at the start—others get far ahead of them—then—at the end of 5 or 10 years they wake up to the fact that they have been outdistanced—that they are hopelessly behind.

Every man can be a heavy curve man. He can move upward and forward. Once he has demonstrated his ability and gotten into the executive class, the road becomes easier and his curve will continue to go up. The parting of the ways for the broken curve man comes when he reaches a point beyond which his knowledge and training will not carry him.

Up to that point he is on nearly equal terms with the heavy curve man—the man who is continually preparing himself for further advancement. Then is the time for him to grasp the opportunities offered by one of the thirteen LaSalle home-study training courses in specialized business subjects. Then is the time for him to swing his curve into a heavy upward trend.

Every executive must have special knowledge and training in order to fill his position successfully. He must know what to do, when to do it, and why it should be done. His opinions must be based on actual knowledge and training, and his decisions dictated by his knowledge of the experience of successful business men who have found by actual practice what are the methods to use under every condition of business to insure the best results.

This specialized training you can now secure without interference with your present position. The LaSalle Extension University offers you a choice of thirteen courses of home-study training in highly specialized business subjects. If you are an ambitious man—if you want to succeed—if you want to increase your salary by making your services of greater value—you can do so by spending one hour or more each evening in pleasant, fascinating study and training at home.

You need not wait until you have completed your course before commencing to "cash in" on your training. From the very first day you will begin to develop into a bigger and a better man. You will feel yourself

growing daily in self-confidence, courage, knowledge, ability and power. Instead of being afraid to grasp opportunity when it is offered for fear of failure, you will grasp every opportunity with the certain knowledge and confidence that you are able to take fullest advantage of it.

During your training under the LaSalle extension method, you will have the advantage of the LaSalle "Problem Method" by which you will solve actual problems taken from modern business. Your solutions of these problems will be criticized and your training and preparation guided by a staff of over 450 business experts, law specialists, expert accountants, trained correspondents, experienced bankers, traffic experts, executives, and educators. Thus, you will learn by actual experience how to work out business problems and how to arrive at the decisions required in the position you expect to fill.

More than 215,000 ambitious men have already been helped to promotion, increased salaries and business success by LaSalle training.

More than 50,000 men are now being trained annually by LaSalle. No matter what your present work may be—if you have ambition to climb higher in some chosen field of business—if you are willing to spend one hour or more each day in home-study training to prepare yourself for advancement—LaSalle can help you to realize your ambition in the shortest time consistent and by the shortest route.

Check in the coupon the course which especially appeals to you as preparing for the field in which you are ambitious to succeed. Send for full information regarding it. Find out how that particular course has helped many other ambitious men to become heavy curve men. Get a copy of our helpful book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have gained in one year promotion which men without this training have not realized in ten. Make your start today.

The upward curve man is always a man of action! Send the coupon now!

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came in for his paper, say that he 'did not think that story amounted to much.' I did not think so, either, but it was deadly to have it put into words; and how I escaped the mortal effect of the stroke I do not know. Somehow, I managed to bring the wretched thing to a close, and to live it slowly down."

An Experience in Collaboration

"MY next contribution to literature was jointly with John J. Piatt, the poet, who had worked with me as a boy in the printing office at Columbus. We met in Columbus, where I was then an editor, and we made our first literary venture together in a volume entitled, 'Poems of Two Friends.' The volume became instantly and lastingly unknown to fame; the west waited, as it always does, to hear what the east should say. The east said nothing, and two-thirds of the small edition of five hundred copies came back upon the publisher's hands. This did not deter me, however, from contributing to the periodicals, which, from time to time, accepted my efforts."

"Did you remain long, as an editor, in Columbus?"

"No; only until 1861, when I was appointed consul at Venice. I really wanted to go to Germany, that I might carry forward my studies in German literature; and I first applied for the consulate at Munich. The powers at Washington thought it quite the same thing to offer me Rome, but I found that the income of the Roman consulate would not give me a living, and I was forced to decline it. Then the president's private secretaries, Mr. John Nicolay and Mr. John Hay, who did not know me, except as a young westerner who had written poems in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' asked me how I would like Venice, promising that the salary would be put up to \$1,000 a year. It was really put up to \$1,500, and I accepted. I had four years of nearly uninterrupted leisure at Venice."

"Was it easier when you returned from Venice?"

"Not at all. On my return to America my literary life took such form that most of my reading was done for review. I wrote at first a good many of the lighter criticisms in 'The Nation,' and then I went to Boston, to become assistant editor of 'The Atlantic Monthly,' where I wrote the literary notices for that periodical for four or five years."

"You were eventually editor of the 'Atlantic,' were you not?"

"Yes, until 1881; and I have had some sort of close relation with magazines ever since."

"Would you say that all literary success is very difficult to achieve?" I ventured.

"All that is enduring."

"It seems to me ours is an age when fame comes quickly."

"Speaking of quickly made reputations," said Mr. Howells, meditatively, did you ever hear of Alexander Smith? He was a poet who, in the fifties, was proclaimed immortal by the critics, and ranked with Shakespeare. I myself read him with an ecstasy which, when I look over his work to-day, seems ridiculous. His poem, 'Life-Drama,' was heralded as an epic, and set alongside of

'Paradise Lost.' I cannot tell how we all came out of this craze, but the reading world is very susceptible of such lunacies. He is not the only third-rate poet who has been thus apotheosized, before and since. You might have envied his great success, as I certainly did; but it was not success, after all; and I am sure that real success is always difficult to achieve."

"Do you believe that success comes to those who have a special bent or taste, which they cultivate by hard work?"

"I can only answer that out of my literary experience. For my own part, I believe I have never got any good from a book that I did not read merely because I wanted to read it. I think this may be applied to anything a person does. The book, I know, which you read from a sense of duty, or because for any reason you must, is apt to yield you little. This, I think, is also true of everything, and the endeavor that does one good,—and lasting good,—is the endeavor one makes with pleasure. Labor done in another spirit will serve in a way, but pleasurable labor brings, on the whole, I think, the greatest reward."

The Rewards of Literature

"YOU were probably strongly fascinated by the supposed rewards of a literary career?"

"Yes. A definite literary ambition grew up in me, and in the long reveries of the afternoon, when I was distributing my case in the printing office, I fashioned a future of overpowering magnificence and undying celebrity. I should be ashamed to say what literary triumphs I achieved in those preposterous deliriums. But I realize now that such dreams are nerving, and sustain one in an otherwise barren struggle."

"Were you ever tempted and willing to abandon your object of a literary life for something else?"

"I was once. My first and only essay, aside from literature, was in the realm of law. It was arranged with a United States senator that I should study law in his office. I tried it a month, but almost from the first day, I yearned to return to my books. I had not only to go back to literature, but to the printing office, and I gladly chose to do it,—a step I never regretted."

"You started out to attain personal distinction and happiness, did you not?"

"I did."

What True Happiness Is

"YOU have attained the first,—but I should like to know if your view of what constitutes happiness is the same as when you began?"

"It is quite different. I have come to see life, not as the chase of a forever-impossible personal happiness, but as a field for endeavor toward the happiness of the whole human family. There is no other success."

"I know, indeed, of nothing more subtly satisfying and cheering than a knowledge of the real good will and appreciation of others. Such happiness does not come with money, nor does it flow from a fine physical state. It cannot be bought. But it is the keenest joy, after all, and the toiler's truest and best reward."

EVERYWHERE we go there are a thousand things to develop the best there is in us. Every sunset, landscape, mountain, hill and tree has secrets of charm and beauty waiting for us to discover. In every patch of meadow or waving field of wheat, in every leaf and blossom, the trained eye will see beauty which would ravish an angel. The cultured ear will find harmony in the forest and field, melody in wind and stream, and untold pleasure in all nature's songs. It is astonishing how much beauty we can see everywhere when look for it.

Head of the Highest Tribunal

(Continued from page 24)

veterans, private soldiers at the time of the Civil War, had much to say to each other in regard to their war experiences, and they formed a friendship which has continued without interruption as they have journeyed beyond the allotted three score and ten.

A Recluse with Many Friends

CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE made many friends in his younger days, and, so long as he remained in politics was what, in these days, we call a "good mixer," but twenty-five years on the bench of the Supreme Court, naturally, has made him something of a recluse. He has withdrawn more and more from activities outside of his official duties. He has been as prominent socially as his position requires and has a choice acquaintance with the best men and the best people in Washington. His vacations, during the summer recess of the court, are generally spent in New England or at some quiet mountain resort. His recreation consists almost entirely of long walks which he takes alone a good part of the time and meditates on questions that are constantly confronting him; or perhaps he welcomes some companion on these strolls and, together, they discuss various problems of government and the big legal questions that are constantly coming before the court.

After he had passed his middle age, romance came into his life. He married a second time—a most charming lady, who, also, had been married before. The Chief Justice and Mrs. White have a delightful home in the center of the residential section of Washington. They live the ideal life of people who have more than fulfilled a great destiny in the world.

Chief Justice White has reached the heights and limits of every ambition which possessed him. He never had the disquieting presidential bee buzzing about his ears, for he realized long ago that it is not likely that a political party would seek a Confederate soldier and a member of the Catholic Church as a candidate for President of the United States; and that if he had been the choice, he would have selected the position he now holds instead of that of Chief Magistrate of the nation. There have been many men of the Supreme bench who have been candidates for President, there have been Chief Justices who wanted to be President, but it is safe to say that no such ambition has ever haunted the mind of Chief Justice White.

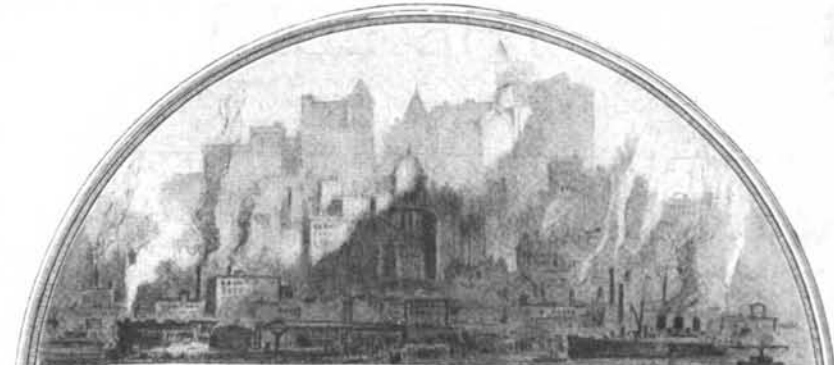
CORK USED BY ANCIENTS

CORK, the soft, elastic bark of a kind of oak which grows in South America, France, Italy, Spain, and in the greatest perfection in Portugal, was known to the ancients. The Roman fishermen are described by Pliny as using floats of cork to support their fishing nets. Cork was also used by Romans in building buoys for rivers and in facilitating swimming.

History records that the soldiers whom Camillus sent to Rome when it was besieged by the Gauls put on a light dress with cork under it, and when they arrived at the River Tiber they bound their clothes upon their heads, placed the cork under their arms, and so swam across. The Roman sandal-makers used cork for soles, sometimes applying it very thick to increase the stature of those ladies who wished to be thought taller than they really were.

★ ★ ★
"The king is the man who can."

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Opportunities in Accountancy

Business needs more accountants. In a single recent issue of one daily newspaper there were 58 advertisements for accountants.

The Journal of Accountancy, official organ of the American Institute of Accountants, says in an editorial: "The accounting profession is probably the best paid in the world. If there be a profession in which the average compensation is higher it is not known to us."

Take advantage of the growing demand for men in this work. Prepare as an accountant. Before your preparation find out about the reputation of the school you choose.

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After careful investigation of all courses in Accountancy, the accounting executives of large corporations such as the New Jersey Zinc Company of New York, the Standard Oil Company of California and the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company of Ohio, chose the Walton courses for their accounting department employees.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS, Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice

THE WAY OUT

NO matter what predicament you may be in, my friend, there is always a way out, and the way out is the square way, the way of principle. "When in doubt, tell the truth," said Mark Twain. Whenever you are in a hard place, or in any place for that matter, always stick to what is right, to what is true, to principle. Be open and above board and you will make no mistake.

The reputation of being beyond price, of being unshaken by any selfish motive; the reputation of always, everywhere, under all circumstances telling the truth—not pretty nearly, but the exact truth—apart altogether from principle, is worth a thousand times more to one than any temporary gain from deceit.



THE EXCEPTIONAL EMPLOYEE

EVERY exceptional employee is a prize. Wherever superiority crops out or excellence shows itself, an employer very quickly finds it out. He is always watching for earmarks of unusual ability, for signs of superiority. The up-to-date employer is like a miner; he is always hunting for gold nuggets.

He knows whether you are shirking, cutting your hours, hiding away at every opportunity, wasting his time, watching the clock, indifferent to his interest, or whether you are always *dead in earnest*, on the alert, trying to do everything you can to make his business a success.

Do not think that your efforts and excellence will be unnoticed or underrated. Your promotion may be delayed, but it is certain, if you are made of the right stuff. Even if your employer should not recognize your superiority, somebody else will. Your associates will spread abroad your good points as well as your bad ones. If you are cultivated, if you have developed your powers of observation, if you are learning to see things, if you are trying to make a friend of every customer, you are storing up business capital for yourself later.



EXPECT THE BEST

THE habit of expecting the best would revolutionize the world if everybody adopted it. The trouble with most of us is we do not expect the best. We do not expect to be happy, but we expect to be unhappy, discontented, miserable. We do not expect to be well; we think there is something the matter with us physically, or that we are predisposed to some disease. We do not believe that we are very strong or vigorous. We think we must be very careful of ourselves, keep out of drafts, and from getting our feet wet; that we must have plenty of sleep or we will suffer seriously; that we must eat certain foods or we will be the victims of dyspepsia or indigestion.

It is the rule of life that we get the results we expect, and because we expect them. Expecting to be happy; expecting to be successful; expecting to win out in your undertaking; expecting the best things to come to you; expecting good luck instead of ill luck; expecting harmony instead of discord and trouble; expecting to make friends wherever we go; expecting to be thought well of, to stand for something in our community—this is to establish relations with the things we expect, to attract them, to bring them to us.

I KNOW people who always expect hard luck,—expect things to go against them. They say they have always been unlucky, that fate seems against them, they are always just too late for the things they are seeking. The ferry boat or train is always just pulling out as they get there, the bargains gone or the position filled when they arrive! These people go through life ill-timed; but they do not realize that the fault lies with themselves, in their mind, not in the things they rail against.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS

WHAT is it not worth, my friend, to make a favorable impression on the people with whom you come in contact? That is the secret of the merchant's and the manufacturer's success. That is how great fortunes have been built up—making a good impression on the customer.

What sort of an impression do you, who are salesmen, leave upon the purchaser's mind? Do you humor him while he is buying? He may have lots of things troubling him that you know nothing about. Treat him kindly. Are you the shock-absorber for the jolts, the jars, the bumps of your business? Don't let the customer feel the bumps. Take him over them gently, no matter how cross, crabbed, or disagreeable he may be.



ARE YOU FOLLOWING YOUR STAR?

ARE you following your star? That is, are you following your ideal? Every normal life has an ideal—a star of destiny—call it what we will. No man ever arrives to true greatness who does not follow his star—which he has never seen and never will see—the ideal, which leads us to the maximum of our ability.

We may say what we will about being ruined by conviction, by some star of destiny, but it made Napoleon attempt the impossible. He never could have taken his army over the Alps in midwinter but for his belief in his ideal.

He was so convinced that he was made to do a certain work that he had no fear of death. He was convinced that nothing could keep him from what the fates had decreed for him. He used to say, when cautioned to keep from the front of battle, that the bullet had never been molded or the bayonet shaped that could kill him, that he was a child of Destiny. Without this conviction he would only have been an ordinary man.

Without her conviction, Joan of Arc could have been no more than an ordinary soldier among many thousands; but, with her conviction, she led her army to victory.



DISPATCH AS AN ASSET

THE man who has an alert mind and who can do things quickly and efficiently is in demand everywhere. The habit of alertness is an invaluable asset, because the

whole mind improves under quick action, firm judgment, and decision. It is a great increaser of initiative. The employee who can do a thing quickly and thoroughly, and get it out of the way, will develop a vigorous initiative. There is no quality which an employer appreciates more than initiative.



PSYCHOLOGY AS A STIMULANT

YOU who have been depending upon coffee, tea, or drugs for a stimulant just watch your mood very carefully the next time you attend a baseball game, especially when the teams that have been playing all summer engage in their final championship games. How alert you are mentally! How stimulated, how fine you feel! You don't need any sort of stimulant now!

Play is a great stimulant. Doing the thing we love to do is a perpetual stimulant and leaves no unhealthy reaction. How happy, how exhilarated children are when at play. Their imaginations are at work; their little minds are expressing themselves.

Psychology is infinitely better than any of the artificial stimulants. We can think ourselves into prime condition with a little knowledge of mental chemistry. How quickly we can overcome fatigue! An exciting game of baseball or football will drive away the worst fatigue we have ever experienced. We entirely forget ourselves if we are interested in a game. A similar thing is true of a good theatrical play, a good book, or a worthwhile moving-picture. We are just beginning to realize what a wonderful stimulus we have in our own minds—what a fatigue killer, a worry dispeller, a fear destroyer.



EACH DAY A MASTERPIECE

EVERY morning, before you begin your work, hold in your mind the picture and register the vow of masterfulness. Let that one ideal, remain in your mind all through the day. Think masterfulness, radiate masterfulness, express it in your every act, do everything to a complete finish. Do not allow yourself to dawdle, to waver in your decision, or permit yourself to do fool things during the day. Use levelheadedness, good judgment in every act. Go about your work with the consciousness of your masterfulness, holding the ideal of your superiority, your efficiency, your ability to reach the heights of excellence. You must not do this in a boastful, disagreeable way; but just show everybody about you that you believe in yourself, that you are dead in earnest, that you mean business. Let these things stand out so plainly in everything about you that no one can mistake your goal.

Make the impression upon everybody who comes in contact with you that you are always bettering your best, that you are always climbing, trying to get a little higher up, trying to improve yourself, trying to grow every day of your life.

Let everything that comes to you feed your ambition. Resolve every morning that you will make a red-letter day of that day, for if you are going to make your whole life a masterpiece each day must be a masterpiece.

How Ralston Became a Partner

(Continued from page 28)

had no sense of elation. He turned over the orders to the entry clerk and then began to get out his mail.

Beckman said nothing but a brief good night when he left at half-past six, and Fred was still at the desk opposite. "I wonder," Beckman thought to himself, "whether I've done a very foolish or a very sensible thing. Well, it will be an interesting experiment, and we'll soon see the answer."

GRADUALLY it began to be noised about that Fred Ralston had been admitted to the firm of Beckman & Co. "Hear you're getting on splendidly, my boy," Tom Wilson's father said to him. Wilson was a bank director and president of the Manufacturers' Club. "By the way, Fred," Wilson went on, "why don't you place your account in my bank? We like to have live young business men of the town with us."

Fred had managed to murmur something in reply but as he walked up the street his cheeks burned. "Old Wilson would laugh his head off if he knew what my bank balance is!" he muttered to himself. But that very remark caused something fierce to surge up within him. He didn't mean to be a joke—a dummy partner—just George Beckman's son-in-law. He determined to have a bank account of a size that Wilson would welcome.

Beckman continued to be reserved in his attitude toward Ralston and gave him an absolutely free hand in the conduct of the business. Sales increased—it gave indications of being an excellent year—and Beckman was pleased at the large number of new accounts on the books. Fred had joined the Manufacturers' Club, but there were no more week-end parties. He was among the first down and invariably the last to leave. The old Fred seemed a being of the past.

One night, when Beckman was leaving, he thought his junior partner was showing the strain of his efforts. "Better run away for a couple of days, Fred," he suggested. "You've been going pretty strong of late, and making good doesn't consist in making a wreck of yourself."

"Can't get away now—and don't want to!" Fred snapped back at him. Then realizing that his manner had been abrupt, he arose and walked over to the elder man.

"I'm not going to take a holiday until Alice and I go on our honeymoon," he said quietly and seriously. "And we're not going on our honeymoon until I can afford an extensive trip and a well-appointed home when we return. I don't intend to work myself to death or slave all my life; but I'm going to show this town—and you—what there is in me!"

"You don't have to show me what's in you," Beckman laughed. "What you are showing me is how to get it out of you. I knew I couldn't do it for you—you had to find the combination yourself."

"No," said Fred, "you showed me the

combination when you hooked up my name with yours on the door."

"I didn't think you wanted it—you didn't act that way at first," said Beckman.

"Of course I wanted it, but not badly enough to go get it," Fred confessed. "I was satisfied to take things easy and have a good time. I'd never in the world have taken the trouble to earn a partnership. But when you put my name on the door—you put it up to me. Then I couldn't fall down—my pride wouldn't let me do it. I sort of felt that you'd put me on my honor and that I had to make good whether I wanted to or not."

"I knew that, my boy," said Beckman. "I don't know but what my experiment would have been a dangerous one to try on some men. But I knew that you were the type of man who would work his fingers off to repay what he considered an indebtedness and an obligation. I believed in you."

"It's a case of one having success thrust upon him!" Fred laughed.

"No," said Beckman quietly. "It was like a kid learning to swim. I threw you into the whirlpool of success and you had to swim or sink. You're just like a man I once knew, who needed a hundred dollars badly. He had ability but no application. He simply wouldn't go out and hustle for it. He tried to borrow it and everyone turned him down—that is, everyone but me. I loaned it to him. He paid it back in six months because he regarded it as a debt of honor; but he'd never have earned it for himself in a million years."

FRED was thoughtful for a moment. "But you've made me like work," he said musing.

"No, I haven't," Beckman told him. "You've made yourself like it. Doing things and getting on is the most fascinating pastime on earth. But, maybe, with some people it's akin to liking olives—a cultivated taste. I tempted you to take a taste of work and accomplishment—and now —" He paused and laughed as he placed both hands on the younger man's shoulders.

"Fred," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "think what a man misses who is never able to look in the mirror and say to himself, 'I've done it.' It doesn't make any difference whether the phrase means you've made an extra ten dollars or whittled a top for some kid. It's the simple satisfaction of knowing that you won out!"

"I guess you're right," Ralston said, "but I'd never have done it if it hadn't been for you and Alice."

"You're wrong," Beckman told him. "You wouldn't do it for Alice, and she was almost ready to give you up. You wouldn't do it for me—I'd offered you the chance. But I just sort of hated to see you make a failure of yourself when I know you could be a useful man. So I insulted you—put you on your mettle—put a spur to your pride—and—you did the rest."



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FACTS ABOUT THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

THE Capitol at Washington, D. C., fronts east, and stands on a plateau eighty-eight feet above the level of the Potomac. The entire length of the building from north to south is 751 feet, 4 inches, and its greatest dimension from east to west 350 feet. The area covered by the building is 153,112 square feet.

The dome of the original central building was constructed of wood, covered with copper. This was replaced in 1856 by the present structure of cast iron. It was completed in 1865. The entire weight of iron used is 8,909,200 pounds.

The dome is crowned by a bronze statue of Freedom, which is nineteen feet six inches high and weighs 14,985 pounds. The height of the dome above the base line of the east front is 287 feet, 5 inches. The height from the top of the balustrade of the building is 217 feet, 11 inches. The greatest diameter at the base is 135 feet, 5 inches.

The southeast corner-stone of the original building was laid September 18, 1793, by President Washington with Masonic ceremonies. The corner-stone of the extensions was laid July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore.



How Right or Wrong Thinking Measures Your Income

Hidden within you are latent powers greater than you ever dreamed you had. Let Orison Swett Marden tell you how right or wrong thinking brings out these powers to their fullest possible extent—how to make your mind a force that will make your income and your influence all you ever wished



RIGHT or wrong thinking not only measures your income but measures your influence wherever you go and in whatever you do. Dr. Marden is the man who has set thousands of people on the route to successful thinking, constructive thinking. Let him reveal the amazing capacities you possess. Let him make your mind a veritable dynamo of successful, straightforward thinking that wins for you the things you want and the success you aim for.

Many a man who thought he possessed only mediocre abilities has discovered wonderful new powers within himself after reading Dr. Marden's suggestions. Some of the things that his writings have done would almost seem beyond belief were it not for the positive proof in thousands of letters telling of actual experiences. Men who otherwise might have spent the rest of their lives as plodders have suddenly been transformed into veritable dynamos of energy and success.

"Dr. Marden's writings have proved the turning point in my career, enabling me to secure a fine position and an interest in a retail business doing upward of \$200,000 a year," writes Leonard A. Paris, of Muncie, Ind. This is only one of the more than 75,000 letters written to Dr. Marden in acknowledgment of his marvelous stimulation. Nearly 2,000,000 of his books have been sold—translated into some 20 foreign languages. Charles M. Schwab, Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Northcliffe, Hudson Maxim, John Wanamaker, Luther Burbank, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and many other great people have written him letters of gratitude.

No matter how satisfied with present conditions you may be or how struggling or discouraged—Dr. Marden will inspire you with new energy, new courage, new powers. And right now, in the prime of his life-time experience, Dr. Marden has again given the world another great work.

"The Victorious Attitude"

This new book vibrates from cover to cover with magnetic truths. It awakens you to the slumbering powers you unconsciously possess. It tells in irresistible style just what the Victorious Attitude is and how you can get it. What a grasp your mind would have if you could always maintain this Victorious Attitude towards everything! How it would enable you to surmount all barriers, master all difficulties, sweep aside all restrictions, and hasten your triumphant success! Radiate a hopeful, expectant, cheerful, confident attitude! Accept the plain great truths Dr. Marden describes so clearly in "The Victorious Attitude" and you will find it easy to reach the pinnacle of your desires.

Dr. Marden has a wonderful way of making you think right. He stirs up new hope and new ambitions. He seems to arouse every unused cell in your brain and sets them all functioning toward great success. The Victorious Attitude which Dr. Marden shows you how to win is the greatest force for success and accomplishment that anyone can possess.

Great Secrets Revealed

Learn the mysterious power, the tremendous force there is in the vigorous, incessant affirmation of conditions which you long to establish; learn why health is one of the most important factors in success, and how the Victorious Attitude toward it will help produce it; learn how to measure up to your ideals; learn about the marvelous secretary you have, closer to you than your breath, nearer than your heart beat, a faithful servant ready to execute your faintest wish. Learn about the wondrous workings of the subconscious mind, the realms of sleep, and learn how to foil the ravages of old age and maintain your youth.

Thinking that Pays

"The Victorious Attitude" will help you make your mind a factory of thinking that pays in business profit and social popularity. Page after page flashes with forceful, striking questions and anecdotes. There are 16 powerful chapters, the value of which no one can realize until he has read them.

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Dr. Marden's message. Every man or woman who earnestly longs to prosper and succeed, who has an ideal of a better and more useful life, a bigger position or more influence in his business and social world should send for a copy of this great book to-day—on a special offer which you will be glad to learn about.

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Here is an excerpt from one of the many thousands of letters received from our readers telling how highly THE NEW SUCCESS is appreciated:—"One copy of your magazine has been the means of my closing a deal amounting to several thousand dollars."

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N. S.—7-20

Giant Spenders of the United States

(Continued from page 21)

properties in South Dakota and Canada, which included a supervision of both mining and manufacturing. The telephone, telegraph and graphophone departments also required his watchful eye, as well as the printing and stationery departments which have since been allotted to the publicity department of the company.

"With my shop experience of a number of years, and the knowledge I acquired in the active manufacture of materials," Mr. Longmore went on, "I feel that I have obtained an equipment which few men in my line of business have the good fortune to possess."

And, between times, when not actually studying or resting, Mr. Longmore had time for other "night work." He was mayor of his own home town for seven years and a member of its municipal council for an equal length of time.

His formula of success is simple. It goes into a single brief sentence: "I believe the busy man makes the best out of most things he may tackle." And Longmore seems to be "the proof of the pudding."

"Never Fail To Grant An Interview"—G. H. Heilman

ANOTHER phase of the office of the purchasing agent is pictured by G. H. Heilman of The Otis Elevator Company.

"The duties of a general purchasing agent for a concern the size of our Company are quite wide in their scope and cover the purchase of a miscellaneous and wide variety of commodities," says Mr. Heilman. "This naturally throws one so engaged into contact with salesmen representing many different concerns. It also permits of various conclusions being reached, as the varying salesmen leave varying impressions of the policies of the firms they represent and of conditions as a whole. Unpleasant conditions might readily arise from such a situation; but in our experience, the number of such cases is so low that they are really eliminated.

"I try to have all of our buyers understand that a salesman is entitled to a courteous interview, and they all receive it," said Mr. Heilman. "Of course it is impossible for us to do business with all who call upon us; but since a courteous reception and an explanation of conditions will, no doubt, permit a salesman to go away with the proper impression, we never fail to grant the interview. As a result, we believe that the salesmen who do not secure our business are satisfied that our reasons for not buying from them are sound and legitimate."

Many a headache among the Knights of the Road would be eliminated if more buyers held the views expressed by this purchaser of many kinds of supplies. Perhaps it is because Mr. Heilman was once the "under dog" himself that he takes this generous, yet sound, business attitude. After spending several years with a large electrical manufacturing company in Chicago, in various capacities of shop operations, he was appointed storekeeper of the Buffalo works of the Otis Elevator Company. He knew production methods because he had been a producer himself. From 1909 until 1912, he retained this post. Then merit was rewarded with an appointment as general storekeeper of the corporation, giving him full charge of the stores and records of all the scattered plants until 1918, when he was named to succeed the retiring general purchasing agent of the company.

The above statement from Mr. Heilman is, perhaps, the most difficult *The New Success* ever secured.

"I am reluctant to talk of my business experience, because I fear that its publication might place in the minds of the reading public an opinion in excess of any ability I may have to approach. If used in *The New Success*, I suggest that it be tempered to the fullest extent. I give you this information only for use in *The New Success Magazine* and I do not wish it used elsewhere."

"Purchasing—Not Selling—Makes a Business"—F. W. Rowe

BUT to give a picturesque view of the duties and importance of a typical purchasing agent, the statement of F. W. Rowe, President of the Purchasing Agents' Association of New York, and formerly First Vice-President of the National Association, prepared for *The New Success*, is unusually interesting. In addition to his official connection with the organization of his fellow executives, Mr. Rowe is general purchasing agent of the Johns-Manville Company of New York. He buys all the supplies used in the conduct of this mammoth concern and its various branches.

While Mr. Rowe's views are based on the successful conduct of a great manufacturing and marketing enterprise, his conclusions are directly applicable to every individual as well as the wages of every employee from the president of a large corporation to the office boy.

"To a trained purchasing agent," said Mr. Rowe, "the importance given the sales manager, and the emphasis laid on the value of his office, seems, in a way, rather out of proportion when one considers that it is purchasing—and not selling—which makes a business."

This statement from an official who spends money for almost everything under the sun, is food for some serious thought.

"Nothing could ever be sold unless somebody bought it," Mr. Rowe continues, "and, although the general public does not realize it, the purchasing agent of raw materials is almost 100 per cent responsible for the fact that someone *does* buy the finished product. In other words, the most astute sales manager on earth could never make a sale unless the purchasing agent decided to buy—and, deciding, bought wisely.

"The sales manager might bring the most adroitly planned campaign to the zero hour, but he would never get it over the top unless the purchasing agent bought and bought well. It is on the shoulders of the purchasing agent that the decision actually rests for good or ill. Sales opportunities vary, but the purchasing agent can usually buy at any time. Therefore, upon him, lies the real judgment of the market—its proper entrances and exits—and the responsibility for loss or gain to his firm.

"You will read a thousand articles on the wonders of selling, but little about the man who really decided whether or not there should be any selling. That man is the purchasing agent."

IN this statement, Mr. Rowe drives home the old Biblical truth that bricks cannot be made without straw. And if there were no purchasing agents there would be no straw. Likewise, if straw is purchased at too high a figure—the selling price would have to be too high—and that would mean no sales with consequent waste of outlay, labor, and loss of profit.

"The big thing which interests me about my job," Mr. Rowe said in answer to the writer's question, "is the great variety of subjects it embraces. Also the combat of wits involved and the opportunity for the exercise of judgment."



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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No ties. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
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Should a Woman Work?

Many women believe that real happiness for them lies in financial independence obtained by competition in the business world.

Others are of the opinion that woman's sphere is in the home, that she should not engage in business or professional work of any kind.

We are neutral on the subject, but we know that many estimable women, as well as men, in every section of the country, do like to pursue some congenial occupation whereby they may increase their incomes, especially during these high-price times.

So, to all women, no matter how situated—and men, too—we offer an excellent opportunity to earn **\$25.00** to **\$50.00** a month, or even more, during their spare time, without interfering with their regular occupations.

Our work is easy, congenial, healthful and dignified. All that we require is that you devote an hour or two each day telling your friends and neighbors about The New Success.

For full particulars mail us the coupon below with your name and address.

Sales Manager,
THE NEW SUCCESS,
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Dear Sir: Please send me full particulars regarding your new money-making plan. This will obligate me in no way.

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"Probably there is no job in the world of business requiring greater versatility than that of a purchasing agent. He is talking coal one minute, leather belts the next, and then lubricating oil, lumber, chemicals, paper, and so on down the list of all the varied supplies a great industrial organization requires."

REMINISCENT of the time when he was still the "big spender" for the General Electric Company, Mr. Rowe said, "In that berth I have actually bought in the same day, a pair of pants and a copy of the Bible! It is a common thing to consider, within the span of an office day, subjects as widely varied as peanuts and pick axes, almost in the same breath.

"It is interesting to have to decide constantly what is the best purchase—and this is by no means always represented by the lowest price. It is always what you *get* and not what you *pay* which decides the value."

In this statement, Mr. Rowe stated a volume with relation to the high cost of living as well as the high cost of manufacturing—a statement that everyone can take to heart and profit by.

"Good purchasing," he explained, "is the securing of value related to the purpose to be served. It is easy to understand that one hundred dollars will buy a better suit of clothes than forty dollars. Yet, if one is going to drive a milk wagon, the forty-dollar suit is cheaper. Being a purchasing agent is interesting because it is an active job and is a constant contest—an opportunity to learn something new almost every minute."

The personal history of this spender of millions is as interesting as his present occupation. He modestly states that he started like "the usual business man" as an office boy, later becoming a traveling salesman, and, finally, finding his own as the purchasing agent of three nationally known corporations, and the leading spirit in two associations of his fellow executives.

A Multitude of Jobs in One

WHEN Irving T. Bush organized the Bush Terminal Company—described in a special article in *The New Success* for this month—he found that he needed a peculiarly trained man to spend the company's money and for that reason he selected L.

WHERE HE CROSSED THE LAWYER

AS one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled, an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship *Challenge*. Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see it?"

"No sir."

"Then how did you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator?"

"Ah, you are joking."

"No, sir, I'm in earnest and I desire an answer."

"That's more than I can give."

"Indeed. You a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator."

C. Kendall, who not only acts as the firm's purchasing agent but superintends the construction of all buildings.

Kendall has a multitude of jobs rolled into one. More than the average purchasing agent, he is required to have a thorough knowledge of prices as well as a complete understanding of merchandise values. He is a fiend on the subject of business efficiency. His is not the brand of theoretical efficiency which invariably breaks down, but an example of practical efficiency which makes good. He has proved this by the innovations he has successfully introduced and maintained in the conduct of his department.

Not satisfied to leave daily matters of operation to subordinates or to routine—carefully devised as his systems are—Mr. Kendall devotes his personal time to the watching of every detail. He is a great believer in having the little things just right.

Like all successful executives, Kendall has the rare faculty for inspiring loyalty, confidence and enthusiasm in his employees. No detail escapes his eye. No task is too great to make him hesitate and none too small to occupy his undivided attention and complete enthusiasm.

And, like the typical purchasing agent, Mr. Kendall goes out of his way to sidetrack the merest thought of suspicion. He has a fixed rule which makes him refuse the slightest favor. Being under obligation to no one, there can be no question as to his judgment when he makes purchases that would stagger the imagination of the average citizen.

THEODORE HERMAN hasn't a thing in the world to do but buy all the supplies required for the operation of the United Lead Company, the largest concern of its kind in the United States. It has some twenty-five plants scattered about the country, and Mr. Herman, as purchasing agent, is faced with the task of keeping them all supplied with everything from raw manufacturing materials to blotting paper. He has been with the company as many years as it has plants, and he knows intimately the details of lead-working machinery just as definitely and as accurately as he knows what a pencil-sharpener is worth.

"O. K."

MANY explanations have gathered around the origin of the popular term "O. K." It is held that, in early colonial days, certain products best rum and tobacco were imported from Aux Cayes, San Domingo. Hence the best of anything came to be known locally as Aux Cayes, or "O. K."

Another explanation refers to the use of "Old Keokuk," an Indian chief, who, it is said, signed treaties with the initials "O. K." However, the term didn't come into general use until the Presidential campaign of 1828, when the supposed illiteracy of Andrew Jackson, the Democratic candidate, led Seba Smith, the humorist, writing under the name of "Major Jack Downing," to start the story that Jackson indorsed his papers "O. K." under the impression that they formed the initials of "oll korrekt."

TEA TRADE 200 YEARS OLD

THE tea trade of China started near the Tibetan border in the reign of Yung Cheng, some 200 years ago. The trade is now established under government control, yielding a handsome revenue. Licenses are issued quarterly, and taken up by over 100 firms engaged in the trade. Each license costs one tael in Chinese money, equivalent to about eighty cents.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

My Compact with Myself—

NOT to do the lesser when the greater is possible.

To make my life count as it has never counted before.

To make my life a masterpiece instead of a daub.

To so live that people will not say of me, "That man would have succeeded but for certain weaknesses and defects which very seriously dwarfed his talents."

Not to condemn, to criticize, or judge people harshly, but to have charity and tolerance for all.

To appeal to the best in people, to see the good in them, not the bad, to encourage and help them, not to criticize or dishearten them.

To keep in a more ambition-arousing environment, closer to those who are doing big things in my line.

To try harder than ever before to climb a little higher in my work, to fit myself for a larger place.

To study the methods of successful men so as to learn the secret of their achievement.

To try to eliminate my defects and deficiencies, to strengthen my weaknesses, to correct my inferiority.

To make myself more popular, to be a better mixer, and try to avoid antagonizing others.

To make every day a red-letter day in my life whether I feel like it or not.

To adopt as my motto, "Bettering my best."

To make every occasion a great occasion.—O. S. M.

Peculiar Fads of Great Men

JULIUS CAESAR, the ruler of an empire and the mightiest man of his day, was sensitive regarding his baldness. So much did this worry him that he became ill. When the day came on which Caesar discovered that there was no remedy, he had a crown made that covered the entire top and back of his head, but it was a torture to wear it.

Daniel Webster had a curious fancy for painting the faces of his cattle. One week the poor beasts would walk around with blue faces, and the next, would appear with red ones. The effect was so novel that it pleased him, and from that time forth he changed the color whenever he had a few minutes to spare, and would laugh heartily at the astonishment of his friends when they saw the queer-looking beasts on his premises.

Napoleon occupied all his idle moments in making up puzzles. He said it relieved a man's mind when tired. He would sit for hours trying to devise a puzzle that his comrades could not solve.

Peter the Great had a passion for being carried about in a wheelbarrow. He said he liked the motion. After a campaign, he would return home with a number of guests, and at once order wheelbarrows to be got in readiness. Peter, on more than one occasion, visited large cities in such a conveyance.

William the Conqueror said he derived much pleasure watching dogs fighting. His subjects all over the kingdom sent him dogs by the hundred. From these he would select the fiercest, and sit for whole days watching the fight.

George Washington's principal diversion was training baby foxes. He was fond of fox hunting. He took the animals home, and trained them in all kinds of tricks, which he often exhibited to friends.

Francis Bacon was so fond of fine clothes, that he spent his odd time in trying to devise new styles and features of dress. During his life he made some 1,200 drawings

of freakish costumes. When he could not get anybody to wear them, he hired a number of men to don the grotesque attire, and to promenade the streets for his pleasure.

President Cleveland liked to paint the children's toys and little odds and ends of household furniture. Seated on a stool, with the youngsters of the White House around him, Mr. Cleveland would amuse himself for hours decorating their toys in the liveliest shades.

"Fenimore Cooper couldn't write unless he had gumdrops to chew," said a librarian. He bought gumdrops in ten-pound lots. As some men are the slaves of tobacco, so Cooper was the gumdrops slave. Without it he couldn't write.

Chateaubriand dictated his works in his bare feet. Elegantly attired down to the ankles, he padded softly up and down the floor, his thin, white extremities very conspicuous on the dark rugs.

Gluck could only compose in the open air. When the spirit of composition took hold of him, he dragged his piano out on the lawn and then evolved his beautiful harmonies.

Bossuet worked with a hot cloth bound round his head, Balzac in a monk's hood, Gautier in a scarlet cloak, and Milton in a brown robe.

Lord Derby, when he wrote, ate brandied cherries. Byron, writing, ate truffles.

Great thought precedes all greatness. No man is great whose thought is not great.

A wider, saner, squarer outlook on life is the ambition of every growing soul.

Judge not thy neighbor until thou find thyself in his position.

There is but one incurable malady of the soul—that cancer of insincerity.—Purinton.



306 Words a Minute

THIS feat of shorthand skill was accomplished by Willard B. Bottome at an official contest held by the Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters in New York in 1919. It is but one more proof of Mr. Bottome's knowledge of stenographic science and practice.

Willard B. Bottome

Is Official Stenographer, New York Supreme Court—Certified Shorthand Reporter—Winner of the American Shorthand Trophy (1909)—President of Society of Certified Shorthand Reporters. Mr. Bottome has written extensively on the subject of shorthand speed. His most wonderful achievement, however, is his book on advanced Pitmanic shorthand.

"The Stenographic Expert"

This book is the last word on speed and accuracy from an authority on "lightning shorthand." It contains thousands of engraved shorthand outlines for short-cuts, expedients, phrases, contractions, and other speed producers. It sets forth in the most practicable manner every step to take in acquiring the greatest efficiency in the use of shorthand. The book, with the aid of hundreds of clear examples, teaches how to avoid conflicts. It tells constructively how to develop your Pitmanic shorthand so that no matter at what high speed you write, your notes are easily legible.

Get Out of a Rut

Is your stenographic work of a quality that will tie you down to a dictation position in an office, with no hope of advancement? Then get this book and qualify as a shorthand reporter of banquets, speeches, conferences and other proceedings. Bottome's "The Stenographic Expert" is a complete instruction book on how to become a Certified Shorthand Reporter or Official Court Stenographer. There's a scarcity of shorthand reporters. Begin now to add to your income while studying this practical book. Learn to earn five times your present income.

Big Executives

employ secretary-stenographers who can be more than machines. For their responsible positions, they require men and women who can accurately report board meetings, conferences with other executives, and other proceedings of which they desire an exact record. For their special needs, they pay big salaries to specially-equipped stenographers.

Law Office Stenographers

Stenographers in law offices, if they are capable of reporting testimony, taking briefs and arguments, efficiently and accurately, can command unlimited salaries. "The Stenographic Expert" has been a wonderful help to thousands of law stenographers throughout America and England. It will help YOU command a better position.

What the Papers Say About It

The Shorthand Writer (Chicago): "We believe that the sale of this book will exceed the most sanguine expectations of Mr. Bottome and his friends."

The Stenographer (Philadelphia): "Helpful to the beginner, the aspiring stenographer, and to the one who has arrived."

The New York Tribune: "There would seem to be no difficulty encountered by the stenographer which is not traversed and illuminated in this book."

The Spencerian Commercial School (Cleveland): "We are using your book regularly in our reporting class. There is no book on the market, so far as we know, so practical, complete and helpful as yours."

EDITION NO. 1: This edition is for writers of Graham, Benn Pitman, Success, Dement, Barnes, and other systems of shorthand fundamentally similar.

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Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and this book written by the "master-mind" of shorthand will be sent to you by return mail.

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Enclosed please find \$3.00 for which send me one copy of *The Stenographic Expert*, Edition No. for the system of shorthand. If the book is not satisfactory, I will return it within five days and you will refund my money.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How to Get Out of the Rut



- to Wealth
- to Power
- to Mastery
- to Self Reliance
- to Fearlessness
- to Efficiency
- to Happiness
- to Success

"The Magic Story" tells You

W. P. Werheim, Bus. Mgr. Pratt & Lambert, Inc., Buffalo, ordered a copy for every man in his organization, and said "The Magic Story" is worth \$25.00 to any man, and to some \$2,500; to perhaps a few men somewhere, it is worth a fortune."

Big Industrial Concerns, Industrial Companies, and business organizations of various kinds have distributed thousands of copies of "The Magic Story" to their employees, and have marvelled at the effect it produced. "The Magic Story" practically compels success. It contains the one great secret of success for all undertakings.

Sturtevant (hitherto a hopeless failure) said of it—

"I have discovered the secret of success. I have been reading a strange story; and since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune too. All you have to do is to read it. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A. B. C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash-can. Tonight I wouldn't change places with a millionaire."

"The Magic Story" enabled a well-known Cleveland man to rise from a clerkship to a position that pays him more than \$10,000 a year. He applied the "secret" told in the story. It will help you to do as well or better if you apply the "secret," too. The "secret" points the way to position, to power, to prosperity, and positively helps you to reach your goal.

A copy of "The Magic Story" was sent me by one of our managers, and I considered it so good that I decided to order enough copies to place one in the hands of every one of our employees.—G. F. Watt, General Manager, Elliott-Fisher Typewriter Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

"The Magic Story" received, read, re-read, and appreciated. It puts paprika into a live "dead one."—Frank Jecell, Raymond, Boston.

"The Magic Story" got here ten days ago and "got me" at about the same time. It's full of pep of the red kind.—T. E. Phillips, Red Wade, Alaska.

This is a great story. It is a great book for salesmen, and it ought to resurrect many of the so-called "dead ones." I shall read this book a dozen times, not that I need resurrection, but because it gives me fresh inspiration to perform my work better. I consider this book better than "The Message to Garcia."—Roy B. Simpson, Adm. Counselor, St. Louis, Mo.

The executive who reads "The Magic Story" and scatters 100 or 1000 copies throughout his office, shop and salesforce, will by so doing cause an increase in the quantity of his production and consequently a more satisfactory dividend.—John Litch, Business Counselor, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Magic Story" is printed in two colors—quaintly illustrated, and bound in cloth. It is yours while this special edition lasts for only \$2.

All you need do is simply to fill out and mail the coupon with \$2.00 as an examination deposit and "The Magic Story" will be sent to you for 7 days' examination. If at the end of that time you do not want to keep it simply remit it and your \$2.00 deposit will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Use this coupon today—before this special edition is exhausted.

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I enclose \$2.00 as an examination deposit. Please send me "The Magic Story" with the understanding that I may return it any time within 7 days and my \$2.00 deposit will be returned.

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N. S.—7-20

When Father Comes Home

(Continued from page 30)

Many children see only the serious, jaded, tired side of their father. He is always too busy to bother with them, too tired to play with them, to caress them at night. His children seldom see the boy in him, the play side of him; they see only the serious, the jaded, the tired and dejected side.

Husband and wife should come to a sacred agreement very early in their married career: that their home, whether on a farm, in a village or city, shall be a place of growth and harmony, peace, and comfort; that it shall be a recuperative station for erasing all the wrinkles that care and anxiety have written on their faces during the day; a place where worry and friction shall be unknown.

They should resolve that whatever they have to endure during the day there shall be no friction in the home, that it shall be a place of recreation, a Joy Establishment, where the tired, worn, mental and physical machinery shall be reburnished and rejuvenated with the oil of gladness and good cheer. The home really ought to be a storehouse of joy, always associated with harmony and mental poise; it should be regarded as the most sacred spot on earth. The husband should look upon it as the one place in all the world where he can get away from business troubles and exactions and find peace and rest, contentment and satisfaction.

A MAN who is thinking day and night about his business weakens his faculties, and loses his buoyancy and "snap" by never allowing them a chance to become freshened, strengthened, and rejuvenated.

No matter if your business affairs are not going on as you would have them, you are only wasting the energy and mental power that would enable you to overcome these unfortunate conditions by dragging your business into your home. It is also a reflection upon your business ability.

Form the habit of locking all your cross-grained, crabbed, ugly, critical nagging and worrying in your store or office at night, and resolve that, whether your business or profession is a success or a failure, your home shall be a success—the happiest, sweetest, and cleanest place on earth to you and yours, a place where you will always long to go and from which you will be loath to part.

WHY SNAKES ARE USEFUL

THERE is a movement on foot, almost world-wide in its scope, to stop the destruction of harmless snakes, because they feed on insects and their larvæ, moles, house and field mice, and other plant and vegetable enemies.

In this country, California was the first to start in the movement. On the Pacific coast the most destructive agent of the crops is the gopher. As soon as it was learned that the gopher-snake lived solely on the gopher, a campaign was started to protect the snake. Then two or three of the eastern States were aroused to the fact that their agricultural interests were aided through the protection of native snakes.

The mole, which is such a menace to the lawn, gardens and crops, can only be annihilated by the snake.

The rat, carrier of contagious diseases, terror of the poultry raiser and wholesale destroyer of all sorts of grain, is a delicacy to the snake.

As a rule, no snake will bite a human being unless first attacked.

If you want your employees to feel that your interests are theirs, you must let them see that their interests are yours.

The Book That's a Friend

GIVE me the book which touches my life to finer issues, which emancipates me from the imprisonment of my limitations, which unlocks my possibilities, which, like an inspiring friend, makes me think and do that which would have been impossible without it. Give me the book which is a lens to my defective vision, which enables me to see beyond the range of my unaided eye, the book which will help me to push my horizon of ignorance and limitation a little farther away from me, the book which can make me thrill with the assurance of added power, which can help me to multiply myself, which can make my whole being vibrate with the magnetic currents of new power.

Give me the book which can make me see that I am but a dwarf of the man I might be, a mere burlesque of the man I was intended to be, that I am but a starved and stunted possibility of what I might be,—the book which will open a rift in my life and will give me a real glimpse of my undiscovered forces.

Give me the book which will call me out of my selfish self and contrast the stunted man I am with the man God intended me to be—vigorous, sunny, free, untrammled, uncramped, forceful.

Such a book would be a friend, indeed, the greatest in the world. It would be an infinitely greater discoverer than Columbus who discovered only land.

THE EARTH'S SHRINKAGE

ONE of the three chief characteristics of advancing civilization has been the increase in man's power of moving rapidly from one place to another. The other two have been the rapid multiplication of clothes and other useful products by machinery, and the elaboration of means for the self-destruction of man's genius. Probably the mechanical reproduction of clothes, etc., has been, on the whole, the most serviceable of the three, though we cannot withhold our sympathy from the War Office chemists, who had devised gases to poison whole army corps and bombs to wipe out whole cities just after the late war came to an end.

The development of speedy movement from place to place within the last century has been almost as remarkable as the growth of factories or the invention of implements for the destruction of mankind.

A century ago, we suppose, it took about three months for mails to reach Natal from London; next year a week may do it. A century ago the journey to Australia was quick at six months; next year it may take a fortnight.—*London Nation*.

THE MAGIC SPIRIT

ADDISON says that he once talked with a man who believed that there was a magic spirit lived in the emerald, and converted everything that was near it to the highest perfection.

"It gives luster to the sun," he said, "and water to the diamond. It irradiates everything mental. It brightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. A single ray dissipates anxiety and care from the person upon whom it falls."

Since I have found that this great secret was content.

The man of grit carries, in his very presence, a power which controls and commands.

★ ★ ★

Do not take too much advice. Keep at the helm and steer your own ship.

Success Ideals

THE greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—*Seneca*.

Decision of character outstrips even talent and genius in the race for success in life.

No great deed is done By falterers, who ask for certainty.—*George Eliot*.

The most dreadful of all diseases known to mankind, life weariness, attacks every soul that is not making progress, that is not looking up, that has no aim, no onward purpose, no abiding object.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes hit the mark, but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state; like an ague, it shakes not this nor that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, so hatcheth nothing, but addles all his actions.

—*Feltham*.

Faith is like the primitive granite of old New England. Dig down deep, and you come to it, below all superimposed strata. Go to the summit of the highest mountains and you find it, on the loftiest elevations. Faith begins as the basis of the infant's knowledge; it ends in leading us to know the bigness, the Grandeur of life.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"BUSINESS is Business," the Little Man said,

"A battle where 'everything goes,'
Where the only gospel is 'Get ahead,'
And never spare friends or foes.
'Slay or be slain,' is the slogan cold,
You must struggle and slash and tear,
For Business is Business, a fight for gold,
Where all that you do is fair!"

"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"A battle to make of earth
A place to yield us more wine and bread,
More pleasure and joy and mirth;
There are still some bandits and buccaneers
Who are jungle-bred beasts of trade,
But their number dwindles with passing years
And dead is the code they made!"

"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"But it's something that's more, far more;
For it makes sweet gardens of deserts dead,
And cities it built now roar.
Where once the deer and the gray wolf ran
From the pioneers' swift advance;
Business is magic that toils for man,
Business is True Romance.

"And those who make it a ruthless fight
Have only themselves to blame
If they feel no whit of the keen delight
In playing the Bigger Game,
The game that calls on the heart and head,
The best of man's strength and nerve;
"Business is Business," the Big Man said,
"And that Business is to serve!"
—BERTON BRALEY in *The Nation's Business*.

The spirit of progress is a deadly foe to traditions.

"There is no Advertising like Originality. The New idea, the original thought instantly attracts attention."

—*New Success*

And there's nothing like having something original—something new to advertise.

**Hammond
MULTIPLEX**

Many Typewriters In One

is as great an improvement over the ordinary typewriter as the Fountain Pen is over the old-fashioned quill.

And the many marvels are all the result of one man's determination to make a typewriter with a personality as mighty as that of the pen—a typewriter with hundreds of different types and all languages.

Chinese Phonetic

The newest success added to the many marvelous features of the Multiplex is Chinese Phonetic—the new National Language of China.

The Multiplex is the only typewriter in the world on which you can write Chinese Phonetic and by simply "Turning The Knob" change instantly to English. This is also true of Japanese Kata Kana. With its 365 different styles of type and languages to select from, the Multiplex can truly be called the world's most wonderful "Writing Machine."

No Other Typewriter Can Do This

Two different styles of type always in the machine—"Just Turn the Knob"

SPECIAL TYPE-SETS FOR EVERY BUSINESS, EVERY LANGUAGE, EVERY PROFESSION, EVERY SCIENCE. ANY TYPE MAY BE SUBSTITUTED IN A FEW SECONDS.



THE HEART OF THE
HAMMOND
Mail the Coupon for
FREE BOOKLET

It will show you how, with the Multiplex, you can put the force of emphasis into your typed matter—how you can drive home with strength of accent the fairness of your argument—how you can write with the same convincing force that you use in speaking—an exclusive feature of the Multiplex.

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Please write your occupation below.

Original from

New Success

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the

sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a victim to pneumonia or consumption.

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds. This book

is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well** and how to **keep well**. The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home and **without the expenditure of an additional penny**. There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3. to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE LOWREY-MARDEN CORPORATION, Dept. 10, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best \$3. investment you ever made—simply re-mail the book and your money will be promptly and

cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds **you can do so**. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that **do not cure**, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

What Others Say

"Had catarrh since childhood. Doctors unable to cure me. Now entirely well, thanks to your treatment."—S. N. B., Canada.

"Never in better health than I am today."—F. B. F., New Zealand.

"Suffered from which I attributed for five years is now a thing of the past."—J. F., Indiana.

"Dr. Alsaker's Catarrh Course is more wonderful than words can tell."—Mrs. A. J. K., California.

"I was badly troubled with catarrh and colds. By following Dr. Alsaker's instructions the disease has disappeared."—H. M., Canada.

Royalty Has Gone to Work

(Continued from page 33)

is said that he sold as many as he could for less than a tenth of their value. Even this scanty remnant of his once great fortune has been dissipated, for he was recently found in company with his friend, Baron Beck, standing in a long, impatient line before a soup-kitchen.

THE cause of this is the tremendous shrinkage in the value of the currency of the Central States. Austrian millionaires, crossing the border with as much as 1,000,000 crowns in the coin of the dual empire, found that a pre-war fortune of quarter of, say, \$250,000 could only be exchanged for some 12,000 francs, about \$800. And this in the face of conditions in Austria which resulted in the asking of \$20 for a potato and \$25 for a pound of bacon.

There are countless other noblemen in the same fix as Batthyany. In the old days, Vienna was the second gayest capital in Europe. The landed gentry owner luxurious town houses as well as country estates. They lived lives of idle luxury, traveling from one land to another in search of recreation. Imagine the blow at seeing their property swept away like a house of cards and the blooded horses sold for less than they would previously have paid to transport them, blanketed in cotton wool, from one horse show to another!

BUT the most pathetic feature of all is the distrust with which these men and women of noble birth are received. Discharged and discredited royalty finds itself in the same unenviable position as any other discharged employee. They can bring no reference, no assurance of good conduct and character, and since they have no special aptitude for any sort of work—nobody wants them.

Among those in this plight are many whose names figured prominently in the "Almanac de Gotha," Europe's "directory" of nobility. Another unfortunate who is having real trouble in keeping the wolf from the door, is the Archduchess Marie Isabelle, cousin of the former emperor of Hungary, who, with the greatest of difficulty, is earning barely enough to live. American brides of foreign nobles have likewise suffered, though not to so great an extent in view of the fact that they had and still have resources of their own. Hundreds of them are to be found in cheap lodging houses to-day, clad in the last remnants of their one time finery. Their jewels are gone—so are their smiles—and hands once soft, white and pink-tipped are now becoming rougher from mending and, even, washing dishes. Reared in the lap of luxury, educated to habits of extravagance, they cannot realize what has befallen them, and they are turning to whatever tasks offer like so many bewildered children.

Practically every Austrian archduke is destitute. There were eighty-four of these titled personages receiving huge pensions from the State, prior to the war. But with the collapse of the State there was nothing with which to pay them, and they are to-day on a still hunt for jobs—without any great success. The Archduke Frederick, who was said to be the richest of all the Hapsburgs, with a fortune of over \$50,000,000, is practically penniless and faces the problem of supporting himself and seven children. His pretty daughter, the Duchess Marie Isabel, was more successful than other princesses, as she has obtained a position as a trained nurse, based on the experience she gained in the army hospitals during the war.

Hard times has a good many relatives. It is the twin brother of the blues.

The Youngest Member of Congress

An Interview with Captain Jacob L. Milligan

By MATILDA WEIDEMEYER GANTT

WHEN I asked Captain Jacob L. Milligan, the newest and youngest member of Congress, recently elected by the Democrats of the Third District in Missouri, to tell me something about himself, I came to the conclusion that his first reading lesson must have been this old proverb: "*Do as much as possible and talk of yourself as little as possible.*"

I also decided that if—"His modesty's a candle to his merit," he must be a really and truly great man, for "No great man ever thought himself so."

In my brief interview, I also discovered another thing about Captain Milligan: when you talk to him on a subject other than himself, he is an interested listener; and when he talks to you, he looks you straight in the eye. Also, that he has a fascinating smile and a personality decidedly his own.

AFTER a pleasant conversation with him on politics and other topics—having despaired of inspiring him to talk about himself—I turned to go, with a request that he let me have something that someone else had said about him.

He picked up a paper on his desk and said, "Here is a printed copy of my first campaign speech."

This, I hailed with delight, and from it I culled sentiments like the following, which give a splendid idea of the man and what he represents:

"I believe in fair and square dealings in politics as in everything else."

"It is easy to stand on the side line and criticize and know what to do after the play is over."

"No party has a monopoly on Americanism and patriotism."

"I am not making this campaign on my war record. That I gave my service to my country, is no reason why I should be sent to Congress; for in doing that, I performed the duty that I, as an American, owed to my country, and only did what every one-hundred-per-cent American should have done."

THE very bigness of this last assertion struck me forcibly, for I know, how, when war was declared with Germany in April, 1917, Mr. Milligan gave up his law practice and at once raised a volunteer company. He was elected captain of the company and served throughout the war. His was Company G, 140th, Infantry, 35th Division, and his troops saw some of the hardest service of any unit in the A. E. F. Captain Milligan was twice cited for extraordinary and distinguished gallantry in action. The following are copies of the citations, which he values more than money, fame, or political preferment.

"Captain Jacob L. Milligan, 140th Infantry, for distinguished and exceptional gallantry at Exermont, France, on Sept. 26, 1918, in the operations of the A. E. F.

Awarded on March 27, 1919."

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander in Chief.

"The division commander takes great pleasure in citing in general orders the following named officers and enlisted men for gallantry in action during the six days battle from Sept. 26, to Oct. 1, 1918."

Captain Jacob L. Milligan, 140th Infantry.

"His company having been disorganized



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CAPTAIN JACOB L. MILLIGAN
Congressman from Missouri

by enemy artillery and machine-gun fire, he gathered together a portion of his men and resolutely pushed forward and remained in position until ordered to retire. This advance was under heavy artillery and machine-gun fire and required great courage and resolution."

By command of Major General Traub,

(Signed) H. S. HAWKINS,
Col. Gen'l Staff,
Chief of Staff.

THAT'S the stuff the young congressman is made of. His men all loved him, and the fathers and mothers, whose boys followed him in France, love him, too, because they know how, in time of danger, he would rather protect those boys than himself.

During his campaign, an old Missouri farmer from Clay County, whose boy "went across" with Captain Milligan and never came back, took the Captain's hand.

"And boy," said the old father, as his face twitched and his voice trembled, "You needn't be afraid of Clay County, she'll give you all she's got." And she did.

Captain Milligan was born on a farm in Ray County, near Richmond, Missouri, thirty-one years ago. He received his education in the public schools, was graduated from the Law Department of the University of Missouri in 1913, and admitted to the bar in the same year. He is unmarried and still lives in his country home near Richmond.

PERHAPS it was from communion with nature and from the peace and quiet of his country home after a busy day with his clients, that Captain Milligan received inspiration to think great thoughts and do noble deeds; or, perhaps, a faithful father and mother trained him in early childhood to meet the battle of life with the courage and confidence of a man. At any rate, when he returned home from war, after re-

ceiving his honorable discharge, he took up his duties in civil life, where he left off two years before, with the same ardent enthusiasm, devoting his time and energies to the problems confronting his country in peace, as he had shown in war, never dreaming of politics.

When President Wilson appointed Judge Alexander, then congressman from the Third Missouri District to a position in his cabinet, the Third District began to look around for material to fill the place. They found young Milligan pondering over his law books. This is one time when the office sought the man and picked a winner.

It was one of the hardest-fought battles ever staged in Missouri. Captain Milligan had four opponents for the Democratic nomination. In the election, the League of Nations was the issue. The Republicans sent such men as Hiram Johnson and Senator Borah, and the Democrats sent former Governor A. M. Dockery and Breckenridge Long, to speak for their parties.

ON January 21, after balloting all day and all night, Captain Milligan won on the 302nd, ballot.

I asked him if he liked politics. He gave me a characteristic smile and said, "It's a fascinating game."

Charles Dana Gibson

(Continued from page 41)

labor conditions and high prices all operate against newspapers and magazines. But the American people like to read; they want readable publications, and they are going to have them. So it is the duty of some of us to give the people readable publications. It isn't easy to keep a magazine up to standard—to make it always good and interesting. But that is my aim with *Life*. I shall give my whole time to it.

"High prices do not mean anything. There has always been a period of high prices and so-called unrest after every war. But the world is tired of war—of shells and bullets. If the world were a great village to-day, the parson would be a bigger man than the constable."

"Who would you suggest as the parson?" "I don't know," he replied. "What the world needs is a man who will awaken it spiritually. The world is tired of force. It wants to follow someone who will instill the instinct of kindness, of help to the needy, of work and progress."

"BUT things will work out all right. The faith exists and people will come to their senses and get to work soon. It may take two years to get back to something like a normal basis, but the spiritual awakening of the world is certain. The country has been sick—just as men's brains sometimes grow sick. But faith and determination will cure this sickness whether we find a great leader or not.

"In fact, I don't take much stock in great leaders. Usually the greater they are the less people appreciate them and are willing to follow them. They are always hampered, criticised, and blamed—whether they are wrong or right.

"In the United States, wealth is probably more evenly divided than in any other country of the world, and the people are better educated and more able to help themselves. In a sense, we are all stockholders in the United States and each citizen has an interest in the concern. When a man owns stock in a business he doesn't go around breaking up the furniture and smashing the windows. That is why I have no sympathy with all this talk of a 'red menace.' There isn't any red menace, and I firmly believe in the ability of the American people to work out their own salvation."

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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Dr. Orison Swett Marden

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Feels He Has Not "Arrived"

AS young Gibson worked away with his pen, creating countless beautiful portraits of "Gibson girls," his fame spread to every corner of the world. "Gibson girls" made their appearance on the stage in the flesh. It became the fad to dress and wear the hair as Gibson created these fashions for his pen conceptions.

There was much discussion as to the source of Gibson's inspiration and there arose quite a controversy as to who the original Gibson girl might be. And at this point, Mr. Gibson answered the question by marrying her. He did not admit that the beautiful Irene Langhorne of Richmond, Virginia, was his inspiration, but the public drew its own conclusions and the artist made no denial. Mrs. Gibson is a sister of Lady Astor who was recently elected to the British Parliament.

But just when Gibson really arrived—when he had fully struck his stride—is hard to state. In fact, Gibson doesn't think he has fully arrived yet—that he has accomplished all that he can—or that he or any other man ever has reached that stage.

"I doubt," Gibson said, "if any man ever reaches the exact place he would like to believe is his level best. It seems to me that a fellow just works along, doing the best he can all the time, and after a little while he finds that he is doing pretty nicely. Then he feels that he is doing better, and, later still, he is making a sort of whirlwind success of things. Then something seems to happen and he gets a setback. That's when his mind gets sick. That's what's the matter with the world to-day. It's had a set back. It doesn't need a rest or a vacation. It needs to go to work."

"When I have a problem to work out, I go for a walk in Central Park—just as I walk here every day on my way to work. If I can't solve the riddle in the park, I run up to my country place at Penobscot Bay and work around the house until I am fit again."

He May Play Golf—Some Day

WORK is a positive mania with Gibson. There is never a day when he is not busy. And as a result of his industry, there came a time when *Collier's Weekly* offered him \$100,000 for a few pictures of scenes in Spain and France. He packed his bags and went abroad, made the pictures and then turned to something else. He is always looking about for something else to do. He doesn't know much about playing and is a bit embarrassed when you ask him what his favorite sport is. He doesn't know that he has any, but feels that if he ever has time he may go in for golf. He isn't sure, though, for there are so many things waiting to be done.

Yet Gibson is an ardent advocate of physical fitness, as is evident from his splendid physique and strenuous manner. He is as virile as a Roosevelt, and his statements are not unlike those of the late President in their crispness and pointedness. His manner is quiet, his tone deep, and as he speaks there is a faraway, thoughtful look in his eyes.

You recognize his kindness as well as his force as you look into his broad full face, and note the sparkle of his eyes. When he smiles you feel that that smile comes from his very soul, for he has a keen sense of humor as is fitting for the editor or publisher of any publication. There is nothing coarse or crude about his humor. It scintillates—and it is Gibson's belief that great good can be done through the presentation of pointed humor. Humor, he believes has made and defeated many a man, many a cause. He aims to make the humor of his publication a force for progress and encouragement in a sick world.

What Great Men Say About Dr. Marden's Teachings

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said: "I am so deeply touched and pleased by your editorial in 'Success' that I must write and tell you so."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB says: "Dr. Marden's writings have had much to do with my success."

JOHN WANAMAKER says: "I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without at least one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books."

LORD NORTHCLIFFE says: "I believe Dr. Marden's writings will be of immense assistance to all young men."

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY says: "Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him for his marvelous inspiration and help."

When such men as these, and a host of others too numerous to mention, have felt so strongly the debt of gratitude they owe this man that they have not hesitated to acknowledge it in writing, surely you also can be helped to develop your latent powers, to fill a larger place in the world, to make a new success of your life.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult

When you look at the high standing, old-fashioned sort of collar which wraps his full neck, and at the quiet black tie beneath his chin, somehow you think of the ancestral portrait of your grandfather. His clothing is severely plain—always gray or black. He might be readily mistaken for a clergyman, and if you saw Gibson and did not know who he was, you would instantly decide that he certainly must be somebody worth while. And he gives you the impression of being about the largest man you ever saw.

It is also whispered that Gibson's heart is large in proportion to his great body. There are countless stories of his kindnesses and charitable acts when friends or acquaintances were in trouble. The telephone call which had interrupted him before we started on our walk was about the progress of a sick child in whom Gibson was interested. His close friends say that such calls keep his telephone pretty busy night and day. And in this kindly interest in child welfare, the artist is ably seconded by his wife who seems to share her distinguished sister's love of aiding the poor.

Just Beginning His Real Work

GIBSON regards the purchase of *Life*—his lifelong ambition—as the most important step in his career—perhaps its turning point. Well-to-do, happily married, at ease with the world, and at an age when many men think of letting up the pace and devoting their time to amusement, Charles Dana Gibson is just starting to work. While he has faith in himself, he is by no means the victim of overconfidence. Gibson knows that pitfalls are ahead of him, and he frankly admits he is not sure that he knows how to surmount them. He is continually asking questions, seeking the opinions of others, and weighing them carefully before taking action himself.

At length we came out of Central Park. The policemen along the route touched their hats to him, and as we walked down Seventh Avenue, a little girl ran across the street to greet him. He smiled upon her kindly and passed on with a cheery remark. Then—all too soon—our walk was over. We were standing on the steps of his studio in Carnegie Hall. Gibson is too courteous a man to dismiss an interviewer. It would be impossible for him to give an outward sign that one should leave him. He just can't tell people to go. And so it was that he asked me if I would not come in a minute.

I wanted to—see the plain, businesslike studio where Gibson drawings originate, to see the half-finished creation that might even then be tacked to his working-easel. But I knew that Gibson was through talking—that he had had his morning exercise and was as fretful as a race horse to be off.

It was time for him to be at work, and I knew it. So I reluctantly declined his invitation.

"May I tell the readers of *THE NEW SUCCESS* the things you have been saying?" I asked, as his great hand clasped mine.

"Why, yes; if you think they'd be interested," he said, "but remember what I asked you: Don't make me seem any more foolish than I sound."

Charles Dana Gibson was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, September 14, 1867. His parents were Charles DeWolf and Josephine Elizabeth Gibson. Prior to taking his present New York home, he resided at Flushing, Long Island. He is an active worker in the Art Students' League, where his own talent was developed, and is worshipped by an army of young artists ambitious to duplicate his success.

"Who is my brother? He is the one who sees good in me."

Worry poisons the mind just as surely as a deadly drug poisons the body

Send for this Free Book

This book will show you the way to greater success in business, just as it did **Floyd E. Brickel**, who rose from a clerk to become vice-president of the **Akron Morris Plan Bank**.



THREE years ago, **Floyd E. Brickel**—then an assistant in the accounting department of the **Akron Morris Plan Bank, Akron, Ohio**—sent for a copy of the book pictured here.

His need for this book was real and definite, for he had been watching other men in the bank and had discovered the secret of their success. They *knew law*.

So he determined to equip himself in every possible way with valuable legal knowledge. He found that this book gave him some helpful legal pointers which he could apply in his everyday work.

Mr. Brickel also discovered that through the **Modern American Law Course** and **Service of the Blackstone Institute** he could gain a thorough knowledge of all phases of business law at home, in his spare moments. He enrolled for the **Course** at once.

A short time later the position of secretary in his bank became vacant. Three men were considered for the position, but the directors, noting Mr. Brickel's growing knowledge of law, had confidence in him. He was elected.

Six months later came still another promotion—this time to the position of vice-president and treasurer. In writing to the Institute about this Mr. Brickel says:

"My latest promotion is an additional bit of good fortune I can attribute to my law training. There are frequent instances where the information gained from your **Course** has been a deciding factor in guiding important business negotiations. It is my opinion that the best equipment any man can have in business is a knowledge of law."

Law—the guide to business success

The truth of Mr. Brickel's statement is proved by the experience of the leaders in the nation's biggest enterprises. In the iron and steel business, in the railroads, in the banks and other industries the men at the top are legally trained.

Law is essential. It governs, regulates and controls every business act. A knowledge of law will enable you not only to protect your own interests but those of your company as well. Law training is synonymous with progress and promotion.

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FACTS WORTH KNOWING

THE earth is of an antiquity beyond the limits of imagination; or, at least, the strata that contained the uranium—an element found in pitchblende, which also produces radium. No mind can hope to think of the vast antiquity of matter, nor of the forms in which it exists as of suns, planets, moons, and comets. Quadrillions of years is now a scientific term. The groups of eighteen suns, lately discovered by the telescope in the constellation Orion, is a case where colossal accumulations of radium must have existed during untold eons, for they are now pouring forth floods of the light from helium, and of such brilliancy that they can be seen here on earth, a quadrillion miles away. But these suns are all made of electrons, since nothing exists but electrons.

THERE have been four great epochs in the world's history, during which in a comparatively few years—a hundred or a hundred and fifty, or so—about everything of great importance has happened. And between these epochs the world was asleep, so to speak. The first great age might be classed as that of Pericles, the Golden Age of Athens, of Greece. Names like Pericles, Socrates, and a hundred others came to the front. Then there came the second era when Greece was conquered, and the Golden age of Rome loomed up, and great men grouped around Julius Caesar. The third epoch began in about 1,400; when great names were grouped around Michael Angelo and Rafael. Then the great Renaissance age; Luther, whose common school began to appear; printing, then the age of material power when Spain and Portugal were predominant, when Columbus discovered America, and the Spanish Armada controlled the seas.

IN 1920 there are 700,000 more persons living in Chicago than lived there in 1910. The bureau of the census gives the present population as 2,881,827. Thus the city has had an increase of 32 per cent. in the decade.

PROFESSOR R. J. SPRAGUE of Harvard University says: "Suppose some one or some system had started at the birth of Christ to deposit in the treasury one dollar a minute, and had kept it up until now, there would still not be quite a billion." If our present wealth were in silver dollars dropping from a spout as fast as the ticks of a watch it would take 12,000 years for it to run through.

IN THE past ten years, the British parliament has debated 6,251 bills and passed 3,882 of them. During the same period, the American congress has debated 146,471 bills and passed 16,000 of them. So it is a bit consoling to know that while our attack of lawitis is bad enough, the Americans have the disease four times as bad as we have.—*The Efficiency Magazine* (London).

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THE Monroe Doctrine was suggested by President James Monroe about 1824. The text was written out by John Quincy Adams. It has kept the world away from South America for ninety years. Certainly this tradition is worth holding on to.

THE extermination of the American (bald) Eagle—one of our magnificent native birds—is threatened, according to a statement issued by the American Museum of Natural History, and through no other agency than the payment of a government bounty on each bird killed. Naturalists predict that the bald eagle will go the way of the buffalo and the wild pigeon, unless this migratory bird is protected by a Federal statute. In Alaska, along the coast, and in the large river valleys, where the eagle has more than held its own in point of numbers for years, the bounty law, although it went into effect only two years ago, has resulted in the killing of 5,600 eagles.

THERE is a beetle, which entomologists call the mordella, that is provided with sufficient eyes to outfit a company of ordinary animals. It possesses 25,000 little eyes, and it can see out of the back of its head. Under a lens these multitudes of eyes are very beautiful. They give off gleaming prismatic colors. A microscopic examination reveals what looks like a section of honeycomb, and each of these seemingly unlimited number of eyes has a perfect lens system.

AT the beginning of the war the paper money of the world amounted to \$7,000,000,000. At the date of the armistice it had increased to \$40,000,000,000, exclusive of the issues of Bolshevik Russia. To-day it has reached the enormous total of \$56,000,000,000.

A THOUSAND Chinese produce from 50 to 60 children a year; a thousand Japanese about fifty. We Americans produce only 29. But our 29 live—so do the 50 born in Japan. Those are figures to think about. There are in Japan now more than three people for every acre cultivated. The average farm under three acres in extent supports about nine people.

FIVE hundred years from now, at the present rate of increase, there will be more than two thousand million Russians on this earth, four hundred million more human beings than the total population of the earth to-day.

COST of living figures in fourteen American cities, obtained by the Department of Labor, put Detroit at the top of the list with an increase of 108 per cent. Norfolk, Virginia, ranked second with 107 per cent, while Portland, Maine, took first hon-

ors by trailing the list with a percentage of 92. Other increases are as follows: Boston, 92; New York, 103; Philadelphia, 96; Baltimore, 98; Savannah, 98; Jacksonville, Fla., 102; Mobile, Ala., 94; Houston, Texas, 101; Chicago 100; Cleveland, 95; Buffalo, 102.

UNTOLD millions in gold and silver and other precious commodities were sunk during the World War by submarines and otherwise. Naturally, men at once set their brains to work to try to recover some of this treasure, particularly in those waters where sunken ships are strewn the thickest. *Bradstreet's* reports that sunken treasure worth \$200,000,000 has now been raised around the British Isles.

MAKE a chain of hundred-dollar bills to the amount of the money spent for the World War, and it will go between eight and nine-tenths of the way around the world, approximately 21,250 miles.

THE most serious disease in the World War was pneumonia. It killed more men than were killed in battle. Next to pneumonia came meningitis.

OF the more material, useful, wealth-creating and life-sustaining products of the world, the United States produces the following surprising percentages: 20 per cent. of the world's gold; 25 per cent. of the world's wheat; 40 per cent. of the world's iron and steel; 40 per cent. of the world's lead; 40 per cent. of the world's silver; 50 per cent. of the world's zinc; 52 per cent. of the world's coal; 60 per cent. of the world's aluminum; 60 per cent. of the world's copper; 60 per cent. of the world's cotton; 66 per cent. of the world's oil; 75 per cent. of the world's corn; 85 per cent. of the world's automobiles. It refines 80 per cent. of the world's copper and operates 40 per cent. of the railroads.

THERE are 31,558,149 seconds in one year, and the average speed of the earth on its orbit around the sun, in each of these seconds, is 18,4927 miles. Could we be stationed in space a few thousand miles, and at rest, and see the earth approach, pass, and recede, we would be astonished at the terrific speed. Yet light travels 1,000 times faster.

ASTRONOMERS estimate that the stars in the Milky Way are between one hundred and two hundred million times the distance of the sun from the earth. Light travels 186,300 miles a second; but it takes only a fraction of a second for the light to come from the moon to us, 240,000 miles. And when we remember that it would take thousands of years for the light to reach us from many of the stars we get a little idea of the enormous distance.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

"The optimist is a man who has a good time wherever he goes, because he carries his good times with him."

There are plenty of people in the world who can do little things poorly; but the world wants men and women who can do the little things superbly.

An inordinate, over-vaulting ambition, greed, selfishness, jealousy, envy—these are the enemies which rob us of peace, comfort, happiness and power.

Profits can be made in only one way; losses may creep into business in a thousand ways.

Shun everything which warps and twists your ideals, which attempts to let down your standards, as you would pestilence itself.

The greatest philosophy in the world is that which returns love for hatred, kindness for unkindness, a smile for a frown, a favor for a kick, a kiss for a blow.

WHAT IS PLUCK?

PLUCK is that spirit in man which fails to understand the meaning of despair.

Which enables one, when fighting against adverse circumstances and knocked down, to rise and try another round.

The best remedy for despair.

The absence of fear in the presence of danger.

That which keeps a man up when he is down.

The offspring of courage and the mother of success.

The courage to do the right thing at the right time.—*Selected.*

HE WAS "IT"

A NEW YORK business man was greatly annoyed by the tardiness of one of his most valuable workers. Calling him into the office one morning, he said:

"Mr. Brown, I get here at 8:30 every morning and look over my mail; at 9 o'clock, I look out of the window and see young Mr. Rockefeller on his way to the office; at 9:30, Mr. Stillman, the banker, passes; at 10, I see Mr. Vanderlip going by; at 10:30, Mr. Taft, formerly President of the United States, passes on the way to his office; and, at 11, you come in. Who the — are you?"

PRAYER

HE who comprehends the nature of prayer bends not the knee, says a great philosopher. He towers in majesty; he goes forth to meet his own; he ascends the mount to speak with God.

Emerson says, "The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee."

PESSIMISM A DISEASE

PESSIMISM is a disease. Its symptoms have been accurately described by Dr. Max Nordau. It never has been clearly defined pathologically and its etiology is in some cases obscure. It is, however, generally accompanied by some organic or functional disturbance of the digestive organs. Its victims are numerous and usually may be recognized by their credulous faith in their own mental health. For them their disease is a superior state of mind; for their friends and neighbors it is an affliction. Your pessimist is as pleased to show his pessimism as was Tom Sawyer to show his

More men fail through ignorance of their strength than through knowledge of their weakness.

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

Carry yourself with a self-confident air, an air of self-assurance, and you will not only inspire others with a belief in your strength, but you will come to believe in it yourself.

Human beings take a lot of trouble and spend a great deal of time learning little fool things which later they try in vain to forget.

The fellow who can be late when his own interest are at stake is pretty sure to be late when yours are.

There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that is inside of your income.

sore toe. Yet Tom delighted his spectators into whitewashing his grandmother's fence, while your pessimist drives away spectators even when the lesion has been sprayed with rhetorical cologne water.—*Edward F. Burns.*

IF YOU AREN'T LOYAL—QUIT!

IF you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him.

If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the institution he represents.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But so long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it.

If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

PASSING THE BUCK

"**T**AIN'T me," says the farmer, "who's getting the stuff."

"Tain't me," says the packer; "I get just enough

To pay a small profit, as fair as can be."

And all of them chorus together, "Tain't me."

"Tain't me," says the tanner, "who gets the big price

For high shoes and low ones, for slippers and ties."

"Tain't me," says the rancher, "I live, and that's all."

"Tain't me," says the dealer, "my profits are small."

"Tain't me," says the canner; "my margin's the same."

"Tain't me," says the huckster, "who's bracing the game."

"Tain't me," says the gardener; "I'm poor all the time."

"Tain't me," says the grocer; "I ain't seen a dime."

It's surely a puzzle, to know where it goes. No maker, no seller, nor any of those Partake of high prices, so they all agree. Me—I'm a consumer; I'm certain 'tain't me. —*Pep.*

Make Your Language Win for You

You are sized up every day by the way you speak and write. The words you use, the way you use them, how you spell them, your punctuation—all of these tell your story more plainly than anything else you do. And it is a story open to all. An unusual command of language enables you to present your ideas, in speech or on paper, clearly, forcefully, convincingly.



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Experienced

KEEPING his long hair back with an impressive gesture, the visitor faced the proprietor of the film studio. "I would like secure a place in your moving-picture company," he said.

"You are an actor?" asked the film man.

"Yes."

"Had any experience acting without audiences?"

A flicker of sadness shone in the visitor's face as he replied: "Acting without audiences is what brought me here."—*The Christian Register.*



Efficiency

N industrial commission was looking over a mill. While the investigators were there, the whistle blew. The workmen put their tools and vanished as if by magic. Do all the workmen drop their tools the moment the whistle blows?" asked one of the commission.

"No, not at all," said the workman who was acting as guide, "the more orderly men put their tools all put away before that."

Following Instructions

COUNTRY farmer walked into the little general store in the village with a and decided step.

"I want," said he, "that tub of margarine, that lot of bacon, and all the other food-stuffs."

"Good gracious," said the recently bedeviled widow who kept the shop, "what do you want with all them things Mr. dunno?"

"I dunno," replied the worthy farmer; "you know I'm the executor of your husband's will and Lawyer Styles said I must be sure and carry out all the provisions."

Now Smile!

YOU are charged with selling adulterated milk," said the judge. "For your honor, I plead not guilty."

But the testimony shows that it is twenty-five per cent water."

"Then it must be high-grade milk," retorted the plaintiff; "if your honor will put up the word 'milk' in your dictionary, you will find that it contains from eighty to ninety per cent water. I should have said 'cream'!"

A Possible Chance

IE college graduate was looking for a position of some sort. Entering an office, he asked to see the manager, and while waiting he said to the office boy:

"Do you suppose there is any opening for a college graduate?"

"There will be," was the reply, "if de boss don't raise me salary to three dollars a week, to-morrow night."

Her Choice

"I say, Mandy, ef yo' had yoh pick, which would yo' rather do—live, or die—go to heaven?"

"Ah'd rather live."

"Why, Mandy, yo scan'lous chile! Sun-school haint done yo' no good, whatsom."

Her Turn

SMITH married. The evening of his first pay-day, he gave his bride thirty-nine dollars of his salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

But the second pay-day he gave his wife one dollar and kept thirty-nine dollars for himself.

"Why, John," she cried, in injured tones. "How on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Hanged if I know. I had a tough time myself last week. It's your turn now."

Fully Occupied

"MUM-MUM—Mister Johnson," agitatedly began young Jim-Tom Snarky. "Your dud-dud-daughter, Zanzaline, is—h'm! h'm—gug-going to be my wife, and—"

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy!" impatiently interrupted Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, "I've got a sick horse on my hands."

How To Tell Which

FATHER: "Well, now that you've seen my son, which side of the house do you think he resembles?"

FRIEND: "H'm; of course, his full beauty is not yet developed, but surely you do not suggest that he looks like the side of a house!"—*London Tit-Bits.*



The Difficulty

"DO you think, dearest, that you could manage on my salary?" the fond youth asked.

"Why, yes; I think I could, darling," the girl responded; "but how in the world would you get along?"—*The Home Sector.*

Value of Truth

A SMALL storekeeper, much to the surprise of his brethren, suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind.

"Nice blind of yours," quoth his neighbor.

"Yes."

"Who paid for it?"

"The customers."

"What, the customers paid for it?"

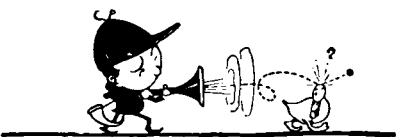
"Yes. I put a little box on my counter, 'For the Blind.' And they paid for it."—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

At the Employment Office

"SAY, boss, I hear you have a couple of office positions open. How about it?"

"Yes, we have two or three positions open. Do you know anything about figures?"

"Do I? I'll say I do; I was life-saver at Silver Beach for two years."



Patience

GUEST—"Look here! How long must I wait for the half-portion of duck I ordered?"

Waiter—"Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck."

Getting Together

A PESSIMIST and an optimist were discussing life from different angles. "I really believe," said the former, "that I could make a better world myself."

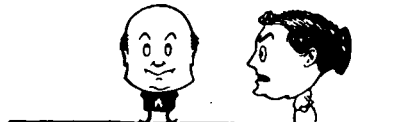
"Sure!" returned the optimist; "that's what we are here for. Now let us get to work and do it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Discretion

SONNY: "Father, one of the boys said I looked like you."

FATHER: "What did you say?"

SONNY: "Nothin'. He's a lot bigger than me."



When Silence Was Golden

HE—"Do you remember the night I proposed to you?"

She—"Yes, dear."

He—"We sat for an hour and you never opened your mouth."

She—"Yes, I remember, dear."

He—"Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life."

Autocratic Inference

"I GUESS we'll cut out that line of my speech," said Senator Sorghum, "about my being a public servant."

"It is a good old phrase."

"Yes, but it has had its day. As household relationships go just now, claiming to be a servant, sounds just a trifle bossy."—*Washington Star.*

Yes, It Stopped

"DID your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

"Sure; you didn't think it would go on through the floor, did you?"

Orders First!

MAID (to minister trying to write a sermon)—Please, sir, the mistress told me never to disturb you unless she was out and I couldn't ask her!

Well, what is it?

She's out now, sir.

Well! Well!

Please, sir, may I give the parrot a cracker?

A Theologic Reply

A PREACHER was inveighing against schools of theology, before a ministerial assembly, and wound up by saying that he thanked God that he had never "rubbed up against one."

"Do I understand the brother to say that he thanks God for his ignorance," asked an auditor.

"Well, yes, if you want to put it that way," answered the speaker.

"Then all I have to add," said the auditor, "is that the brother has a great deal to be thankful for."

Too Cheap

JUDGE: "Did the prisoner offer any resistance?"

Officer: "Only a dollar, yer honor, an' I wouldn't take it."—*The Anode.*

Keeping a Secret

"SAY, that horse you sold me is blind and you never said a word to me about it."

"Well, the man who sold him to me didn't tell me either and I thought perhaps he didn't want it known."

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EXPECTANCY AND HEALTH

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The expectancy to be well, the expectancy to be cured, by whatever means, are powerful remedies. Expectancy regarding our health, or the opposite, is a tremendous factor to bring it about.

MENTAL medicine is very much stronger than any physical medicine; it is only that our belief, our confidence and faith in the unusual remedies is so strong that when we comply with these conditions we take it for granted that there must be results. It is very difficult to overcome this prejudice in favor of usual remedies, of physician and drugs.

The man who has been reared from childhood with the belief that he will sooner or later develop cancer—of which one or more of his ancestors died—will have a tremendous influence in bringing about that which corresponds to his belief. For example, he is told that cancer rarely develops before the age of forty, and as his father died with cancer about that age, or a little later, he must be on the lookout for it. As a result he will hold this disease in his mind; he will expect it. He will imagine the symptoms, will worry about them and will be filled with fear, anxiety and horror about them. This will devitalize him, cut down his disease-resisting power, so as to make him very much more susceptible to the disease which he dreads.

The expectation of always being a physical weakling, that he will never be robust and strong, that he will never be really well, but will always be sort of a semi-invalid, will have a tremendous influence upon what a man shall experience.

I KNEW of a young man who was brought up with the story of his father's death from tuberculosis continually before him. He was told that this disease had carried off a number of his ancestors, and that it was "a family inheritance!" His horror at realizing such a fate became so great that he grew anaemic and lost weight. His alarm became even greater when he read that these were the symptoms of the approach of the horrible disease.

On the other hand, the man who believes with all his heart that his Creator intended him to be strong, vigorous, and well, that it is his birthright, who continually holds the health ideal, the happiness ideal, the success ideal; who is convinced that he was made to be a successful, normal human being will have the ability, the health, and ambition to attain his ideal. His chances of winning out in life, for being happy, successful, are much greater than if he had been holding the opposite thought.

Purity of thought, loftiness of purpose, the highest possible aims, should dominate the mind when you fall asleep.

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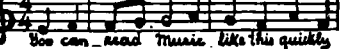
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MARY AUSTIN

IN

THE NEW SUCCESS

for August, September and October

Confidence & Enthusiasm, Unlimited

(Continued from page 45)

obligations she might incur. Molly came in with breezy enthusiasm. Together they packed the boxes and tied them with ribbons. They looked extremely tempting, and their contents were still more inviting. Molly left and Millicent went about her daily tasks, impatient to know the result of her venture.

IT was eight o'clock when Molly came again. She counted out thirty dollars and put the money on the table. Millicent's eyes glittered. "Molly!" she exclaimed. "You sold them *all*—at a dollar and a half a pound!"

"I did," said Molly quietly. "And I've two orders for you to supply five pound a week. But that's only a starter. I left your phone number at each house where I sold a box; and if you don't have a steady stream of calls tomorrow, I miss my guess!"

The tears came to Millicent's eyes as the two figured out the profit on the sales, after deducting the cost of the ingredients, the boxes, and Molly's own commission. She insisted that Millicent also figure in what she termed overhead cost. Millicent had heard Jim talk of such a thing, but its meaning was hazy until Molly explained it. Of course, they only guessed at it from the standpoint of Millicent's time, the rent, the fire, and all the rest of it; but it seemed very businesslike, and Molly figured that Millicent could record a profit of eleven dollars. "And it will show a greater profit than that when you get going," she said.

THE days passed and the story of Millicent's fudge spread through the town, into the surrounding country and the neighboring villages. Whenever Molly called on one of her customers to deliver some needlework, she left a box of fudge. As she prophesied, the phone-bell did commence to jangle, and the postman began stopping at the door with envelopes containing orders—and checks. Molly had started the ball rolling, and Millicent spent every spare moment manufacturing her now famous product. She arranged with a neighbor's boy to make deliveries and collections for her, after school.

Then Millicent tried her hand at pies. They went fairly well; but when she turned her skill to dainty pastries, the business took a boom. With the scarcity of servants, housewives welcomed this opportunity to get a different sort of dessert—a change from their own cooking, and a change from the things at the corner shop.

In fact, Millicent finally had a visit from the shopkeeper. He wanted to buy her out! Then he begged her, to let him handle her candies and cakes—but Millicent shook her head. She was in business to stay, she said, and that business was all her own.

The man went away crestfallen; but the next day he was back again and, at length, persuaded Millicent to let him sell some of her candy on commission. Weeks went by, and Jim was getting better. She had been able to purchase a wheel chair for him. So, he spent considerable time in the kitchen making out the bills and keeping the records while Millicent worked. She had an assistant now—a kindly old woman who did much of the labor, though Millicent did all the mixing, and kept a keen eye on her productions. She intended to take no chances on the uniformity of her product suffering through another's neglect.

Jim, who had taken the greatest interest in the proceeding, suggested that they spend a little money advertising in nearby newspapers. Millicent hesitated at first, but finally consented. She was launching a mail-order business; and they awaited the results of those first advertisements like two impatient children.

Orders came, were filled, and repeat orders came in. The making of the dainties for a complete wedding supper, kept Millicent busy for days and nights, but the profits were more than worth the strain. And this was but a start. Smart automobiles were frequent before the Jarvis cottage; and the servants of the rich came to the little kitchen door in a constant stream, bearing away heavy packages and leaving substantial sums behind.

ONE night Millicent and Jim were sitting in the living-room talking matters over. They had decided that Millicent should have a trademark, and, with pencil and paper, Jim was devising one. It looked very fine and businesslike. The next day, Millicent shipped over to the box factory to learn the cost of placing it on her boxes.

They had passed the first milestone. The venture had proved itself. What was more, it was providing them with more money than Jim had been able to earn at the factory. He chafed under his enforced idleness, but now the doctor was holding out hope that, with the aid of crutches, he would soon be able to walk again.

"Milly," he said one day, "I've been thinking about that fancy-work shop Molly has opened down in Main Street. You should have a shop, too."

"But I can't make candy and goodies and tend shop as well, and the rent of a store is too high to permit our hiring someone to run it. There wouldn't be any profit."

"Suppose you wheeled me down in the morning and back at night—until Old Saw Bones fixes me so I can walk again," he suggested.

"But Jim," said Millicent, "you wouldn't want to be working for me—managing my store with my name over the door!"

"Why not?" he asked. "If it hadn't been for you, old girl, we couldn't have lived. Haven't you been caring for me all these months; wearing yourself out, and working day and night? I'd be a pretty ungrateful sort of a husband if I wasn't willing to do my share."

She knelt by his side—and, to his intense surprise, she was crying. Little Jean toddled up and tugged at her mother's skirt, puzzled at the tears.

"You did it for both of us," Jim said tenderly, stroking his wife's hair. "Little Jean will be grateful, too, one of these days when she's old enough to understand. And in the meantime, Milly, you've set me thinking."

"About what?" she asked, noticing the thoughtfulness of his manner.

"About myself," he said. "I can't ever go back to the factory, of course. I don't suppose I'll ever be strong enough to do that sort of work again—even when I'm fully recovered. But I'm not going to sit idly by and see you support me all your life."

She stopped his words with her pretty hand. "Now don't be silly, Jim," she protested. "This business is ours. I'm only working for you and for Jean, as you would have worked for us if the circumstances had been different."

"But that isn't the point," he went on. "When you found yourself confronted with a problem, what did you do? You solved it handsomely. You didn't think you knew anything that would enable you to make money. But you found you'd a gift that was more than profitable. You did the one thing that you could do well, and you did it with all that was in you."

"Well," she smiled a little proudly, under his heartfelt praise, "You seem to know what I did."

"Now there must be something I can do when I'm a little better," he said. "I'm

going to analyze myself—find something I like to do, that I *know* I can do—and then use my idle hours here, preparing myself to do it. Instead of one business, we'll have two; and, some day, Milly, we'll be rich. Not that all the money in the world could make us any happier than we are now; but if we can put away a tidy little sum, some-day we can rest a little."

"Rest," laughed Millicent. "Why, Jim, I wouldn't know how to rest. If I wasn't busy making fudge and pastries all day I'd die of ennui."

"But the time will come when you can delegate a great deal of the work to someone else," said Jim, reminding her, of the three helpers who now worked in the adjoining kitchen.

"Oh, I've thought of that," she told him. "I've been day dreaming as I worked. The house is ours now; and, in the spring, I'm going to add a model kitchen. Someday I'm going to have a big factory, and Millicent's Home Made Candies will be known all over the United States."

"That means magazine advertising and advertising costs money," he warned her.

"Anything that's worth while costs money and means work," Millicent told him. "I've been looking into the subject, and I think I'll invest a few thousand dollars to prove my theory."

JIM smiled. "Invest a few thousand!" he exclaimed. "You talk like a millionaire."

"I do not," she assured him. "I talk like a business woman who knows what she is talking about and has the courage of her convictions. If you're serious, I'll rent a little stand in the lobby of the Central Hotel. We'll start our shop there—unless you'd rather not manage so conspicuous a place where so many men gather."

"Don't be foolish," said Jim. "I'll be in my element there. I'll have every traveling man who stops at the hotel sending Millicent's Home Made Candies to the girl back home; and I'll make it the fashionable thing for our local husbands to cart it home to their wives. And in between times, I'll study to fit myself for the business I'm going to launch one of these days."

She looked at him with a strange light in her eyes. "Jim," she said slowly. "I know you've suffered terribly—and I have worked pretty hard—but I wonder if that accident wasn't a blessing in disguise."

He nodded. "I've thought that, too," he said. "I believe sometimes that trouble is sent to us to test us—to make us develop what is really in us. If things go smoothly we're too liable to do only the things we like, in the way we like to do them, and not cash in to the full on the gifts with which nature has endowed us."

"You're right," she said; "and do you know something else? I know two dozen women in town, today, who have followed my example and taken up some form of work. They didn't all *have* to do it; but they seem to have caught my enthusiasm. In benefitting ourselves, I believe I have also benefitted the community."

"I guess the country needs something of a revival like that," Jarvis said. "If a man or a woman can do something worth while—make something, sell something—add to production and to the world's happiness—it's wrong not to do it."

"And I don't know any greater tonic for happiness than the knowledge that one is doing something useful," Millicent said. "And to think that I started out without capital!" she added wonderingly.

"Oh, no! you didn't," Jarvis protested. "You started with the greatest capital any enterprise ever had: Confidence and Enthusiasm, unlimited."

There must be vigor in our expectation, in our faith, in our determination, in our endeavor, or there will be no realization.

Doctor Tells How to Strengthen Eyesight 50 Per Cent in One Week's Time in Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more." At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and

allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to four times daily. You should notice the



NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyes 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances, refund the money. It can be obtained from any drugist and is one of the very few preparations I should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

FEAR READ WHAT OUR GOVERNMENT EXPERTS SAY—

Recent experiments made at the Laboratory of Psychology, at Washington, have demonstrated that a bad thought causes a chemical action to take place that injects a poison into the blood. The poison of fear will kill a guinea pig in a few minutes. An hour of intense hatred, anger, sorrow or fear will throw off enough poison through the breath to kill fourscore human beings. Wrong mental attitudes will therefore in time destroy the physical. YOU CAN'T DOUBT OUR GOVERNMENT REPORT, THAT'S SURE. The miserable state you are now in and have been trying through physical means only to throw off may primarily be due to wrong thought. HERE IS HELP FOR YOU. LEAVITT-SCIENCE HAS FOUND THE WAY TO CONQUER THESE ENEMIES OF YOURS through combining the mental and physical agencies nature has furnished us for development. All weakness can be put to flight and health, strength, happiness and success established. LEAVITT-SCIENCE teaches the simple laws of life, opens wide the door of success and makes you the strong, self-reliant person you should be.

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Dr. William Mayo, of Minnesota, unlike the late Dr. Osler, who retired discomfited and never really explained when he made his famous declaration and gave to the English language the term "oslerized," says old men are the nation's greatest assets. Aboriginal savages said the same thing. The aged Indian at the council fire was worth a score of young bucks on the battle line.

The slogan, "A short life and a merry one," shortens life, Dr. Mayo says, and robs a race of a social element—hale and useful seniors—upon which a value too high cannot be set.

Assuredly, a sane life and a long one is desirable from the point of view of both the State and the individual.

The man who believes at fifty, or sixty, or seventy, that his judgment is better than it formerly was is altogether right.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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CRINKLE, crinkle, little bill; Goodness, gracious, you look ill! Are you losing all your power? You seem weaker every hour!

Now that prices are so high I'm so tired that I could die. I just circulate all day; No one dares put me away.

When the evening board is set With the fruits of father's sweat, My small voice is hushed and still—I am in the butcher's till.

And no matter where I go, People disregard me so; I don't seem to count for much 'Midst the profiteers and such.

Bill, take heart; your luck may change. I'll admit that times are strange. Though you're weak I love you still—Crinkle, crinkle, little bill.

—Chicago Tribune.

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Please Take Notice The advertisement on Page 16 is of such transcendental importance that every reader of The New Success Magazine is expected to answer it at once. CHAS. F. HAANEL, 202 Howard Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

THINGS THE COREANS DISCOVERED

THE Coreans discovered gunpowder in 200 B. C., just fourteen centuries before the German monk who is ordinarily credited with the discovery, according to Rev. J. A. Duncan, a missionary who recently returned to the United States from Corea. Mr. Duncan says that the early Corean astronomers at Silla thought out the operations of the planetary system and were able to predict eclipses with certainty centuries before the present day scientists give credit for these discoveries. The Coreans also gave the world the magnetic needles, the mariner's compass, metal type and many other things, and used ironclads against the Japanese as early as 1597.

"A Corean invented the potter's wheel and Corean potters discovered the art of underglazing," says Mr. Duncan. "The present emperor of Japan drinks his tea from the first examples of Corean pottery. Coreans first sent musical instruments into Japan. There were brass and bronze factories there at the beginning of the Christian era. The great bell of Silla is the same size as the great bell at Moscow, but was cast eleven centuries before it. There is a tradition, and evidence to support it, that Corean engineers planned and built the Great Wall of China for Emperor Chin. Count Okuma gives credit to the Coreans for the introduction into Japan of the art of weaving silk and of carpentry and architecture."

A LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY ISSUES THESE FACTS

FINANCIAL condition of a hundred widows: 18 live on their income, 47 supplement their incomes by working, 35 are dependent. At the death of a hundred men, 1 leaves wealth, 2 leave comfort, 15 leave from two to ten thousand dollars, 82 out of 100 leave nothing.

Take 100 men starting in life at the age of 25:

At the age of 35 years, 5 of these men have died, 10 are wealthy, 10 are well-to-do, 40 live on their earnings, 35 show no improvement.

At the age of 45 years, 16 have died, 1 is wealthy, 3 are well-to-do, 65 live on their earnings, 15 are no longer self-supporting.

At the age of 55 years, 20 have died, 1 is wealthy, 3 are well-to-do, 46 live on their earnings, 30 are not self-supporting.

At the age of sixty-five years, 36 have died, 1 is wealthy, 4 are well-to-do, 5 live on their earnings, 54 are not self-supporting.

At the age of 75 years, 63 have died, 1 is wealthy, 2 are well-to-do, 34 are dependent.

ODD BIRDS' EGGS

WOODPECKERS' eggs are of the purest white and so highly polished as to resemble finest porcelain. The eggs of the California partridge are covered with a delicate pinkish bloom which the slightest moisture will destroy. The mere touch of a finger will mar it.

Eggs of certain flycatchers have their surface marked with fine lines running lengthwise from end to end and looking exactly as if made with pen and ink.

A South American cuckoo lays an egg that has a chalky coat spread over it in such wise as to form a uniform network, the blue color of the shell showing in the spaces between the lines. Thus it looks as if covered with a fine white net.

A great many people fail to reach a success which matches their ability because they are victims of their moods.

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One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

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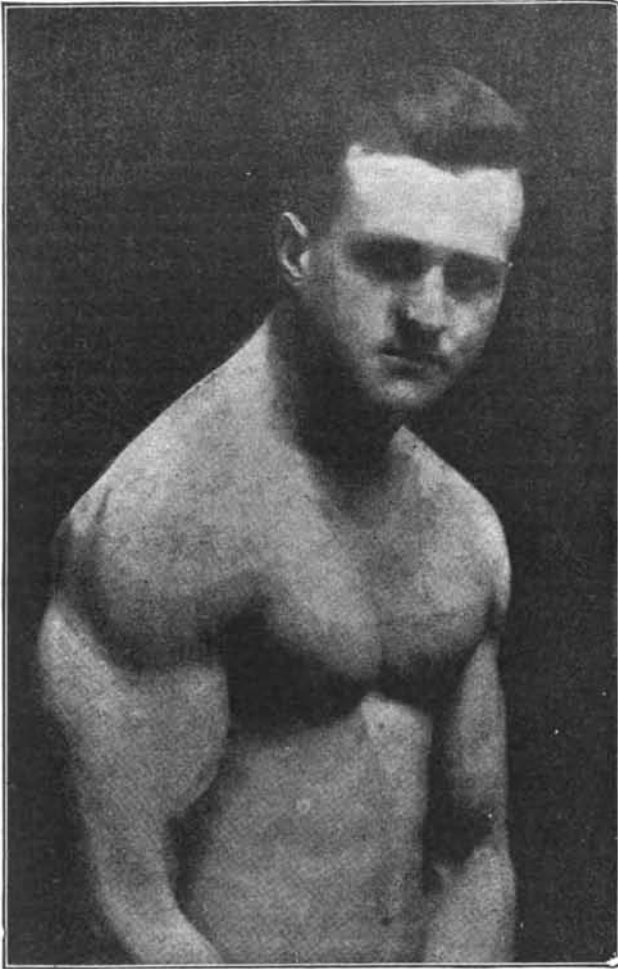
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